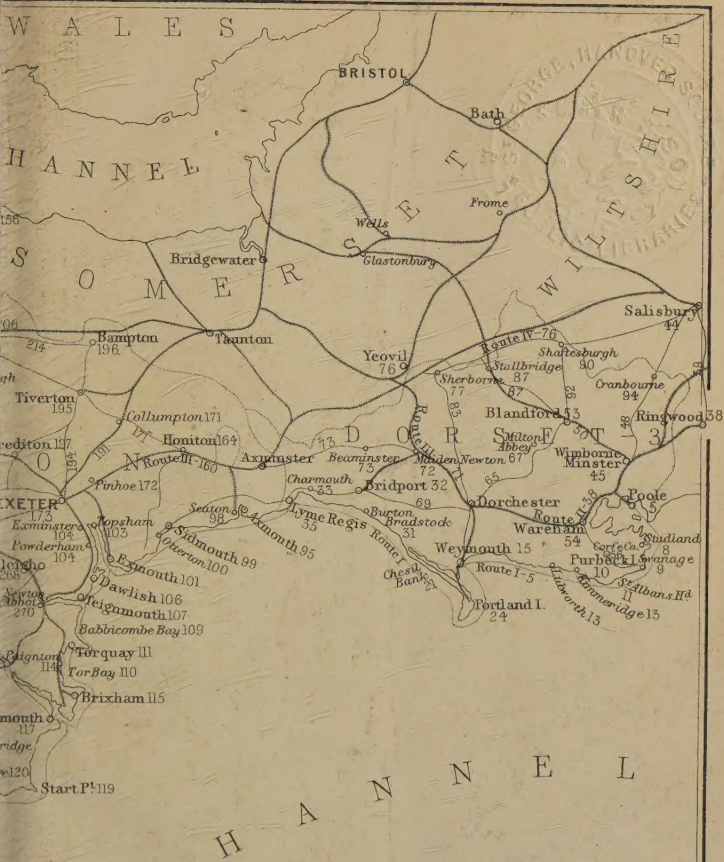


BLACK'S
GUIDE
TO



DEVONSHIRE



INDEX MAP
TO ACCOMPANY BLACK'S GUIDE TO
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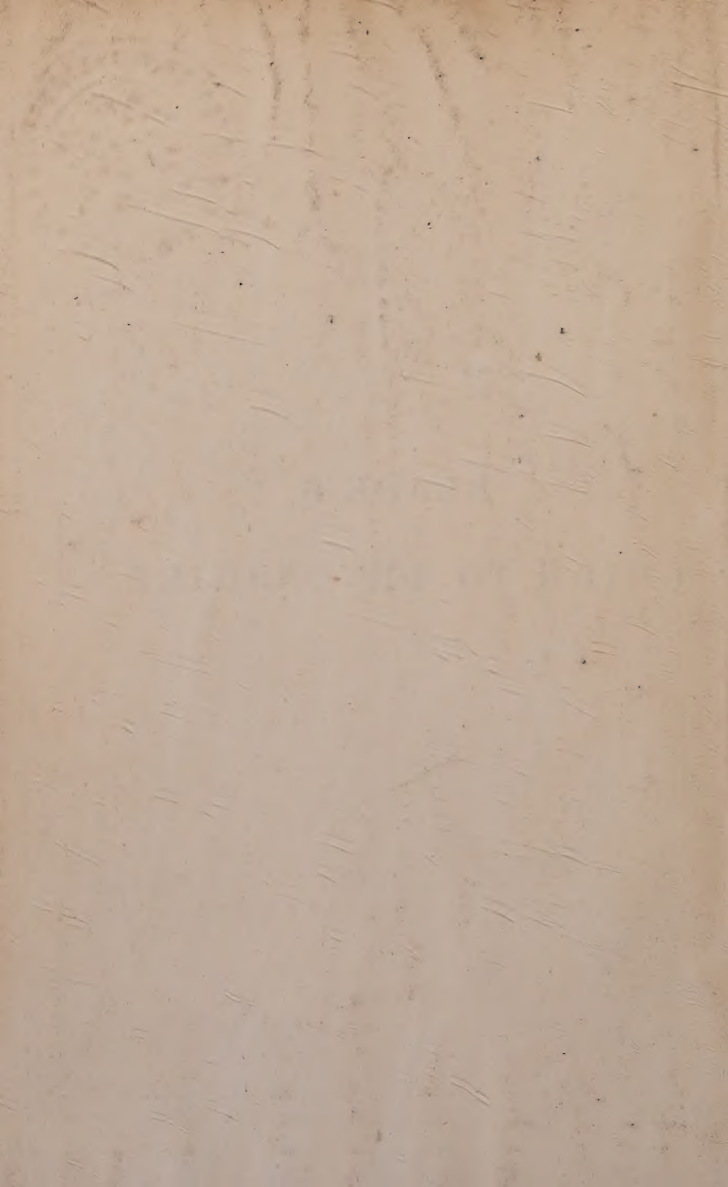
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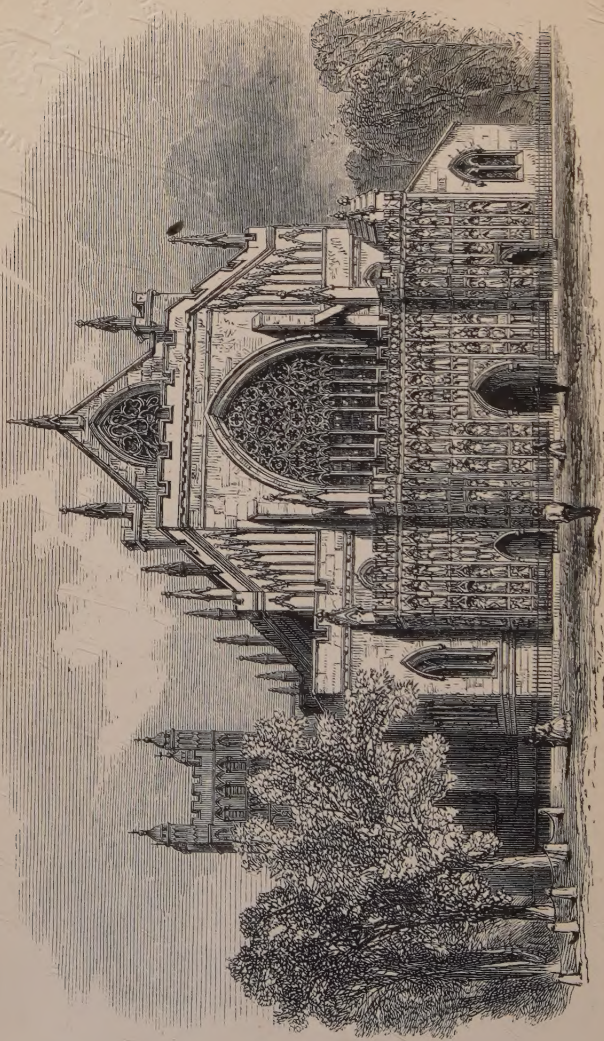
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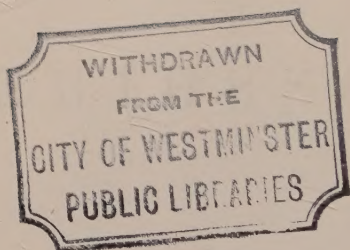


BLACK'S GUIDE
TO
DEVONSHIRE

With Maps and Illustrations

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1877



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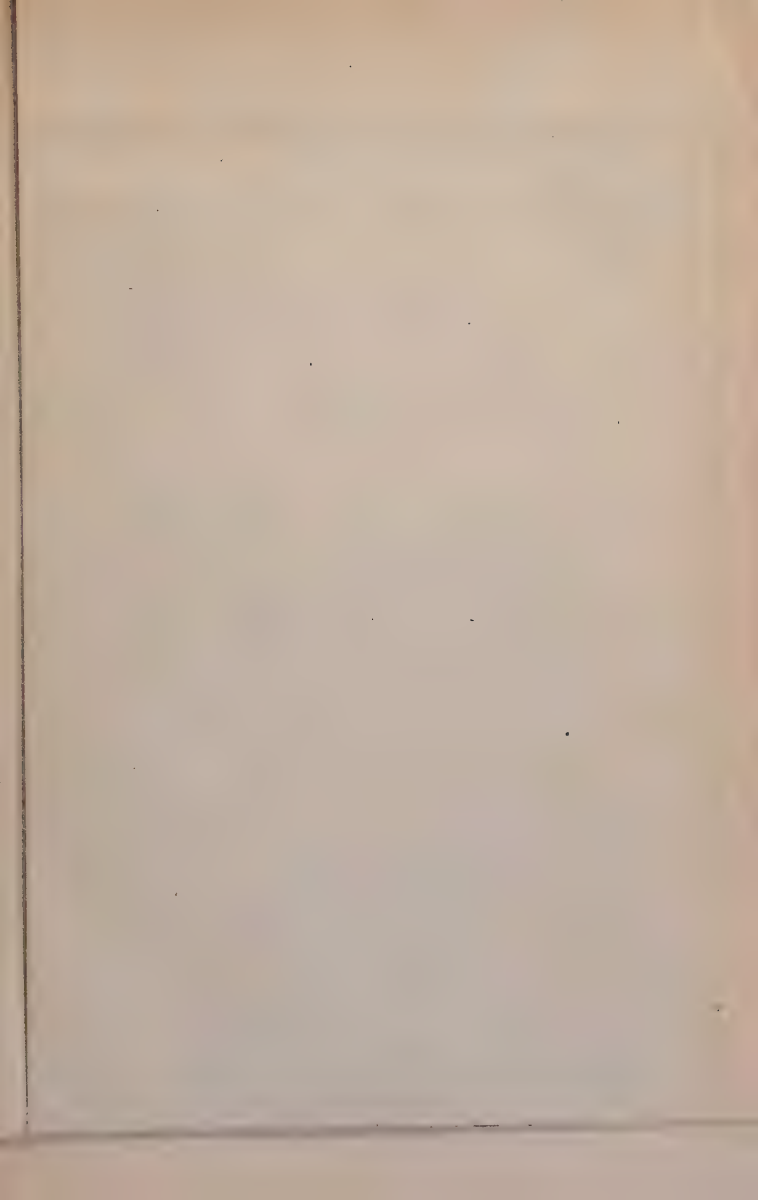
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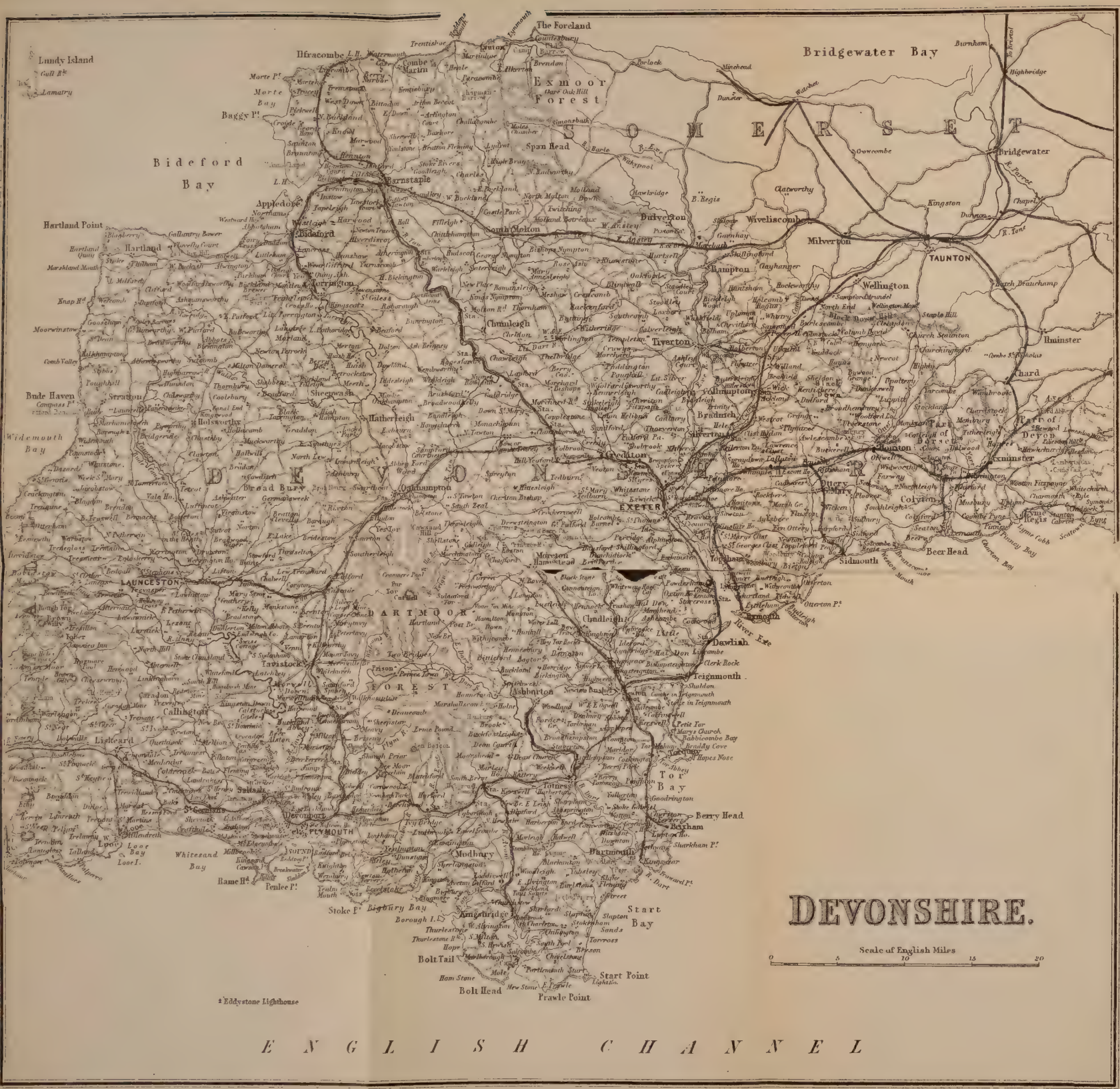
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DEVONSHIRE.

Scale of English Miles
0 5 10 15 20

E N G L I S H C H A N N E L

DEVONSHIRE.

THIS beautiful county is the third largest of the English shires, being exceeded only by those of Lincoln and York. It is bounded on the N. and N.W. by the Irish Channel, on the W. by the rivers Tamar and Marsland-waters, on the S. and S.E. it has the British Channel, and on the E. and N.E. it is conterminous with the counties of Dorset and Somerset. Extent from N. to S., 71 miles, from E. to W., 72. Circumference, 287. Area, 2586 square miles—being equal to 1,655,180 acres of land, of which about 1,200,000 are in cultivation. It contains 33 hundreds, 465 parishes, and 36 market towns. Population, 1871, 601,374.

It is in the see of Exeter, and is included in the western circuit. The assizes are held at Exeter.

Fortunately for the lovers of picturesque scenery its extensive surface presents those contrasts of ruggedness and soft rich beauty which charm and attract the eye. The mountains in the vicinity of Dartmoor rise to 1500 and 1800 feet above the level of the sea. On the south and south-east are extensive wastes, covered with rough masses of detached granite and immense rocks. To the north and north-west are large tracts of swampy ground, and many peat bogs of great depth; while the Vale of Exeter, with an area of about 200 square miles, consists of some very fine land. The district to the south of Dartmoor, called the South Hams, is regarded as the garden of Devonshire, and is

strikingly diversified by bold swells and luxuriant vales, and in many parts towards the north by picturesque and romantic scenery. West Devon is remarkably uniform. North Devon, or the country round Bideford, Barnstaple, and South Molton, contains much productive land, and is greatly diversified with beautiful scenery.

The climate of Devon varies according to the height of the district, still, from its situation between two seas, its immediate exposure to the south-west winds as they blow from the ocean, and the elevated summits of the surrounding mountains, it is upon the whole much milder than that of the other English counties. The winters are exceedingly mild, and proverbially favourable to the cure of pulmonary complaints. The air is generally dry and warm, and the harvest earlier than in any other parts of the west. On the southern coast the myrtle flourishes in the open air.

The principal rivers of Devonshire are the Taw, the Torridge, the Tamar, the Dart, the Teign, and the Exe ; and the lesser are the Tavy, the Plym, the Yealm, the Arme, the Avon, the Otter, the Sid, the Axe, and the Lyn.

The ancient castles, now in ruins, are Berry-Pomeroy, built by Ralph de la Pomeroy, who came to England with the Conqueror ; Compton Castle ; Rougemont Castle, formerly the seat of the West Saxon kings, in the vicinity of Exeter, and, according to tradition, built by Julius Cæsar ; the castle of Okehampton, which stood about a mile south-west of the town ; Plympton Castle, which was the residence of Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devon, in the reign of Henry I. The same person was also in possession of Tiverton Castle, the ruins of which may still be seen, and of Totnes Castle, erected by Judhael de Totnais, to whom the manor was given by the Conqueror.

The remains of the abbeys and monasteries of Devonshire are those of Buckfastleigh, near Ashburton ; Buckland Abbey, on the eastern banks of the river Tavy ; Dunkeswell, near Cullompton ; the Cistercian Abbey at Axminster, the property of Lord Petre ; Hartland Abbey, part of the present house of Paul Orchard, Esq. ; the ruins of a priory of Benedictines at Moodbury ; and Tor Abbey, a portion of the modern seat of G. Cary, Esq. The venerable and magnificent cathedral of Exeter is among the most ancient specimens of ecclesiastical buildings.

The principal seats are—Castle Hill (Earl Fortescue) ; Stover Lodge (Duke of Somerset) ; Endsleigh (Duke of Bedford) ; Saltram (Earl Morley) ; Mount Edgcumbe (Earl Mount Edgcumbe) ; Bagtor (Lord Ashburton) ; Exeter Palace (Bishop of Exeter) ; Bickton (Lady Rolle) ; Haldon Hall (Sir L. Palk, Bart.) ; Escott (Sir J. Kennaway, Bart.)

For election purposes the county is divided into three districts—East, North, and South Devon ; each division returning two members to Parliament.

The COAST of DEVONSHIRE—LYME REGIS to PLYMOUTH.

I.—LYME REGIS to DAWLISH.

[Seaton, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Sidmouth, 8 m. ; Exmouth, $10\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Topsham (for Exeter), 5 m. ; Exminster, 1 m. ; Powderham, 2 m. ; Starcross, 3 m. ; Dawlish, 7 m. = about 43 m.]

Our exploration of the Devonian coast commences with the pier and harbour of Lyme Cobb. From hence even to Saltash, where the waters of the Tamar separate it from Cornwall, that coast is characterised by a grace and a beauty of its own. It boasts but little of sublimity or savage grandeur ; but it exults in the tranquil loveliness of grassy valleys opening out upon the oozy shore,—of happy meadows which pass almost imperceptibly into “golden sands,”—of quiet sheeny coves lying in the shadow of fair green hills !

We keep abreast of a wall of cliff—where the chalk rests upon the greensand, and both are superimposed upon blue lias—until we approach the mouth of the Axe, which rolls on its way into the sea through a hollow, or valley, of red marl. On the east bank of the river is situated AXMOUTH (population, 662

(S.W.)

H

Inn: King's Head); on the west, the pleasant watering-place of SEATON (population, 1966. *Inn*: Pole Arms). The Axe has its source in Somersetshire, and enters Devonshire at Weecroft Bridge, 3 miles south of Mimbury. After contributing very materially to the trade of Axminster it receives the river Merle and a smaller tributary, and so augmented, runs on to meet the Coly, emptying itself into the Channel below Seaton (6 miles from Axminster).

AXMOUTH is a small fishing-town, with an old CHURCH, which among much later work retains a good Norman doorway and moulded arch. The hill beyond HAWKSDOWN is crowned with a Roman camp, which commanded the mouth of the river, and the ocean-waters beyond.

SEATON has of late years assumed the characteristics of a nascent watering-place; and, indeed, it is quiet without being dull, and animated without being noisy. As the inland scenery is agreeable, and the sea-view extensive, it deserves a larger popularity than it has yet acquired. The houses cluster in a curve of the shore, between Culverhole Point, east, and Bere Head, west, and among them rises a modern church. It is said that its villagers, in the days of good Queen Bess, attempted to divert the course of the Axe, but were unsuccessful. HONEY DITCHES (Honey, corrupted from *Kœnig's*, the chief's), is an old entrenchment defended by a double fosse and vallum. It was probably occupied as a sister fortress to Hawksdown.

A small stream trickles through a narrow defile into the sea at BEER, 1 mile,—a mere scattering of fishermen's cottages upon a romantic beach. The lofty cliffs now stretch away westward like the huge rampart of some Titanic stronghold; flushing into a myriad different hues when the sunlight falls upon them. We soon come in sight of BRANSCOMBE (population, 936). The village and church stand upon gently-rising ground at some slight distance from the shore. It was near this point that Telford, the great engineer, proposed to commence the ship-canal, which, terminating in Bridgewater Bay, should unite the Bristol and British Channels. Among the fossils found in the neighbourhood are *caput medusæ*, *basalti-formis*, *pecten*, *terebratulæ*, and *pentacrinites*.

After escaping the hidden dangers of the Hook Ebb Rocks,

we steer right into the miniature bay of SALCOMBE (population, 476), or Salcombe Regis, its bold hill rising in the rear with a fine effect. It was the last royalist town to surrender in Devon, —June 1646. Its CHURCH (SS. Mary and Peter) has a Norman tower and Early English chancel. Rounding the abrupt promontory formed by the extended ridge of Salcombe Hill, we sweep into the beautiful bay of

SIDMOUTH (population, 3360. *Inns*: York, New, London, and Marine. *Bank*: nearest at Honiton—16 miles from Lyme Regis, 14 miles from Exeter, and 8 miles from Honiton). Imagine a narrow valley gently sloping to the sea between two hills which stretch their arms around it to fence off the blasts of winter. Imagine a bold open beach, protected from the billows by a four-fold terrace of pebbles, and at the head of this natural rampart place a long broad walk, 1700 feet, affording an almost unequalled promenade. Build on the slope a neat clean town in the shape of a Y, the stem pointing inland towards the green heights of Harpford, Beacon, and Penhill. Range a row of “handsome lodging-houses,” hotels, and libraries along the beach—and you have before you Sidmouth.

The river Sid, or “riveret,” as old Risdon calls it, in summer is almost imperceptible; in rainy seasons it swells into a pool, and then bursts through the shingle into the sea. The valley of the Sid is exquisitely undulating and richly cultivated.

As early as the thirteenth century Sidmouth was a burgh and market-town, ruled by a port-reeve. Risdon speaks of it as “one of the especialest fischer towns of the shire;” but since his time the fisherman and his coble have given place to the invalid and his bath-chair,—the London valetudinarian and his pony-chaise,—and Sidmouth appears to have thriven well by the exchange. In 1821 it contained 2747 inhabitants; in 1851 the number stood at 3441. In sixty years the population has been tripled. The Duke of Kent died here (at Woodbrook Glen) in 1820.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, has a good west tower, and dates from the fifteenth century. Among its memorials is a tablet to Dr. *James Currie*, d. 1805, better known as the biographer of Burns than as a physician.

[ALL SAINTS' CHURCH was erected about twenty years ago. The ESPLANADE was constructed in 1838. Some fine sketches of the scenery of this part of Devon have

been made by David Roberts. CHIT ROCK, a detached mass of sandstone, stands at the western extremity of the bay.]

To the west of Sidmouth, High Peak (501 feet) stands prominently before us. The cliffs are here composed of sand, partly calcareous, and tinted with a ruddy hue by oxide of iron; but they gradually lose their elevation as we continue our westward course. At LADRAM BAY the waves have hollowed out a natural arch or cove by their unceasing action on the softer strata of the rock.

The coast trends southward rather boldly for a couple of miles, and then again turns eastward. Here we arrive at the mouth of the Otter, which, rising near Otterford (Somersetshire), ripples through vale and meadow, past Up-otter, Honiton, Monkton, Ottery St. Mary, Harpford, Colyton Raleigh, and Bickton, into the Channel $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of OTTERTON (population, 1140). Let the angler resort to the latter village for the trout-fishing in the adjacent stream; let the artist visit it for its picturesque situation on a wooded cliff, and the antiquarian for its Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, and planted upon a river-worn rock, like the great archangel on some "empyrean height."

Rounding Straight Point, we enter the Exe river and heave in sight of LITTLEHAM (population—with Exmouth—4150) and its ancient salterns. The manor formerly belonged to the monks of Sherborne, was granted after the Dissolution to Sir Thomas Dennis, whose present representative (by the female line) is Lord Rolle.

About 2 miles inland, in a hollow of the hills, lies WITHEY-COMBE. Its Perpendicular Church, dedicated to St. Michael, but known as St. John-in-the-Wilderness, retains only its tall tower and north aisle. A curious legend attaches to the ruined church, which may interest the curious tourist. Between Sir Roger Whalingham of Withycombe and Sir Hugh de Crevelde of Littleham a bitter feud was cherished on account of certain disputed claims as to the right of wrecks upon the shore. Now, as Sir Hugh sat alone one night, musing upon his wrongs, and uncharitably wishing all manner of evil or a speedy death to his enemy, the iron bell of St. John's suddenly rung out upon the

air, though untouched by human hands, a funeral knell, and Sir Hugh knew that his foe was dead ! But, think you that the fulfilment of the unhallowed wish brought to the knight the happiness he expected ? No ; by day and by night he was haunted by the spirit of the dead Sir Roger. At his board, in his walks, by his bedside, he was ever present, and Sir Hugh was at last reduced to a pitiable state of misery. He trembled on the brink of the grave, and was swiftly dying, when a Spanish captain, one who had sailed in the Indian seas, presented him with a spell powerful enough to defy spirits blue, black, and gray—a pipe of tobacco ! Sir Hugh recovered in a week, and smoked for many a month, and finally taught his neighbour, young Raleigh of Withycombe, to smoke also. From Raleigh the pipe descended to the great Sir Walter, who, there is no doubt, planned his expedition to Virginia on purpose to—*fill it !*

EXMOUTH.

[Population, 5614. *Inns*: Beacon, Clarence.

℥ Communication with EXETER several times daily. A branch line from the South-Western Railway *via* TOPSHAM is constructed. Coaches to SIDMOUTH and BUDLEIGH SALTERTON daily.

183 m. from London ; 10 m. from Exeter ; 3 m. from Dawlish ; 8½ m. from Exminster ; 11 m. from Sidmouth ; 1 m. from Withycombe.]

Exmouth, in King John's reign, was one of the principal ports in Devonshire, and to Edward III.'s great expedition against France, in 1347, supplied a quota of ten ships and 193 mariners. Leland speaks of it as "a fischer townlet a little within the haven mouth," and it then boasted of a fort or "castelet" designed to command the estuary of the Exe. This fort was garrisoned for the king during the Civil War, blockaded by Colonel Shapcoate, a stout Roundhead soldier, in February 1646, and captured, with 19 pieces of ordnance and much ammunition, on the 15th of the following March.

When migrations to the sea-side became fashionable with the aristocracy, Exmouth was the first town on the Devonshire coast to put out of sight its fishing gear, and make itself snug and decent for the reception of summer visitors. A "New Town"

sprang up along the slopes and on the summit of the hill, and the "Old Town" was altered and improved with new streets. When the Old Town was first raised along the base of the hill, and on the beach, the sea "covered nearly the whole of the ground on which the north-west part of the town is now built, and washed the base of the cliffs on the left-hand side of the present turnpike road from Exeter."

Of course Exmouth has its baths, bathing-machines, libraries, assembly-rooms, and all those *agrémens* which seem indispensable to a Briton's comfort when he locateth himself at the sea-side. Its CHURCH (in the early English style of 1820), is dedicated to the Trinity, and was erected at the sole expense of Lord Rolle, whose family have been great benefactors to the town. The noble SEA-WALL, constructed of limestone, from the designs of Mr. Plewse (1841-2), is 1800 feet long, 22 feet high, and affords an admirable promenade. From the terraced slopes of the hill, especially from Louisa and Trefusis Terraces, the prospects are exceedingly noble; well-wooded hills, the winding river, the sheen of the sunlit waters, the rounded height of Memhead, the gray towers of Powderham, groves, orchards, gardens,—all blend in one glorious and changeful panorama. The best view of Exmouth is obtainable from the river; "the long terraces of white houses, rising behind each other on the hill-side from among groves of dark foliage, with the mass of meaner buildings at the base; the sand, with its fishing-boats and larger craft; and the broad sheet of water in front, with the shipping riding at anchor upon it, compose together a pleasing and remarkable picture."

A long sand-bank runs out from the town far into the river, and a little lower down, the Warren stretches across the estuary for full two miles. Near the first bank, in mid-stream, lies Shelley Sand, and outside the Warren, where the Exe forms a junction with the sea, the Pole Sand has accumulated. The natural harbour formed by these sand-banks is called THE BIGHT, where vessels anchor while waiting for wind or tide.

A bar which still to some extent impedes the navigation of the river, a mile or so above the town, was formed, it is said, by a Count of Devon, who had been defeated at law by the citizens of Exeter, with respect to their collection of the river-dues. He caused a large number of oaks to be felled on each bank of the river, for the land, at least, belonged to him, and at midnight hurled them into the water, where they clung to

the sandy bottom with their roots and branches, and collecting soil and shingle, formed an almost insuperable barrier.

HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—The visitor to Exmouth will find ample employment for many days in its vicinity. 1. From Exmouth to SIDMOUTH, through Otterton, returning by way of East Budleigh and Lympstone, is an excursion much to be commended=20 m.—2. Through Topsham to EXETER, by the river-bank, and returning by the Sidmouth road, through the two Clysts, as far as WOODBURY, and from thence diverging again to the river-side, is also an attractive ramble=23 m. ; but the traveller should stay one night at Exeter. 3. By ferry to Starcross, and thence through DAWLISH to TEIGNMOUTH and Babbicombe Bay, returning by rail. 4. From Starcross to POWDERHAM CASTLE and EXMINSTER; or, 5. From Starcross, by way of Mamhead to CHUDLEIGH, are also agreeable routes, which the tourist may prolong or interrupt at pleasure, assured that he will not fail to strike into some fair green lane, or come upon some delectable “nook of greenery.” For our notes on these places he will please to dip deeper into our little volume.]

Of course we shall go up the river as far as Topsham, keeping our eye upon the right bank as we ascend it, and on the left as we return. Well, as we turn the point of land upon which Exmouth raises its pretty terraces, we catch a glimpse of the pleasant trees of WITHTYCOMBE (see p. 100), on the high ground above, and about two miles further off LYMPSTONE (population, 1107), with a good old CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, whose tower was built in 1409. The manor formerly belonged to General Elliot, Lord Heathfield, “the hero of Gibraltar.”

The river is here about three quarters of a mile in width, and its banks are exquisitely beautiful. Its combinations of wood and water, of dim blue hills and grassy vales, are infinitely picturesque, and we wish we were sufficiently gifted with the poetical afflatus to be worthy of attempting a picture in words. Here is TOPSHAM (population, 2500), one of the oddest of odd English towns, straggling along the river-bank for a mile or so, with a sort of restless despairing motion as if it longed to get rid of itself. Among many mean and squalid houses, some of a better class, however, are plainly visible, and a good effect is produced by the position of its CHURCH, on the summit of a tall cliff, which starts abruptly from the river. It is an old building dedicated to St. Margaret, and contains memorials (by Chantrey) to Admiral Sir JOHN DUCKWORTH, d. 1817, who “forced” the passage of the Dardanelles, and his son, Colonel GEORGE DUCKWORTH, who fell at Albuera in 1811. From the churchyard some good views of the surrounding country, and of the various reaches of the river, may be obtained.

Topsham was once the port of Exeter, and a very prosperous, dirty, bustling place; but since the formation of the ship canal it has grown poorer and cleaner, and laid itself out for visitors, to whom its agreeable position ought to recommend it. It still does a little bit of trade, however, chiefly in rope and paper-making, and ship-building. The Clyst (which rises near Plymtree, N.E.), here empties itself into the Exe.

The river now suddenly contracts into a narrow channel, scarce a quarter of a mile in width, and so, turning our prow to the south, we commence its descent, keeping as near as may be to the western bank, which is traversed by the South Devon Railway. The first village we reach is EXMINSTER (population, 1781), "a pretty townlet" in Leland's time, and a pretty townlet now. But in Leland's time it possessed an interest which it possesses no longer—"the ruins of a manor-place embattled in the front." This manor-place had been a great house of the Earls of Devon, and was the birth-place of William Courtenay, archbishop of Canterbury (1382-97). Exminster is a charming little nook: "its quiet meadows, with the fat cattle about them, the tower of the village church rising from the trees, the roofs of the little village, the curling smoke, the broad river beyond, with the sail of a fishing-boat or slow-moving barge passing occasionally along—these, and a calm evening sky overhead, make a picture such as Cuyp would have loved to paint, or Bloomfield to describe." A tiny stream, or "riveret," here helps to swell the waters of the Exe.

POWDERHAM (population, 238), derives its name, we are told by some authorities, from the knight or noble who possessed it in the reign of Edward I., but more probably it gave its name to the family, and that name seems to be an echo of that of a Norman knight, one William de Ow, or Ou, who, after being very loyal to William I., proved a traitor to William II. At last he was *accused* of treason, and as he was defeated in a public combat at Salisbury by his accuser, who can doubt his guilt! From the Powderhams it passed to Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Essex, and as the dowry of his daughter Margaret devolved upon her husband, Hugh de Courtenay, Earl of Devon. He, in

1350, settled it upon his fifth son, Sir Philip Courtenay, the direct ancestor of the present noble owner.

POWDERHAM CASTLE (Earl of Devon) was originally founded by its Norman lord, and remodelled and strengthened in the fourteenth century. Leland describes it as a stout fortress, "with a barbican, or bulwark, to beat the haven," and during the Civil War it withstood two sieges—surrendering, on the last occasion, to Sir Hardress Waller, the Parliamentary leader, March 1646. It retains something of its mediæval character, but has been greatly modernized, and rather inconsiderately renovated. Among the art-treasures are—the Five Senses, by *Teniers*; Tribute Money by *Rubens*; Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, *Vandyck*; and several charming specimens of our English *Wilson*.

The PARK (to which admission is readily granted) is nearly ten miles in extent, including the grassy slopes of the river side, and the richly wooded hills which rise towards the north-east. On a lofty—nay, on the loftiest—knoll stands the BELVIDERE, erected in 1773 by Lord Courtenay, and strengthened with a hexagonal tower at each of its three angles. From this elevation an almost matchless prospect is commanded. The eye follows the windings of the Exe through a rich and fertile valley until the river is lost in the misty depths of the city of Exeter, above whose motley roofs towers the majestic Cathedral. Or it surveys the opposite bank, dotted with villages and gray old churches, and swiftly rising into a range of pleasant hills. Yonder is NUTBERRY COURT (Sir T. Drake), sheltered by the heights of Woodbury; there is Lymptone; southward, where the Exe widens into the boldly-sweeping channel, stands the town of Exmouth. Turning westward, we look far across the Haldon hills, and exult in a noble prospect of vale, meadow, and bowery hollow. Just outside the boundaries of the park lies KENTON (population, 1961), with its Decorated CHURCH, built of the ruddy Exminster stone, and lifting up its tower to the height of 100 feet.

We drop down the river a mile or so to STARCROSS (population, 1278), so named, it is said, from a bygone wayside memorial, and famous now to the appetites of Exeter gastronomes for its shell-fish and oysters, which may here be eaten fresh from their beds near the mouth of the Exe. Since the establishment of the South Devon Railway it has sprung into some estimation as a watering-place, and is preferred by many to its more preten-

tious and better-grown rival on the opposite bank. Its CHURCH, dedicated to St. Paul, was built in 1826. Mamhead, Kenton, Ashcombe, Chudleigh, Dawlish, are all within easy distance.

And now we round the point, pass from the Exe into the open channel, and steer a south-east course for DAWLISH.

II.—DAWLISH to DARTMOUTH.

Exeter, 12 m. ; Teignmouth, 3 m. ; Torquay, 26 m. by rail. (14 m. by road.)

DAWLISH (population, 3622. *Inns*: London, York, and Station)—lies in a cove formed by the projecting headlands of Langstone Cliff on the north, and the Parson and Clerk rocks on the south, and may fairly be characterised as one of the pleasantest places on the Devonian coast. Through the bosom of the valley which here opens out upon the sea runs a crystal rivulet, spanned by numerous bridges, and lined on each side by a broad border of smooth greensward. Above runs a row of houses and shops, many of them in their own snug little plots of garden-ground ; on the hill-slopes beyond are perched numerous fantastic villas, and the Strand and the Teignmouth road are gay with terraces, hotels, and “marine mansions.” In the Strand and up the valley towards what is called Dawlish waters, the climate has an almost Italian geniality, and the tender myrtle, the soft hydrangea, and other delicate plants, bloom freely in the open air. The best houses, however, which stand on the east and west cliffs, are considerably exposed in winter.

The bathing at Dawlish is excellent ; and a long and exhilarating walk can be obtained along the firm sand beach, past the rabbit warren, and on to the mouth of the Exe, a distance of about two miles. A beautiful drive also may be taken up the valley, at the back of the town, between rows of elm trees, to the summit of Haldon, where an extensive view will repay the visitor.

The PARISH CHURCH of Dawlish stands about half a mile west of the town. It was rebuilt from Mr. Patey’s designs, in 1824-5, and contains two monuments by Flaxman—to *Lady Elizabeth Pennyman* and *Mrs. Chapman*. There is a new Chapel of St. Mark in the town. A picturesque feature on the beach is the now disused *Engine House* of the South Devon Railway, built of red limestone, in the Italian style, with a noticeable campanile. It was intended at first to work the Devon line on the atmospheric

principle, but its failure when put to the test caused the company to resort to the locomotive.

The coast between Dawlish and Teignmouth is strangely picturesque, for huge masses of rock stand out detached from the parent cliff, and the imagination may easily fashion them into the semblance of unnatural monsters—demons of the deep it may be, petrified (for their sins) into their present fantastic forms ! A rare place for the pastimes of the mermaids—

“To play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks,
In the purple twilights under the sea !”

When the winds rush swiftly across the deep, it is wonderful to see the tumultuous waters leaping over these black barren masses—flinging columns of shimmering spray above them—now rolling over their summits, now receding from their very base—eddying, and whirling, and heaving, and sinking, and all this with such a roar and a rush, that it seems as if old ocean was convulsed with a Titanic struggle ! Two of these isolated masses are absurdly known as “the Parson and Clerk.” The railway follows the coast line with extraordinary closeness,—five times tunnelling through the cliff, and afterwards running along the coast upon a massive sea-wall.

TEIGNMOUTH (population, 6751. *Inns* : Royal, Devon, Queen’s. *Market* : Saturday. *Banks* : National, Provincial, and Messrs. Watts and Co.) is situated on an open coast, close to the mouth of the river Teign. There is a good beach for bathing except when the east wind blows, when the breakers become dangerous. Its great attraction is the *Den* (or *dune*), a sand-bank between the sea and the town, which was once covered with “divers houses and wine cellars,” and after remaining for many years a barren and unsightly waste, has been formed into a noble promenade a mile in length. At its western extremity stands a small lighthouse.

Next in point of interest is the wooden BRIDGE which connects Teignmouth with the village of Shaldon, on the other side of the river. It was built in 1825-7, from the designs of Roger Hopkins, at a cost of £20,000, and measures 1672 feet in length, and consists of thirty-four arches. It is the longest wooden bridge in England, and only surpassed in Europe by the *Pont de Lyons*, which is 1700 feet in length. Over the main

channel is thrown a swing bridge, which admits of vessels ascending or descending the river. The view from this point, when the tide is up, is much to be admired :—" the richly wooded valley through which the broad stream winds is backed by hills, receding behind each other, till the distance is closed by the lofty Tors of Dartmoor. Looking downwards, the river, with Teignmouth on one side and Shaldon on the other, is singularly picturesque ; and it is still finer and more remarkable if beheld on a bright night, when the full moon is high over the distant sea, and sends a broad path of lustre along the river, which appears like a lake closed in by the sandbank that then seems to be united to the opposite Ness,—and the white houses that lie within reach of the moon's beams shine out in vivid contrast to the masses of intense shadow"—(*Thorne*).

We love Teignmouth so well that we will deal tenderly with its CHURCHES, both of which are in the worst possible style. ST. JAMES' dates from 1805. ST. MICHAEL'S has a Norman south doorway, but otherwise is to be attributed to the skill and taste of a certain Mr. Patey (1831). Wandsworth is the only town we know of which has two churches as ugly as those of Teignmouth.

The PUBLIC ROOMS, erected in 1826 by Mr. Patey, are rather showy. An Ionic pediment supports a Doric portico, and within there is a spacious dancing saloon, said to be 63 feet long. The QUAY was constructed in 1820 by Mr. George Templer, of the Haytor granite works. Vessels of 400 tons burthen can load here, and their cargoes are granite from Haytor, iron ore, manganese, and porcelain clay. The principal import is salt fish from Newfoundland.

The history of Teignmouth is quickly told. It furnished seven ships and 120 men towards the expedition against Calais in 1347. It was burnt in 1340 and 1350 by French rovers, and in 1690 by M. de Tourville's fleet, after their victory at Beachy Head. 116 houses and 11 ships and barks were then destroyed. The total loss was computed at £11,000, and "briefs" were read in every church in England on behalf of the inhabitants. *French Street*, by its name, perpetuates the memory of this disaster.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. All the rivers of Devon are lovely, but, to our mind, the Teign is the loveliest. The tourist's first day at Teignmouth, therefore, should be devoted to a sail up the river. 2. The second he may appropriate to an excursion

sion, along the picturesque cliff-road to BABBICOMBE BAY and TORQUAY, visiting on his way SHALDON, where Lord Clifford has a beautiful villa, and RINGMOOR (pop. 337), a quiet leafy hamlet, about a mile above. It is right to mention that boating on this part of the coast is dangerous when sails are used. 3. CHUDLEIGH, and its "Pixies' Cave" lies about 6 m. north-west. The best way to go there is by Bishop's Teignton, Ideford, and UGBROOKE PARK (Lord Clifford), *returning* through King's Teignton. 4. To NEWTON ABBOTS is a five miles' walk; from thence to TORQUAY, about 7 m.; the cliff-road between TEIGNMOUTH and TORQUAY is a most interesting one, passing through WATCOMBE and PETIT TOR, two pretty watering-places, lying contiguous, and within a mile of BABBICOMBE.]

BABBICOMBE BAY (2 m. from Torquay, and 4 m. from Teignmouth) is one of the loveliest nooks on all the British coast. We must admit, however, "a saving clause"—were the trim villas which now civilize the scene, and the snug hotels, and the neat gardens swept ruthlessly away, and the place once more abandoned to the simple grandeur of nature. Though these innovations have done much to injure its general effect, it still remains a scene of wonderful beauty; with its lofty rocks, its beetling cliffs, and its masses of deep shadowy foliage. There is now quite a town of villas on the top of the cliff, and an elegant new church has been erected.

ST. MARY CHURCH (pop. 4472) stands above the bay, and close to Torquay. It is a "village of villas," with a tall church spire in its centre. The MARBLE WORKS here are well worth a visit, and contain numerous specimens of the richly coloured marbles which the neighbouring rocks supply.

Half a mile further, and we come upon the Italianesque towers and terraces of BISHOPSTOWE, the palace of the late Bishop of Exeter, now the residence of S. Hanbury, Esq. Immediately below is ANSTIS COVE, "the most romantic spot from Sidmouth to the Dart." It is a jagged ravine in the cliffs, wrought out, in the past by the action of some restless stream. On either hand, as if flung down at hazard by a weary giant, are scattered bold, dark rocks. To the left, a promontory of hardest marble has been rent by the sea into several ragged peaks, over which the ivy and the lichen clamber; on the right a lofty hill struggles upward, clothed with coppice and brushwood, mosses and grass, parasitical climbers, and the rude gnarled trunks of elm, birch, and oak. And still into the echoing glen rolls the thunder, still into its depths strikes the lustre of the unresting sea! Yet of all the peaceful places on the earth this is supreme,

when the wind is not in the east. Silence reigns here on the pebbly shore, only disturbed by the whispering lips of the tiny wavelets. A steep winding road leads down to the sea-shore, and at a neat little cottage on the beach, visitors may supply themselves with boats, or with prawns, lobsters, and other marine delicacies.

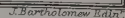
TOR BAY

Is but half a mile further, and we shall soon catch sight of that famous harbour which can shelter a navy. Tor Bay is rich in many mighty memories, and in itself is one of the finest and most beautiful bays around the whole English coast. From north to south it stretches 4 miles, its coast line measures 12 miles, and its depth, in the centre, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. On the north side, beneath its protecting hills, nestles Torquay; at the south extremity Brixham and its fishing-fleet lie under the shadow of the majestic promontory of Berry Head. "Between these distant points are two or three villages, with their church-towers, and all along are scattered cottages or villas, serving as links to connect the towns and hamlets. The coast-line is broken by deep indentations and projecting rocks. The shore rises now in bluff and rugged cliffs, and presently sinks in verdant and wooded slopes; and behind and above all stretches far away, as a lovely background, a richly diversified and fertile country; while, to complete the glorious panorama, the bosom of the bay is alive with ships and yachts, and numerous trawls"—(*Thorne*). When the *Bellerophon* lay here with Napoleon on board (July 1815), the great soldier exclaimed, "How beautiful a country! It very closely resembles Porto Ferrajo in Elba!" Earl St. Vincent frequently brought his fleet hither, and on November 5, 1688, William, Prince of Orange, anchored in the noble haven.

"Since William looked upon it," exclaims Lord Macaulay, "its aspect has greatly changed. The amphitheatre which surrounds the spacious basin now exhibits everywhere the signs of prosperity and civilization. At the north-east extremity has sprung up a great watering-place, to which strangers are attracted from the most remote parts of our island by the Italian softness of the air; for in that climate the myrtle flourishes unsheltered, and even the winter is milder than the Northumbrian April." From Lord Macaulay's *History of England*, Chapter ix.

Scale of $\frac{3}{4}$ o. Mile

1 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$



TORQUAY.

Hotels: The Royal and the Queen's (both on the Strand); Victoria and Albert, Belgrave Road; The Torbay, Torbay Road; Imperial (with winter garden), Parkhill Road. *Private Hotels:* Cumper's, Torbay Road; Osborne House, Hesketh Crescent; Atkinson's, Belgrave Road.

Population, 22,000. 186 m. from London; 11 from Dartmouth; 25 from Exeter.

BANKS, Devon and Cornwall; Vivian and Kitson's; West of England. MARKET DAY, Saturday. POST OFFICE: Torwood Street.

This celebrated watering-place occupies the northern corner of Tor Bay, and is securely sheltered from all winds but that from the south-east. It is a town of villas, which, amphitheatre-like, stretch from the shore in terraces up to the higher grounds overlooking the sea. There is no particular feature to attract the eye of the new comer, unless it be the picturesque harbour called the Basin, where vessels of all sizes may be seen unloading their stores. The Basin has recently been much improved in appearance and rendered more useful to the town. The parades around it are spacious and well adapted for promenades. The best views of the town are to be had from Daddy Hole Plain above the Basin, or from Paignton, on the opposite side of the bay. The former will give the stranger the best bird's eye view of the various terraces and villas, while the latter affords the most extensive panorama of the town and bay.

To the invalid, Torquay has many attractions. There is a cheerfulness in its general aspect that impresses the visitor favourably at first sight. If there is sun at all it is sure to bask on the terraced villas of Torquay: while the expanse of sea that stretches out in front gives an appearance of life to the prospect. In the way of recreations there is no lack. These include a natural history museum, libraries, a new theatre—and during the season both concerts and balls are held in the Bath Saloon. Regattas take place in summer, while the bay and harbour afford perfect security for the use of small boats. The public gardens on the Torwood Road, which include four acres of land, are tastefully laid out in walks and shrubberies. The neighbourhood abounds with pleasant rambles, which can be enjoyed almost all the year round; for in fact there is little winter here, and the pedestrian may pick up wild flowers in the month of February.

The climate of Torquay is peculiar. On the shore it is soft and relaxing, but on the rising ground around the harbour, and

at St. Mary's Church, the atmosphere though mild is at the same time bracing. An invalid, therefore, should be careful in selecting his lodgings. We give here a table of the mean temperature at certain stations, from which it will be observed that Torquay holds the first place.

MEAN TEMPERATURE.

Place.	Annual	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Torquay - - -	52.1	44.0	50.0	61.2	53.1
Queenstown - - -	51.9	44.1	50.1	61.3	52.0
Clifton - - -	51.2	39.9	49.7	63.3	51.4
Hastings - - -	50.4	39.0	47.4	61.7	52.2
London - - -	50.4	39.1	48.7	62.3	51.3
Dublin - - -	49.8	43.0	45.6	55.8	53.7
York - - -	48.4	41.4	50.9	56.0	44.9
Edinburgh - - -	47.4	40.9	49.5	53.5	44.0

But, as to the invalid, it is of more importance to know the difference between the greatest heat and the greatest cold during the day, we give below an extract from the Registrar's report for 1863 of the following places, where it will be observed that Torquay still holds the most favourable position:—

MEAN DAILY RANGE OF TEMPERATURE.

Place.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.
Torquay - - -	6.2	6.7	9.6	11.1	12.8
Ventnor - - -	6.9	7.6	9.6	10.8	11.2
Liverpool - - -	7.2	7.3	9.2	10.2	10.9
London - - -	11.1	11.2	13.2	12.2	13.3
Bournemouth - - -	13.6	14.3	20.2	19.8	18.7

Underneath is another extract from the meteorological report for 1863, where Torquay appears to have fewer rainy days, but a greater fall than the Clifton district, and to be generally more damp than Middlesex and Yorkshire:—

RAINFALL—I. *Days* it fell ; and II. *Quantity* fallen.

Place.	January.		February.		March.		April.		May.	
	I.	II.	I.	II.	I.	II.	I.	II.	I.	II.
Torquay - - -	24	4.2	9	1.2	14	2.3	9	1.9	9	1.4
Clifton - - -	25	4.1	14	0.8	10	0.8	15	1.9	10	2.3
London - - -	14	2.3	10	0.7	7	0.7	7	0.3	11	1.4
York - - -	20	2.8	5	0.5	15	1.1	9	0.6	10	1.0

Let us now consider what is to be seen in the neighbourhood. First of all, the tourist will make his way to KENT'S CAVERN, having taken the precaution of obtaining permission from the curator of the Torquay Museum. You enter through a low and narrow passage, 7 feet wide, 5 feet high, into a vast cavern, said to be 600 feet in length. A labyrinth of smaller caverns and winding corridors surrounds it. The roofs glitter with stalactites, formed by the dripping of water charged with lime, and the flooring is covered with a shining but slippery coating of stalagmite. A sombre pool of water, deep, dark, and cold, terminates the cavern. It was in this curious recess that Dr. Buckland discovered the bones of the rhinoceros and elephant, the lion, wolf, bear, and hyæna—beasts of prey which haunted the gloomy forests of pre-historic England, until extirpated by the hardy Celts. These fossils cover the bed of the cavern to a depth of 20 feet, and are overlaid by a layer of stalagmite. Mingled with them lie arrow-heads and spear-heads—those rude iron implements which antiquarians have named *Celts*—charcoal, fragments of coarse pottery, and knives of flint; showing that the savage made his feast off the spoils of his prowess, and here reposed supine when the feast was done.

At Ilsham, close to Kent's Cavern, are some scanty ruins of a grange-chapel formerly belonging to Tor Abbey. The farm was once a residence of the Earl of Londonderry.

TOR ABBEY (R. S. S. Carey, Esq.) lies to the west of Torquay, a handsome modern mansion, rejoicing in the shade of some noble limes. In the gardens stand the ivy-shrouded ruins of the old Præmonstratensian ABBEY, founded by William de Bruère in 1196, and dedicated to St. Saviour, which was undoubtedly the wealthiest priory belonging to that order in England. The refectory is now converted into a domestic chapel; and a gateway also remains, and a barn. The style of architecture seems to be that which is known as Decorated, but there is very little left to satisfy the antiquarian's curiosity.

The ancient village of TOR-MOHUN (*tor* signifies a hill, or headland)—contains a fine old Perpendicular CHURCH, the mother-church of Torquay. The memorials are principally to the Careys, *temp.* James I., but an effigy in full armour commemorates *Ridgway*, father of the first Earl of Lon-

donderry. The octagonal font is Perpendicular. The west tower is embattled.

Towards Babbicombe the botanist will meet with—*Actinia crassicornis*, *Actinia nivica*, and *Actinia mesembryanthemum*; *Tortula tortiosa* and *didymum*; *Rhodymenia palmata*; *Laminaria digitalis* and *saccharina*; *Eolis coronata*; *Delesseria sanguinea*; *Laurentia pinnatifida*; and *Plocamium coccineum*.

Along the beach, towards Paignton, the geologist may look for *Echinus miliaris*, *Trochus ziziphinus*, *Asterrina gibbosa*, *Doris pilosa*, *Pholas parva*, *Pholas dactylus*, and *Anthea cereus*. The cliffs, mainly composed of red sandstone or red conglomerate, are low, but abrupt, precipitous, and wave-worn into countless fissures, caves, and ravines.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. Through COCKINGTON, 2 miles (Perpendicular Church), to the ruins of COMPTON CASTLE, 2 miles, an ancient seat of the Poles; part of the chapel and a gateway-tower (fourteenth century) remain: . . . continue to BERRY-POMEROY CASTLE, 1 mile, and the village, 1 mile; turn eastward to PAIGNTON, 4 miles, and return along the coast to Torquay, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles = $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 2. By way of St. Mary Church to BABBICOMBE,—visiting the landslip at WATCOMBE, and the beautiful inlet of MAIDEN COMBE. Strike inland to COFFIN'S WELL (population, 214), and return through TOR-MOHUN = 10 miles. 3. Walk to BRIXHAM, nearly 9 miles, through CHURSTON FERRERS and PAIGNTON. Return by boat—a most delightful sail. 4. Strike across the country to NEWTON ABBOT (by way of Abbot's Kerswell, East-Ogwell, and WOLBOROUGH), 7 miles; then, at Newton Junction, take the train to TEIGNMOUTH, and either walk back, 9 miles—or sail back. . . . Other excursions will readily suggest themselves to a good pedestrian, and only a good pedestrian can hope to explore satisfactorily the beauties of Devon.]

PAIGNTON (population, 3600) occupies an agreeable position almost in the centre of Torbay, and would be more popular with visitors but for the masses of strong-flavoured seaweed hurled upon its beach by easterly winds. Near its old and capacious Church—a Perpendicular building, dedicated to St. John, which contains a fine Norman doorway, a noble triple-arched screen of stone, and a stately statued tomb to Sir *John Kirkham* and his wife—moulder the ruins of a palace of the Bishops of Exeter, where the good and great Miles Coverdale frequently resided. A tower, and some gray old walls, are the remains of its ancient glory.

Paignton should be visited in the apple-blossoming season

for the cider-apple is largely cultivated in the neighbourhood, and acre upon acre groan with luxuriant orchards. Cider is exported from hence in considerable quantities, and a pier was constructed in 1838 where vessels of 200 tons burthen can enter.

Sweeping across the bay to its southern extremity, we soon come in sight of one of the wealthiest fishing-towns in England—

BRIXHAM (pop. 5000. *Inns*: Globe, London, and Bolton). “In Norman times the town belonged to the Novants, and from them it passed in succession through several other noble hands. The present lords of Brixham are Brixham fishermen. The manor was purchased some time back by twelve fishermen; these twelve shares were afterwards subdivided, and these have been again divided. Each holder of a share or portion of a share, however small, is styled ‘a quay lord.’ If you see a thick bearded, many-jacketed personage, who carries himself with a little extra confidence in the market-place, you may be sure he is a Brixham lord.” About 200 sail of trawlers are now employed in the fisheries, of an aggregate tonnage of 25,000, and manned by nearly 1600 hardy and experienced seamen. The nets made use of are 70 feet in length. The cargoes thus obtained are despatched to London and elsewhere by the Great Western Railway.

The town—a straggling and “ungainly” place—is divided into the UPPER TOWN, or CHURCH BRIXHAM, on the south side of Berry head; and the LOWER TOWN, or BRIXHAM QUAY, upon the beach—“a sort of Devonshire Wapping with a Billingsgate smell.” The CHURCH, in the Upper Town, was built in 1824; the PUBLIC ROOM in 1835. The PIER was constructed in 1808, and a BREAKWATER commenced in 1843, which we fear will never be completed. In the neighbourhood there are three bone caves—one at Windmill Hill, another called Ash Hole, and a third discovered in 1861, which was rich in fossils.

It was at Brixham—as an obelisk in the market-place records—that William III. landed, November 5, 1688. The block of stone on which he first set foot is preserved in the base of the monument, and a fragment of it, enclosed in a box of heart of oak, was presented to William IV. on his visit here in 1823.

About two miles east of Brixham is the bold headland which protects Torbay from the south, called Berry Head.

There is a good specimen of rock scenery on the road which

follows the coast line round by Pudcombe Cove, but, we presume, most will choose the more luxurious route by rail to Kingswear ; by which we shall pass on our left the grounds and mansion of Lupton House (Lord Churston.)

Half an hour's drive from Torquay will bring the passenger within sight of the verdurous hills, slow-sloping to the river side, which enclose the "English Rhine,"—the RIVER DART. "The bay," says Gilpin, "which the river Dart forms at its mouth, is one of the most beautiful scenes upon the coast. Both the entrance of the Dart into it, and its exit to the sea, appear from many stations closed up by the folding of the banks, so that the bay has frequently the form of a lake, only furnished with shipping instead of boats. Its banks, which are its great beauty, consist of lofty wooded hills, shelving down in all directions."

From the rapidity with which it swells, and its consequent perils, has arisen the old Devonshire superstition,—

"River of Dart ! O river of Dart !
Every year thou claimest a heart."

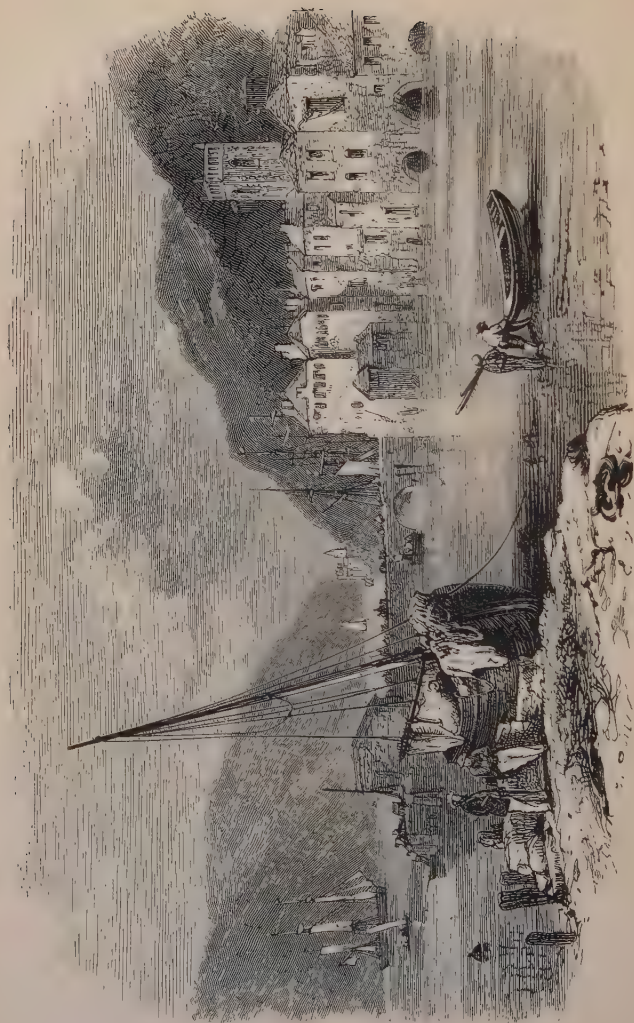
The on-coming of the flood is betokened by the increasing *blueness* of the waters.

It rises from the bosom of an abrupt hill, near Cranmere Pool, and amid the dreary solitudes of Dartmoor. Thence, under the name of the West Dart, it sweeps across a black, bare waste, and through a deep and narrow defile—bounded on either side by gaunt bleak *tors*—receiving several tributaries, and still increasing in its speed, until it is joined by the Eastern Dart.

Excursion—DARTMOUTH TO TOTNES.

A pleasant sail from Dartmouth to Totnes (12 miles) may be taken by steamer. By this means the visitor will best see the beauties of the Dart. The banks of the river, though not high, are covered with oaks which stretch down to the water's edge. The steamer calls at Dittisham* (3 m.) and Duncannon (9 m.), and passes Sherbourne House (Mr. Durant). Shortly after leaving Duncannon at a breach of the wall on the left bank, a distinct echo is obtained from the wooded bank on the other side.

* A rock in the middle of the river, here called the Anchor or Scold Rock, was used in ancient times by the men of Dittisham, as a penitential station to place their unruly wives upon.



DARTMOUTH.

DARTMOUTH.

[Population, 5338. *Inns*: Castle, Brown's Family and Commercial.

~~A~~ A boat to and from Totnes daily, according to tide.

206 m. from London; 10 m. from Totnes; 17 m. from Newton Abbot; 13 m. from Torquay; 25 m. from Plymouth; 7 m. from Start Point.

BANKERS—National Provincial Bank.]

The town originally consisted of three independent hamlets, CLIFTON, DARTMOUTH, HARDNESSE, and the former is still an appendage of the parish of Stoke Fleming, the two latter of the parish of Townstall. A market was granted to Dartmouth by Henry III., and the privilege of "mairalte," or "mayoralty," by King John; a privilege confirmed by Edward III. in 1342.

In 1190 it was visited by the Crusaders' fleet, and stormed by the French during the absence of Richard I. in Palestine. In 1338 the Dartmouth mariners captured five large French ships, and slew all their crews but nine. In 1347 the port contributed 31 ships towards the ever-memorable expedition against Calais, and thirty years later was again ravaged with fire and sword by the French. In 1403 a fleet of Dartmouth vessels engaged, captured, and destroyed 41 sail off the shores of France. In the following year Sir William de Chalet and his freebooters made a descent upon the valley of the Dart, but were surprised by the Devonshire hinds, the leader, three barons, and 20 knights taken prisoners, and most of the common men slain. It withstood a month's siege by Prince Maurice, September 3d to October 4th, 1643, but was finally compelled to surrender. Lord Fairfax recaptured it on a Sunday morning in the middle of January 1646. *Newcomen*, the engineer, who in some measure indicated to James Watt "the way he should go," was born at Dartmouth. *Flavell*, the divine, was buried there, in the Presbyterian church, 1691. At Sandridge, on the Dart, was born *John Davis*, the great Elizabethan navigator; and it was from Dartmouth he sailed in June 1585 in command of the "Sunshine," 50 tons, and 23 men, and the "Moonshine," 25 tons, and 29 men; and again in May 1586, with the "Sunshine," the "Moonshine," and a large vessel of 120 tons called the Mermaid. In his third voyage, 1587, one of his ships was the "Elizabeth of Dartmouth."

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH is a fine cruciform building, of Edwardian architecture, possessing a very rich and beautiful interior. It was consecrated by Bishop Brantingham. The oaken screen

which formerly supported the rood-loft, and still separates the nave from the chancel, is graceful in design and execution. The pulpit of stone, elaborately enriched with wood-carvings; the misereres; the iron scroll-work on the great door, representing a spreading-tree with two leopards standing on its branches; and the altar-piece by Brockledon, are worthy of careful examination. A slab inlaid with rich canopies in brass, and figures of *John Hawley*, d. 1408, and his two wives, will recall the memory of that merchant knight who, in 1390, "waged the navie of shippes of the portes of his owne charges, and tooke foure and thirtie shippes laden with wine, to the summe of 1500 tunne." He throve and prospered so with his wealth that men said of him,—

"Blow the wind high, or blow it low,
It bloweth fair to Hawley's Hoe."

During the greater part of Henry IV.'s reign he represented Dartmouth in Parliament; and Leland tells us that in his time vast ruins of the opulent merchant's mansion were remaining in Dartmouth-Hardness.

Near the entrance to the harbour stands the small quaint church of ST. PETROCK, and on a point of land below it DARTMOUTH CASTLE. Of its two towers the circular one dates from the reign of Henry VIII. The two platforms mount 12 guns. On the cliff stands a small fort called GALLANT'S BOWER, in allusion to the ancient entrenchments which surround it, and whose origin has been debated of by so many speculative antiquarians. The best explanation seems to be that which regards them as the arena of certain public games. PARADISE FORT is further east.

The bay will shelter, it is said, 500 ships, and is lined by busy quays and teeming dockyards. The *exports* are cider and barley; the *imports* fruits, wine, salt, and oil from the Mediterranean, and salt fish and cod from Newfoundland. In the older part of the town a quaint effect is produced by the numerous gables and richly carved fronts of its Elizabethan houses—now rapidly passing away before "the march of improvement." As a whole, however, Dartmouth is scarcely an agreeable resting-place for the tourist. Totnes would answer his purpose better; and, by the way, the voyage down the river from Totnes to Dartmouth is one of surpassing beauty.

[We shall but briefly enumerate the points of interest in the vicinity of Dartmouth, as we reserve a fuller description of this neighbourhood for our visit to Totnes.

TOWNSTALL (population, 1350), $\frac{1}{2}$ mile west, has a good old **CHURCH**, dedicated to St. Clement (with a tower 70 feet high), which was fortified by the royalists during the Civil War with 10 guns, and defended by 100 men. **BROOK HILL** (J. Devonport, Esq.) lies to the north. The gardens and grounds have an air of quiet beauty. Visit, while here, the neighbouring ruins of **KINGSWEAR CASTLE**. **STOKE FLEMING** (population, 662), about two miles south-west, may be visited for its ancient **CHURCH**, which contains two fine brasses.]

DARTMOUTH TO PLYMOUTH.

[To Tor Cross, 7 m. ; Start Point, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Prawle Point, 5 m. ; Bolt Head, 3 m. ; Bolt Tail, 5 m. ; River Erme, 7 m. ; Stoke Point, 5 m. ; Plymouth, 6 m.]

The breadth of sea included between the headlands of Froward Point, north, and Start Point, south, is called Start Bay.

Soon after we have quitted Dartmouth the groves of **STOKE FLEMING** appear in a bend of the coast, and as we sail slowly onward, the desolate tower of **POOLE PRIORY** rises on its lonely hill. The gray slate cliffs are here precipitous and sullen. **TOR CROSS**, 7 miles, a small but pleasant watering-place, is next arrived at, and we may, if we will, walk along its smooth firm sands for full 3 miles. Separated from the coast by a narrow strip of land shimmers and rustles the broad expanse of **SLAPTON LEA**—a lake, 300 acres in extent, thronged with fish and wild-fowl, and fringed with a curious bordure of aquatic plants. **SLAPTON** (population, 681) itself is about 3 miles north. Its **CHURCH**, dedicated to St. Mary, has early English characteristics, a good font, and a richly wrought screen. On the high ground, in the rear of Tor Cross, stands the Perpendicular **CHURCH** of St. Barnabas, **STOKENHAM** (population, 1566), to which the tourist, if he lands at Tor Cross, should certainly pay a visit. **STOKELY HOUSE** (Sir L. Newman, Bart.) is in this neighbourhood.

START POINT is easily recognized by its lighthouse, which on the bluff bold headline lifts up "its massive masonry." Passing many coves and far-reaching ridges (of mica slate, sparkling with veins of quartz), we reach a dangerous projection of the gneiss—a confused heap of rugged weather-worn rocks, sharp and jagged as the teeth of some huge monster—known as **PRAWLE POINT**, where her Majesty's good ship *Crocodile* was disastrously wrecked. The shore here trends away to the north-east, towards the Kingsbridge creek. On the ascent stands **PORTLEMOUTH**. Crossing

the inlet, which is tidal as far as KINGSBRIDGE—(afterwards described), we catch sight of SALCOMBE, where Sir Edmund Fortescue held the castle for his king, and gallantly withstood a siege of four months—sweep over the north and south sands, and their petrified forest of hazels—and gladly round the lofty promontory of BOLT HEAD, where the mica slate, relieved in fissure and hollow by the purple heather and the yellow lichen, towers to a height of 430 feet.

The coast for the next five miles wears an aspect of savage grandeur. Frequent landslips have riven it into a series of dark ravines and rugged headlands, where the sea-birds make their home, and the winds moan eternally as if in search of something loved and lost, and the ocean sends up the roar of its restless waters. It is a coast little loved by the mariner—except when the summer sea brightens gladly beneath the summer sun—for the howling billows of the channel, lashed into fury by a south-west wind, roll hitherwards with all the impetuosity of madness, and woe to the unhappy barque which they hurl against these unfriendly rocks.

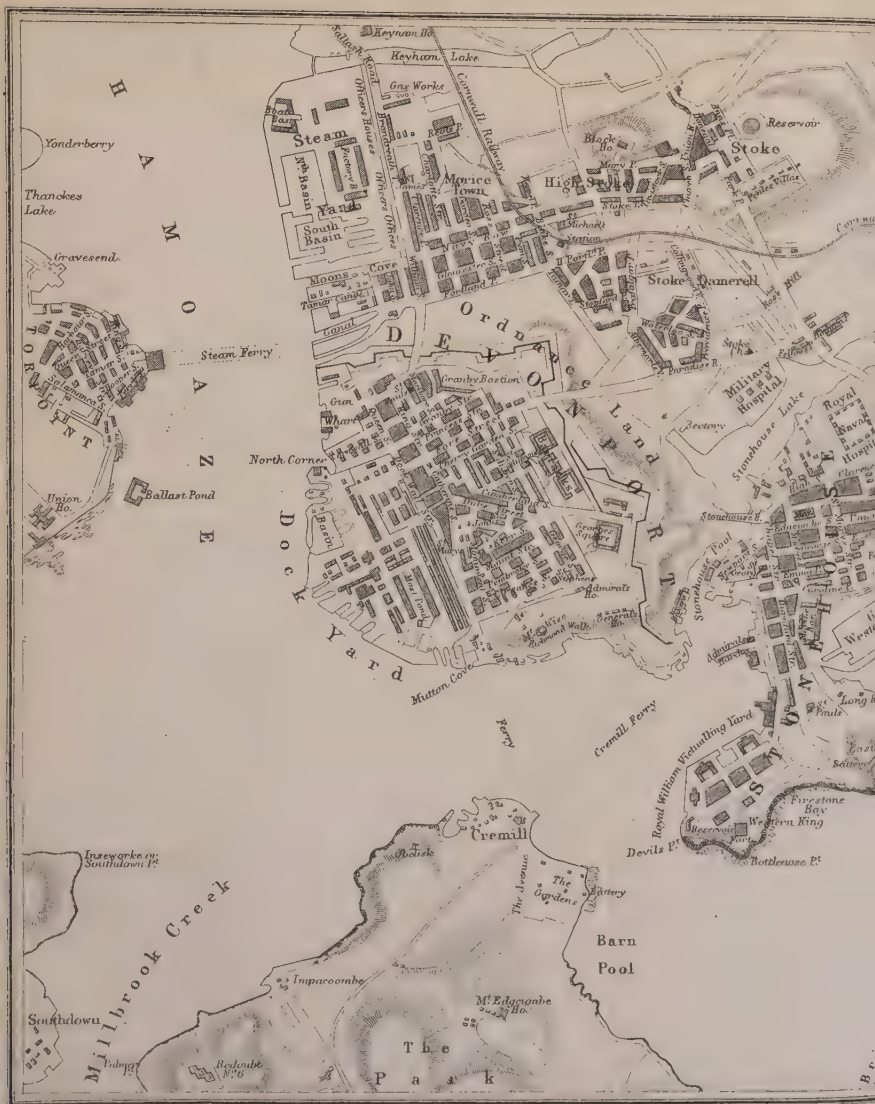
After leaving BOLT HEAD we pass, in succession,

Stair Hole.	Colbury Down.
Falcombe (perhaps Vale-combe).	Vincent Pits.
Saw Mill Cove.	Smuggler Ralph's Hole.

The BOLT TAIL, where may be examined RAMILLIES-COVE, the scene of the wreck of H.M.S. Ramillies.

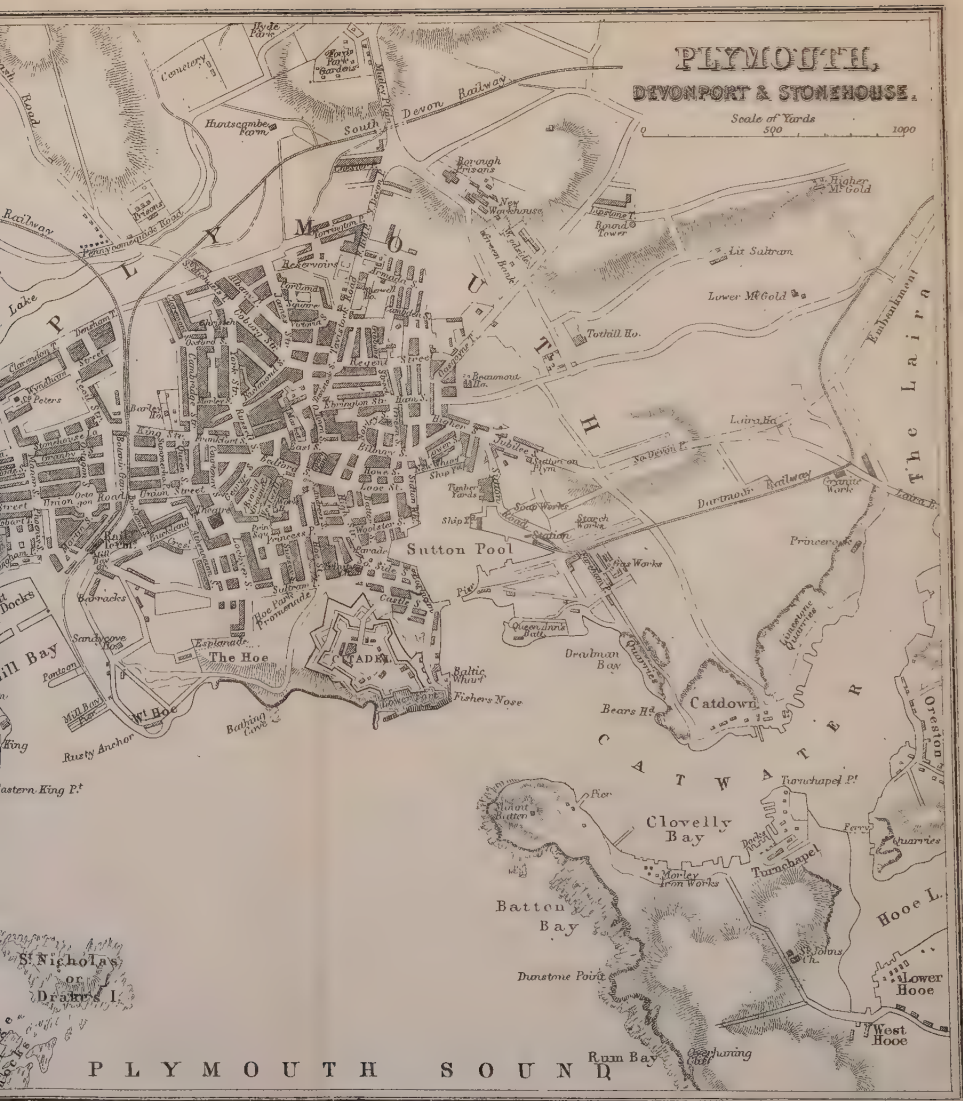
We now enter BIGBURY BAY, and steer at once for THURLESTONE (population, 460), and the mouth of the Avon, whose waters ripple round Burgh Island as they pass into the Channel. BIGBURY (population, 483) stands upon the hills, about 2 miles from the coast. The CHURCH is dedicated to St. Lawrence, and contains a poor east window, an ancient font, a well-carved pulpit removed from Ashburton, and a brass to Dame *Elizabeth de Bigbury*.

Beyond Beacon Point the Erme enters the sea, after a brief but romantic course through a wild and rugged country. Then the rocks become ruder and darker as we advance ; nature seems to abandon all her grace, tenderness, and tranquil beauty, to wear that stern and gloomy aspect which has always so peculiar an effect upon the mind.



PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT & STONEHOUSE.

Scale of Yards
500 1000



J. Bartholomew Edin.

REVELSTOKE CHURCH stands on the coast like a beacon, worn by many a winter gale, and lone enough as it faces, day and night, the surging sea. Then we round the well-known STOKE POINT, the eastern extremity of Plymouth Sound, pass the mouth of the little Yealm, which flows into the ocean between a double range of hills and the villages of NEWTON FERRERS (population, 670), E., and WEMBURY (population, 561), W.—where the Danes, in 851, were repulsed by Earl Cecil of Devon—and so in due time find ourselves in sight of Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH AND DEVONPORT.

[*Hotels in Plymouth*: Royal, Duke of Cornwall, Globe, Navy, Harvey's, Albion, King's Arms, and Morice. *Hotels in Devonport*: Royal, London, Crown, and Prince George.]

Population of the Boroughs.

PLYMOUTH	St. Charles the Martyr	25,225	
	St. Andrew	43,533	
	Parliamentary Extension	1,333	
			70,091
DEVONPORT	St. Aubyn	6,843	
	Clowance	10,215	
	Morice	8,227	
	Stoke	10,943	
	Tamar	13,221	
	Stonehouse	14,585	
			64,034
	Total, Plymouth and Devonport		134,125

226 m. from London; 32 m. from Exeter; 24 m. from Launceston; 30 m. from Bodmin; 14 m. from Tavistock; 17 m. from Eddystone Lighthouse; 5 m. from Plymstock; 6 m. from Brickleigh; 9 m. from Buckland Monachorum; 2 m. from Mount Edgecumbe; $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Rame Head; $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Saltash; and $11\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Whitchurch.

Banks: Branch of Bank of England, Devon and Cornwall Banking Company, Harris and Co., Branch of West of England Bank.

Market-days: Monday and Thursday.]

In the sketch of Plymouth which we are about to attempt, we shall consider it as also including the town of DEVONPORT; and, indeed, notwithstanding their independence as municipalities, they are simply separated by an inlet of Plymouth Sound, bearing the names, successively, of Stonehouse Pool, Stonehouse Lake, and Mill Lake. The two boroughs return four members to Parliament, two for Plymouth and two for Devonport.

Let us first, then, take a glance at PLYMOUTH HARBOUR. To the south stretches out the long and formidable bulwark of the BREAKWATER, protecting it from the heavy seas rolled in by south and south-westerly gales. Passing into the smooth haven beyond, we come upon DRAKE'S or NICHOLAS ISLAND, small and of moderate elevation, but, as a defensive work, of immense strength and importance. Here we may pause. On our right, at the extremity of a small headland, bristle the guns of MOUNT BATTEN; on the left, the fortifications of MOUNT EDGCUMBE and CREMILL POINT, while, before us, the whole line of the HOE is defended by formidable batteries, the Citadel occupying the right-hand corner.

Still keeping our position on Drake's Island, we can clearly see that the Harbour and its inlets may, in some measure, be likened to a human hand with outstretched fingers, whose palm we may take to be represented by the Harbour itself, and the fingers by the inlets into which it branches. The thumb, on the right, is the CATWATER, running between Mount Batten and Catdown, and formed by the estuary of the Lara. The fore-finger points to SUTTON POOL, whose extreme points are euphoniously named "Bear's Head" and "Fisher's Nose": QUEEN ANNE'S BATTERY is here the principal defensive work. The second finger indicates MILL BAY, lying between the Hoe and Stonehouse. At its farther extremity are the GREAT WESTERN DOCKS. The third finger points to the far-reaching creek already spoken of as STONEHOUSE POOL, etc., which divides Stonehouse from Devonport. From Admiral's Head, at its mouth, to Cremill, a ferry regularly plies. Three bridges connect Devonport and Stonehouse. The fourth finger represents the noble anchorage of HAMOAZE, whose left or east bank is occupied with the Royal Dockyard, Gun Wharf, and Steam Yard. Beyond the latter KEYHAM LAKE runs inland about 1100 yards. Between TOR-POINT, on the right or west bank, and Devonport, a steam-ferry has been established for many years. The Hamoaze is formed by the estuary of the Tamar. Plymouth and Devonport, therefore, occupy an irregular square piece of ground between the estuaries of the Lara and the Tamar, nearly 5700 yards in width. Devonport proper is surrounded by a strong line of fortifications, and occupies the south-western angle of this piece of ground. It may roughly be described as a square, of about 1300 yards each way.

Let us now consider the course followed by the *South Devon Railway*. Leaving Ford Park Gardens and the Cemetery ground on the right, it strikes in a southerly direction deep into the very heart of Plymouth, uniting, near Wyndham Terrace, with the *Falmouth and Plymouth (Cornwall) Railway*. The united lines then cross King Street, skirt (on the right) the Royal Botanic Gardens, and traverse Union road to their *Terminus*, whence a short branch (for Government purposes) runs along Mill Bay to Mill Bay Pier. The *Cornwall Railway*, after crossing Keyham Lake, winds through Morice Town and Lower Stoke, crosses Mill Lake near its junction with the little river Plym, and unites with the *South Devon Line*.

[The best idea of Plymouth and its "belongings" will be obtained by the wayfarer who adopts the following route:—Let him start from Jubilee Street at the head of Sutton Pool, and thence make his way by the New Wharf, Love Street, Whimble Street, Bedford Street, and Frankfort Street, into HIGH STREET, passing the railway, and at the end of Stonehouse Lane, turning to the right, cross MILL LAKE. He must then diverge (left) into Paradise Row, passing the MILITARY HOSPITAL, and strike into Fore Street, DEVONPORT, whence, by way of Queen Street, he will reach the GUN WHARF. Keeping now to the north, he passes by the head of Moon's Cove to the STEAM FACTORY and KEYHAM LAKE, returning by Brandreth Terrace, Union Terrace, Queen Street, and Dockwall Street, for a peep into the DOCKYARD. Then, by way of Mount Wise and its seven Barracks and St. George's Square, he may escape from Devonport, cross Stonehouse Bridge, and descend through Chapel and Durnford Streets into the ROYAL WILLIAM VICTUALLING YARDS, after which, Mill Bay and the Great Western Docks may be visited. Keeping past the BARRACKS into Lansdowne Place, the ESPLANADE, the PROMENADE, the HOE, the CITADEL, and LOWER FORT, demand examination; and then the wearied pedestrian will return by way of Athenæum Street into UNION STREET, and so complete his perambulations. Excursions may afterwards be made to Oreston and Hove; to Mount Batten; SALT-
RAM (Earl of Morley); the Breakwater; Drake's Island; Mount Edgecumbe; Cremill;
and the Eddystone.]

PLYMOUTH.

"Plym christeneth that Town which beares her noble name;
 Vpon the British coast, what ship yet ever came
 That not of Plymouth heares?—where those brave Navies lie,
 From cannons' thund'ring throats that all the world defie."

DRAYTON.

There is no seaport in England which has a higher interest for Englishmen than Plymouth. It is more especially the great national harbour—the principal nursery of our fleets; and its unrivalled advantages of position and scenery, as well as the romantic and stirring nature of its history, invest it with an importance which none of us can undervalue.

Leland, quoting from a MS. of Henry II., tells us that it was then "a mene thing as an inhabitation for fischars," but its advantageous situation on the inner shore of a noble bay, formed by the influx of the estuaries of the Lara and the Tamar, and its immense capabilities of defence, pointed it out at an early period as the proper seat for a great naval station.

In the days of Saxondom "the fischar village" was known as *Tamar Weorth*; after the conquest it was called the South-Town, or *Sutton* (Sudtone); in Edward I.'s reign, the north portion was called *Sutton-Prior*, and the south portion *Sutton-Valletort*, because the former belonged to the monks of Plympton, and the latter to the lords of Valletort; but in 1439, the town was at length incorporated by the style and title of "The Mayor and Commonalty of PLYMOUTH."

The rising town had already attracted the notice, and aroused the jealousy of the French. On the 20th May 1339, seven ships at anchor in Plymouth Harbour were burnt by eighteen French pirate vessels, but the rovers had sore cause to regret their raid. The men of Devon gathered together under stout Earl Hugh, then eighty years of age, sounded trumpets and drew swords, and with a loss of eighty-nine gallant hearts, repulsed the enemy and slew five hundred. Six or seven years later they were able to contribute towards Edward III.'s great expedition 325 ships. In 1350 the French made another attempt upon Plymouth, but finding it strongly defended, contented themselves with destroying the farms and fair places in the neighbourhood. In 1377, a few days after the death of the great Plantagenet, they landed and set the town on

fire ; and in 1403, "the Brittaines, under the conduct of the Lord of Cassils," burnt 600 houses. The men of the west, in revenge, carried fire and sword along a vast extent of the French coast.

Pedro Nina, with forty "Spaniard vessels," was repulsed from Plymouth in 1405, and this was the last occasion of a descent by a foreign foe, for De Ruyter and his victorious fleet, after the insult at Chatham in 1667, sailed by triumphantly, but without daring to attack the town ; and in 1779, the combined French and Spanish fleets, under M. de Orvilliers, consisting of sixty-six sail of the line, paraded ostentatiously off Rame Head for two or three days, but made no attempt to enter the harbour (June 5, 6, and 7). On this occasion, however, "the Ardent, sixty-four guns, commanded by Captain Boteler, standing down channel, fell in with the enemy's fleet, and mistaking it for the British, was surrounded and captured in sight of Plymouth"—(*Campbell's Naval History*).

ROYAL VISITS.—In 1355 the Black Prince, the most illustrious hero of British chivalry, was detained at Plymouth forty days before he set out on the expedition which terminated with such splendour at Poitiers ; and it was at Plymouth that he afterwards disembarked with his captives, King John and the Dauphin of France. Catharine of Arragon landed here, October 2, 1501, and was "grandly received with much feasting and rejoicing," by Lord Brook, the Earl of Surrey, and Duchess of Norfolk. The Spanish chronicler says the port was called "Salamonte"—a perversion of "Plymouth" which it is difficult to understand.

From Plymouth Sound, in April 1506, Philip the Fair and Joanna, King and Queen of Castile, gladly sailed away homeward, after having been "hospitably," but unwillingly detained at Henry VII.'s court for three months. From hence departed Don Antonio, titular King of Portugal, with an English fleet under Drake, the Earl of Essex, and Sir Henry Norris, April 8, 1589, much to the annoyance of Elizabeth, who directed Norris and Drake to insist upon the return of Essex. The expedition failed in everything, except in illustrating the courage and endurance of Englishmen.

Charles I., with 100 ships and 6000 men, came here in 1625, and remained ten days. Charles II. visited the fortifications in July 1671. King George III. made a royal progress up the Sound in 1789, and in 1815 the mighty Napoleon was brought hither a prisoner on board H.M.S. "Bellerophon," which anchored

in Cawsand Bay. The Queen has also been one of the royal visitors of Plymouth.

EXPEDITIONS.—In the great days of the great Elizabeth, Plymouth became the rendezvous of her daring navigators, and the port from which those bold discoverers started, who planted the Cross of St. George in nearly every “nook and corner” of the world. Of these famous adventurers we may name :—Sir John Hawkins, in 1562 and 1563 ; Sir Francis Drake, 13th December 1577 ; Captain Edward Fenton, May 1582 ; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 11th June 1583 ; Thomas Cavendish, 21st July 1586 ; Richard Hawkins, 13th June 1593 ; Howard of Effingham, Earl of Essex, and others, 3d June 1596. And it was in the Sound the great body of the English fleet awaited tidings of the invincible Armada. Howard of Effingham, Drake, and Hawkins, had under their command 120 sail, when, on the 20th July 1588, news was brought them of the approach of their powerful enemy—“the ships appearing like so many floating castles, and the ocean seeming to groan under the weight of their heavy burdens”—(*Lediard*).

Other memorable expeditions, which but to mention will bring to the tourist's mind a thousand glowing memories of perilous seas, and far-off isles, of piny groves and worlds of ice and snow, started from Plymouth in the following order :—Wallis and Carteret, August 1760 ; Commodore Byron, June 1764 ; Captain Cook, July 1772, and again, on his last and fatal voyage, 1776.

SUNDRY OCCURRENCES.—The grandest of the English barons, King-making Earl of Warwick, landed here in 1470. Sir Lewis Stukeley, “a kinsman and friend,” arrested Sir Walter Raleigh on his return from Guiana in 1618, a mile or so beyond the town. In 1620 the famous *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrim Fathers aboard, touched at the port on her way to the New World. “New Plymouth,” in the United States, still proves by its name the depth of affection felt by those brave hearts for the land which they left “for conscience’ sake.” During the civil war, while the men of Stonehouse were staunch Royalists, the men of Plymouth were stoutly Parliamentary, and successively repulsed Prince Maurice, Sir Richard Grenville, and Colonel Digby (1643, 1644, and 1645). Mount Edgcumbe was garrisoned by a Royalist force, but Colonel Hammond compelled its surrender on the 21st March 1646.

As the sun set on the 17th of August 1657, it witnessed the death of one of the truest and bravest of English sea-kings—ROBERT BLAKE, returning on board his flag-ship, the *St. George*, from his victory at Teneriffe. He had sent for his chief officers to bid them farewell, and even while they listened to his dying words, the leafy hills of Devonshire came in view. “As the ships rounded Lance Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the wooded height of Mount Edgcumbe, the low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steepes of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of the magnificent harbour, rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had so yearned to behold this scene once more, were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the ‘*St. George*’ rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came in full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting countless boats over the smooth waters between St. Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome, he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God”—(*Hepworth Dixon*).

The present CITADEL, at the east end of the Hoe, and partly on the site of the old fort, was constructed in 1670-1. What we now call Devonport, and what was formerly called Plymouth Dock, first sprung into existence in the reign of William III. It had grown to such dimensions, that it fully deserved incorporation as an independent town, when that privilege was conferred upon it, January 1, 1824.

Martin Frobisher, one of the Elizabethan sea-chiefs, died at Plymouth in 1594. *John Hawkins*, the bold bluff seaman, his contemporary, was born here in 1521, d. 1595; and so were *Northcote*, the artist, 1746, d. 1831; *Haydon*, 1786, d. 1846; *Prout*, 1794, d. 1852; and *Sir Charles Eastlake*, 1793. Among other eminent natives we may name—*Carrington*, the poet; *Joseph Glanville*, an erudite believer in the mysteries of magic and witchcraft; *Jacob Bryant*, antiquarian and philologist; and *William Cookworthy*, a Quaker, who discovered porcelain clay in Cornwall, and introduced to miners the use of the divining-rod. Since the reign of Henry IV., the borough has not ceased to return two members to Parliament.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

The BREAKWATER is situated at a distance of 1850 fathoms south of the citadel at Plymouth, and has on either hand a good channel which admits the egress or ingress of the largest ships at any time of the tide. Between its noble wall and the north shore forty sail of the line, besides smaller vessels, can ride in safety. It was commenced in 1812, at the recommendation of Earl St. Vincent, and under the direction of Rennie, and for thirty-four years absorbed the daily labour of 200 men. About 4,000,000 tons of granite were made use of at a cost of £1,582,000. Its length is 1700 yards, with two arms or wings, 350 yards long, which trend towards the north at an angle of 120° . The width at the base varies from 300 to 400 feet,—at the summit is only 15 yards; the depth varies from 80 to 40 feet, according to the inequalities of its foundation; and at the high water of spring tides, it rises but 2 feet above the ocean-surface. The LIGHTHOUSE, at the west end, of white granite, 55 feet high, and 114 feet diameter at its base, was constructed in 1841. At the east end stands a beacon, erected in 1845, with a hollow globe for the rescue of shipwrecked seamen.

From the Breakwater one's sail may be extended to the MEWSTONE, a vast pyramidal rock, rising abrupt and sheer out of the yeasty waves, off the mouth of the river Yealm. It is inhabited by a whole world of aquatic birds.

To the unmilitary eye there is little of interest in the low and fort-crowned ISLAND of ST. NICHOLAS, which we pass on our return to the Harbour. It has been also called ST. MICHAEL'S ISLAND and DRAKE'S ISLAND: the former, from a small chapel dedicated to St. Michael which once rose upon its summit, and where General Lambert, the roundhead, was buried in 1683; the latter, from some association with the old Sea-King which Time has neglected to preserve. In 1548, when "Bluff King Hal" was dotting the sea-board of his kingdom with small round towers, he despatched an angry letter to the Mayor of Plymouth and his brethren, "marvelinge of their unwillingness to procede in the fortifyinge of ST. MICHAELLES CHAPPELE to be made a bulwarke, when the suretie of so small a thinge might assure them againste all attemptes; and when they alledge the pluckinge downe of that chappelle harde to the foundacōn, they were

answered the same beinge made upp againe with a wall of turfe should be neither of less afecte or strengthe (for a meane strengthe for such a place sufficed), or yet of such greate coste as they intended; and, therefore, eftsones the Lordes desired them like good subjectes, according to their former letteres (all excuses set aparte), to goe in hande with that worke accordinglie, as they might therby be esteemed, that they tender the Kinge's Matie's pleasure, and their owne sureties and defence cheifeste." After this peremptory "wiggling" his Majesty's pleasure was duly attended to. The island and its fortifications, during the civil war, were held by the Parliamentarians, though on two occasions it was nearly betrayed into royalist hands. Harrington, the author of "*Oceana*," was imprisoned here in 1662. Its formidable defensive works are of great importance, as commanding the entrance to the Sound. It is about 3 acres in extent; half a mile distant from Stonehouse; and connected with the south-west shore by a range of low rocks, the *Bridge* impassable even at high water, except for the smallest and lightest craft.

The ROYAL VICTUALLING YARD.—Having visited the wonders of the Sound we return to Plymouth, and proceed to inspect the Royal Victualling Yard at CREMILL (or Crumble), or, as it is often called, DEVIL'S POINT. Vast excavations have here been made in the bold and rocky promontory, in order to obtain an area large enough for so great an establishment. The architect and engineer was Rennie; the cost, £1,500,000; and its erection occupied from 1826 to 1832. You approach it by a road leading along the neck or isthmus which connects Cremill Point with the mainland. "A large and handsome gateway," surmounted by a colossal statue of William IV., admits you into a range of substantial quadrangular buildings, covering, with the courts, an area of 15 acres. The sea-wall is 1500 feet long. Here are carried on those cleverly-combined processes, invented by Mr. Grant, by which the navy biscuits are supplied with astonishing economy, ease, and rapidity; and here upwards of 150 employés are constantly engaged in the various avocations connected with victualling England's fleets.

The BISCUIT BAKING deserves a word or two of detail:—In an upper range of buildings millstones, worked by steam, grind the corn into flour, which descends through a shoot into a kind of covered box. Into this box a small stream of water percolates, and a shaft armed with long steel blades speedily whirls

and tosses the flour and water into dough, at the rate of 5 cwt. in 2 minutes. Then the consistent mass is kneaded on a table, between two ponderous rollers, into a layer, 2 inches deep, which by another machine is cut into hexagonal biscuits, and reduced to a proper thickness. The biscuits (6 to the lb.) are punctured, stamped, hurled into huge ovens—112 lbs. at a time—baked, counted into bags, and stored away until wanted.

THE HOE.—THE CITADEL.—The *Hoe*, *Hawe*, or *Hough* (a hill) is a considerable elevation, partly clothed in verdure, which completely overlooks Mill Bay and the Sound. At the east end stands the CITADEL, consisting of three regular and three irregular bastions, two ravelins, and hornworks, and mounting about 120 heavy guns. The LOWER FORT, beyond it, was designed by Captain Horneck.

It is said that Drake and Howard of Effingham, the Lord Admiral, were playing “at bowls”—then the fashionable pastime—on the Hoe, when the tidings arrived of the approach of the great Armada. The men who gathered there on that memorable day, July 19, 1588, a day long celebrated by the corporation, who then donned their scarlet robes and bestowed cake and wine upon their guests, have been graphically sketched in the eloquent pages of ‘Westward Ho!’ “Those soft long eyes and pointed chin you recognise already; they are Sir Walter Raleigh’s. The fair young man in the flame-coloured doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh’s neck, is Lord Sheffield; opposite them stands, by the side of Sir Richard Greville, a man as stately even as he, Lord Sheffield’s uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the Elizabeth Jonas; but who is that short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up with keen gray eyes into the face of each speaker? His cap is in his hand, so you can see the bullet-head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek-bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite. A coarse plebeian stamp of man; yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him, for his name is Francis Drake.

“A burly grizzled elder, in greasy sea-stained garments, contrasting oddly with the huge gold chain about his neck. waddles

up as if he had been born and had lived ever since in a gale of wind at sea. The upper half of his sharp dogged visage seems of a brick-red leather, the lower of badger's fur; and as he claps Drake on the back, and with a broad Devon twang shouts, 'Be you a-coming to drink your wine, Francis Drake, or be you not?—saving your presence my lord,' the Lord High Admiral only laughs, and bids Drake go and drink his wine; for John Hawkins, Admiral of the port, is the patriarch of Plymouth seamen, if Drake be their hero.

"So they push through the crowd, wherein is many another man whom one would gladly have spoken with face to face on earth. Martin Frobisher and John Davis are sitting on that bench smoking tobacco from long silver pipes; and by them are Fenton and Withrington, who have both tried to follow Drake's path round the world, and failed, though by no fault of their own. The man who pledges them better luck next time, is George Fenner, known to 'the seven Portugals,' Leicester's pet, and captain of the galleon which Elizabeth bought of him. That short prim man in the huge yellow ruff, with sharp chin, minute imperial, and self-satisfied smile, is Richard Hawkins, the Complete Seaman, Admiral John's hereafter famous and hapless son. The elder who is talking with him is his good uncle William, whose monument still stands, or should stand, in Deptford Church"—(*Kingsley*). And here we close our quotation, a lengthy one, we admit, but one which our reader will assuredly peruse with satisfaction as he stands on Plymouth Hoe, and faces the fresh cool wind.

While in this vicinity we may pass on to the BARBICAN, where Bishop Stafford erected a strong fort in the reign of Edward III., and which was supplemented by a circular blockhouse in 1591. We may then, by way of New Street, proceed to the ESPLANADE, and admire, if we can, the statue of George II. which there defies the elements. Returning to the Hoe, we quote, according to fashion, Spenser's allusion to

"The Western Hoe besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty Goemot, whom in stout fray
Corinæus conquered, and cruelly did slay."

Corinæus was a Cornish giant, and quickly disposed of Goemot, with a Cornish hug. Two figures of club-upholding giants, carved upon the sward, handed down the tradition as late as the days of Elizabeth, and when the foundations of the present

citadel were excavated in 1670, the fossil remains turned up by the labourers were pronounced by the wise citizens of Plymouth to be the giant's teeth and all-devouring jaws.

Perhaps from this point we may as well make our way along the Sutton road, and across Cat-down, which is rapidly being covered with a superior class of houses, to the limestone quarries of ORESTON, and the famous LARA or LARY BRIDGE thrown across the Lara where it widens into the CATWATER (Cat, cad, a river).

The Lara is said to derive its name from the gull (*larus*), by which its waters are still frequented. It is a clear, gleaming, lake-like pool, fed by the Plym, and bordered by the hanging groves of SALTRAM (Earl of Morley). The bridge, built by Mr. Rendel, in 1824-7, at the expense of the Earl of Morley, is really a very elegant and satisfactory structure, consisting of five elliptical arches of cast-iron, springing from abutments and piers of stone. The roadway is 500 feet long, 24 feet wide, and in the centre 22 feet above the high water of spring-tides. The centre arch is 100 feet span, the adjoining arches, 95 feet; and the side-arches 81 feet.

SALTRAM (Earl of Morley) lies about 4 miles north-east of Plymouth, and its park is conspicuous for the luxuriance of its foliage and the changing beauty of its landscapes. The house, a stately handsome building, *temp.* George II., erected on the rise of a sloping lawn, 300 acres in extent, and backed by a glorious depth of leafiness, extends on the west side 170 feet; on the south and east sides 135. The interior is richly fitted up, and adorned with a good collection of works of art and *vertu*. The LIBRARY contains some of the finest specimens imaginable of Sir *Joshua Reynolds*:—the Earl of Morley and his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Villiers, as children; M. E. Parker, Esq.; Hon. Mrs. Parker and son, William, Marquis of Lansdowne, John, Lord Boringdon, in a shooting dress, leaning against a gate, in a rural landscape—one of Sir Joshua's few attempts at landscape-painting; Mrs. Abington as *Prue*, in Congreve's comedy of "Love for Love;" Kitty Fisher, as *Cleopatra*; Mrs. Greenwood playing upon a guitar; and others. The RED DRAWING-ROOM contains:—St. Faith, *Guido*; Galatea, with nymphs and tritons, *Domenichino*; Virgin and Child, *Sassoferatto*; and specimens of Wouvermans, Jordaens, Van Both, Borgognone, and Salvator Rosa. In the BLUE ROOM:—Landscape and cattle, *Berghem*; Adoration of the Shepherds, *Carlo Dolce*; Marriage of St. Catharine, *Correggio*;

Flight into Egypt, *Gaspar Poussin*. In the BILLIARD ROOM :—Helena Forman, his second wife, by *Rubens*; Landscape and figures, *Teniers*; Queen Elizabeth, *Janssen*. In the DINING-ROOM, besides specimens of Zucchi and Zuccherelli, are,—The Bacchanals, *Titian*, a marvel of form and colour; Holy Family, *Baroccio*; Sir Thomas Parker, *Janssen*; Virgin teaching St. John to read, *Guercino*; a group of figures, *Paolo Veronese*; the Bolingbroke family, *Vandyck*; Venice, *Canaletti*; Holy Family, and Christ and St. John, *Mengs*; Rubens' three wives as Huntresses,—the game by *Snyders*, the figures by *Rubens*; a bust of the Earl of Morley, by *Nollekens*; and a superb buhl-table presented by Louis XIV. to the haughty Sara, Duchess of Marlborough. A Hebe, by *Canova*; the assumption of the Virgin, by *Sabbatini*, from the church of La Morte at Bologna, and some historical subjects by *Angelica Kaufmann*, adorn the GREAT STAIRCASE.

George III. and the royal family were entertained at Saltram by the late Lord Boringdon from the 15th to the 27th September 1789. On the 18th, a grand naval review took place at Plymouth, which was attended by the king and his suite.

A pleasant way of visiting Saltram is by water, stopping at the river-lodge, and ascending to the house through winding shrubberies. At ORESTON the limestone cliffs reach an extraordinary height, and there is a cave in the quarries 20 feet long, 10 feet high, 70 feet wide, and 35 feet below the ground, which contains a complete "museum" of the fossil bones and teeth of elephants, hyænas, tigers, and other beasts of prey. The jaw of a horse encrusted with stalagmite was also found here.

DEVONPORT.

We alight at the MILITARY HOSPITAL, four separate blocks of buildings, built in 1797, when a terrible number of deaths occurred on board a fleet of transports anchored in the Sound, because there was no accommodation for the invalids on shore. The ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL, on the opposite bank of Stonehouse Creek, covers 24 acres, and contains 1200 beds; it was built in 1762. The bridge just above was erected at the expense of Lord Mount Edgcumbe, and Sir John St. Aubyn.

MOUNT WISE, its barracks and official residences, next attract our wandering steps. It is a sort of sister hill to the Hoe, and commands a fine view of the Sound and Harbour. Do not turn.

northward, however, for the streets of Devonport are not peculiarly attractive. But to the north-west lies the DOCKYARD; and beyond it shines and shimmers "the broad and beautiful HAM-OAZE,"—that is, the dwelling by the Ouse,—4 miles long, half a mile wide, with moorings for 92 line-of-battle ships, and a depth of water varying from 15 to 20 fathoms at different tides; huge ships laid up "in reserve," rest on its placid bosom. To the south-west rises the wooded ascent of MOUNT EDGCUMBE, with its ancient trees, its noble mansion, and its winding paths. The long crooked promontory of CREMILL, or THE DEVIL'S POINT, loaded with the buildings of the victualling-office, stretches to the south-east, and beyond it bristle the fortifications of DRAKE'S ISLAND, and the BREAKWATER raises its long low wall above the waters. Eastward the eye alights upon the points of MOUNT BATTEN, CATDOWN, the CITADEL, and the HOE. Everywhere there are signs of England's imperial power, her maritime strength, her restless energy, her wealth, enterprise, and solidarity. An Englishman may well be content to take a foreigner to the summit of Mount Wise, and point out the life and motion of the scene around; and may, perhaps, be forgiven the discourtesy of the quotation if he murmurs in his friend's ear,—

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her path is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep!"

DOCKYARDS in their general features so closely resemble one another, and in our companion volume (on Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire) we have treated so fully of the characteristics of Portsmouth, that we may, perhaps, be excused from dwelling at any length upon the vast establishment at Devonport.

A naval arsenal was established here in 1689, but it only began to assume its present proportions in 1761. A new dock was opened in 1771; and Lord Egmont recommended a considerable enlargement, at a cost of about £380,000. From that date the growth of DEVONPORT DOCKYARD has been rapid, and it is now one of the most important establishments in the kingdom. It is inclosed from North Corner to Mutton Cove by a wall of slate and limestone 30 feet high; from north to south it extends half a mile, and about a quarter of a mile from east to west; it covers 96 acres, and employs 2560 workmen at an

annual cost of nearly £156,000. The STEAM FACTORY at Keyham employs 625 men. The annual salaries of the officers of the yard at Devonport amount to nearly £24,000.

The shore line of the Dockyard measures 3500 feet. The sea-wall, supported by piles 60 feet in depth, was begun in 1816. The entrance is in Fore Street, and the visitor then passes into a wide open court bounded on each side by buildings, amongst them, the admiral-superintendent's house, the chapel, the guard-house, pay office, and surgery. The chapel, built in 1700, is large and unpretending.

[The principal features of the Dockyard are these :—

I. The Five Docks.—	Feet long.	Feet broad.	Feet deep.
1. NEW UNION, built in 1762	239	56	26
2. NEW NORTH, built in 1789	272	56	27
3. SOUTH DOCK, built by William III., and since enlarged	261	65	28
4. HEAD DOCK, built by George III.	223	52	26
5. STEM DOCK, built by George III.	192	52	26
GRAVING SLIP, adjoining the Camber	169	69	..

Alterations now in progress will construct a dock 400 feet long, so as to be capable of admitting ships of the largest class.

II. The CHAIN CABLE STOREHOUSE, built in 1844-8, cost nearly £40,000. About 650 chain cables are generally kept here, ready for immediate service.

The ANCHOR SMITHERY fronts the Anchor Wharf, and is 210 feet square. Forty-eight forges and Nasmyth's steam-hammer combine to produce a scene which for clash, clangour, and lurid glare, recalls to the imagination a Cyclopean pandemonium. "Flickering large fires on every side of you, in a vast and dimly-lighted building; steam-worked bellows urging the fires to their utmost degree of fierceness; columns of smoke floating and rolling about; masses of red-hot or white-hot metal being conveyed from one part of the building to another; shapeless fragments of iron being wrought into flat slabs, and flat slabs into anchors and other ironwork for shipping; thumping blows administered to the heated metal; swarthy and brawny men moving about in the dusky space, their bodies thrown into relief by furnace fires behind them,—all form a very striking spectacle, and one which is not soon forgotten"—(*Thorne*). In fact, there is a peculiar force and impressiveness about the anchor. We know that however stout the hull and tall the mast,—however proudly our gallant ship may "walk the waters like a thing of life,"—when seas roll high, and winds sweep the black, dense clouds across the heavens, it is the anchor on which our hope, our trust depends.

III. The New ROPE HOUSE is built of iron; the SPINNING HOUSES, of limestone, three stories high, and each 1200 feet in length; the RIGGING HOUSES are two ranges of sheds 480 feet long, forming one side of a quadrangle, while the other sides are occupied with store-houses. The CAMBER, a canal 70 feet long, and spanned by an iron swing-bridge, communicates with the BOAT POND. Then there are mast-houses, timber-basins; timber-sheds; saw-pits; building-slips for men-of-war, frigates, and corvettes; reservoirs; smitheries; mould or model-lofts—many of which are not thrown open to the public, and those which are, exceedingly curious and interesting, but nevertheless somewhat wearisome to examine.

IV. A neat gravel path winds through pleasant pastures of flowers up to a small

mound, whose summit is crowned by a plain pavilion. This is **KING'S HILL**. It was visited by George III. on one occasion; and the good monarch, delighted with the view of the busy dockyard which it commands, requested that a battery of five 9 pounders planted on it might be removed, and the mound kept free from the labours of excavators and builders. A few trophies are preserved in the pavilion.

V. KEYHAM STEAM FACTORY is connected with the dockyard by a tunnel 900 yards in length. The first stone of this extensive establishment was laid by the Earl of Auckland in 1846. The entrance is from **MORICE TOWN** (so named from Sir William Morice, who purchased it in 1667).

It occupies a sort of peninsula between Keyham Lake, the Hamoaze, and Moon's Cove, and, when completed, will be the largest establishment of the kind in the world. Its cost, we suppose, will not be much less than a million and a half. There are three vast docks, faced with granite, and fitted with caissons:—1. The south dock, is 370 feet by 80; the 2d, 307 feet by 80; and the 3d, 307 feet by 80, but 4 feet deeper. The **SOUTH BASIN** has an area of 6 acres, a quay line of 1570 feet, and measures 600 feet by 450 feet. The **NORTH BASIN** will measure 1000 feet by 450, and boast of a quay line of 2240 feet.

The **FACTORY** is a small town in itself. Fancy an area of 800 feet by 350, covered with an iron roofing, and echoing with the ceaseless din of hammers! Its two chimneys are each 180 feet in height. Its two engines are each of fifty-horse power. The shears can raise a mass weighing sixty tons. All the docking and repairing of the Government steamers will be accomplished at Keyham.

VI. Between the dockyard and Keyham lies the **GUN-WHARF**, whose utility will, of course, be understood by the spectator at a glance. It occupies five acres of ground. In the **STORE HOUSES** all kinds of muskets, bayonets, swords, pistols, cutlasses, and pikes, are disposed in that quaint and fanciful manner which seems proper to an armoury, and the walls actually glitter with radiant crowns and wreaths, stars, columns, and diamonds, of deadly weapons. In the open spaces between the **STORE HOUSES** are methodically arranged pyramids of cannon balls, gun-carriages of various shapes, and rows of polished cannons.

A **STEAM-FERRY BRIDGE**, worked by two engines, plies between the dockyard and Tor Point, on the Cornish shore. It measures 60 feet by 50 feet, and was constructed in 1834.

VII. Devonport is enclosed by a line of fortifications, with a ditch 12 feet to 20 feet deep, excavated from the solid limestone in 1755 to 1756. There are **THREE GATES**,—the **Stonehouse**, leading to Plymouth, the **Stoke Barrier** towards Tavistock, and the **North Barrier**, opening on the Tamar. The **KING'S INTERIOR BOUNDARY WALL**, 12 feet high, was begun by the Duke of Richmond in 1787. The **BLOCK HOUSE**, with its ramparts and ditches, occupies an elevated position in Higher Stoke. It was constructed by order of George II.

In order to obtain a clear idea of the fortifications of Devonport and Plymouth—either of those completed, those in course of construction, or those projected—the tourist should endeavour to secure the services of an intelligent officer of the royal engineers, and make a tour of the town accompanied by him. A mere verbal description in these pages would simply embarrass him and ourselves, and occupy an amount of space which we could ill afford.]

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN PLYMOUTH AND DEVONPORT.

We promise the tourist to deal with him gently if he will accompany us in a rapid survey of the architectural and ecclesi-

astical peculiarities of the two towns. Nobody goes to a busy sea-port town with any expectation of beholding art-combinations of marble, stone, or brick. Where Bellona holds her court, the Graces are not disposed to exhibit their gentle beauties ! Apollo's " reedy pipe " is mute when the trumpet of Mars rings out its terrible music ! And here we drop our mythological comparisons to invite the tourist's attention to the most noticeable block of buildings in PLYMOUTH,—the THEATRE, ASSEMBLY-ROOM, and ROYAL HOTEL, forming portions of one handsome pile, raised at a cost of £60,000, from Mr. Foulston's designs, in 1811-18. Its extreme length is 275 feet, and the general style Ionic. The ATHENÆUM was designed by the same architect, and the Plymouth topographers consider it " a very fine example of the Grecian Doric order,"—in which opinion it is to be hoped the tourist will coincide. It was built in 1818-19. The GUILDHALL has its attractions for others than the public-spirited townsman. It contains some tolerable pictures—especially Hoppner's portrait of George IV. when Prince Regent. Another classical erection is ST. ANDREW'S CHAPEL, designed by Foulston, and built in 1823. The pulpit, we are told, is modelled after the Choragic monument of Lysicrates !—an effort of " high art " which ought to be duly appreciated.

The oldest CHURCH in Plymouth is ST. ANDREW'S, consisting of a nave, chancel, and west tower,—the latter built by T. Vogge in 1440. It contains Chantrey's monument to *Dr. Woolcombe*, d. 1822, a liberal benefactor to the town, and a memorial to *Charles Matthews*, the elder, d. 1835, whose simple epitaph runs as follows :—

" CHARLES MATTHEWS, Comedian, born 28th June 1776 ;

Died 28th June 1835.

Comædia lugit ; scena est deserta.

' ALAS ! POOR YORICK ! ' "

The church of KING CHARLES THE MARTYR was commenced in 1646, and completed at the epoch of the Restoration. The spire was added in 1765. There are, besides, CHRIST CHURCH, TRINITY CHURCH, ST. PETER'S, ST. JAMES', KING CHARLES' Chapel-of-Ease, and SUTTON-ON-PLYM,—all of which are recent, and, sooth to say, uninteresting structures.

In reference to other public edifices in Plymouth we shall content ourselves with pointing out the dates of their erection,—

The Exchange, in 1818. The Custom-House, at a cost of £8000, in 1820. The Mechanics' Institute, 1825. The Union Baths, 1829. The Natural History Society's Rooms, 1829. The Freemasons' Hall, 1832. The Hospital, 1838. The South Devon Railway, opened April 2, 1849. The Dartmoor Railway, 25 miles long, connecting Sutton Pool with Prince-Town, opened in 1820.

Crossing into DEVONPORT we make at once for Fore Street, near which are all the principal Public Buildings. The POST OFFICE was designed by Wightwick, and, in some respects, may remind the observer of Sir John Soane's work at the north-west angle of the (London) Bank of England. The TOWN HALL presents "a bold and chaste" Doric elevation, imitated by Foulston (who died in 1842) from the Parthenon at Athens. It cost £2900, and was built in 1821-2. The principal chamber is 75 feet by 40 feet, and contains portraits of Georges I., II., and III., William IV., and Queens Charlotte and Caroline. The presence of the latter may account for her husband's absence. The LIBRARY, designed by Foulston, and erected in 1823, has a heavy Egyptian character. The adjacent CHAPEL, Mount Zion, is a curious combination of the Saracenic and Hindu ; it was opened in 1824. Close to these edifices rises the Column, a Doric pillar of Devonshire granite, about 100 feet in height, built at a cost of £2750, on a solid mass of rock 22 feet above the level of the ground, and designed to commemorate the change in the name of the town from Plymouth Dock to Devonport.

The CHURCHES are these :—ST. AUBYN, dating from 1771 ; ST. JOHN'S, 1799 ; ST. PETER'S, 1830 ; HOLY TRINITY, 1841 ; CHRIST CHURCH, 1846 ; ST. PAUL'S, 1850 ; ST. MARY'S, 1854 ; and ST. JAMES', Moricetown ; ST. STEPHEN'S ; ST. MICHAEL'S.

STONEHOUSE, which was originally called Hippeston, and took its present name from its lord, Joel de Stonehouse, *temp.* Henry III., has two CHURCHES : ST. GEORGE'S, erected in 1789, and ST. PAUL'S, from Foulston's designs, in 1831.

THE EDDYSTONE.

One of the most popular excursions to be made from Plymouth is a sail on a sheeny summer day to the celebrated LIGHTHOUSE at the EDDYSTONE.

The history of the Eddystone is a remarkable one, and serves, to use a hackneyed phrase, as a forcible illustration of the "indomitable energy" of man.

A line of rocks, 12 miles distant from the shore, stretches between the Start and Lizard, 600 feet across the Channel, and collecting the raging waters of the Atlantic around it, creates a whirl and a restless motion which have suggested to seamen the significant name of the *Eddy-stone*. Upon one of these, which, at low water, just raises itself above the ocean-level, a certain Henry Winstanley, a man of singular mechanical ingenuity, contrived in 1696, to raise a wooden lighthouse. It was 100 feet high, had numerous quaint projections, and an open gallery at the top through which, in nautical parlance, a high sea would have carried a six-oared galley. Winstanley, however, believed in its stability, and expressed his hope that he might be within it on the occasion of a terrific storm. His wish was granted; while effecting some alterations, on the night of November 26th, 1703, a fearful gale arose, and the next morning there remained no vestige of the lighthouse, but a few rugged stones and a fragment of iron chain! To this catastrophe the poet Gay refers:—

. . . “Fam’d Eddystone’s far shooting ray
That led the sailor thro’ the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the huge turret in the whirlwind borne.”

Mr. John Rudyard, a silk-mercator of Ludgate Hill, then resolved to attempt the construction of a more durable building. Choosing the frustrum of a cone for his model, he built up five courses of heavy stones upon the rock, and thereupon erected a superstructure of wood, simple, unornamented, and free from projections and open galleries. The whole was 92 feet high. It was begun in 1706 and completed in 1709. For years it admirably answered its beneficent purpose; but about two o’clock on the morning of December 2, 1755, some Cawsand Bay fishermen, and the look-outs on board Admiral Westrode’s fleet—then at anchor in the Sound—gave the alarm that the Eddystone Lighthouse was on fire. Like a cone of living fire—a real pillar of flame—a shaft of radiant and corruscating light—it burnt for day and night, until by December the 7th only a few cramps of blackened iron remained. The keepers were discovered, after the fire had lasted about eight hours, crouching, stupified with alarm, in a recess on the eastern side of the rock. One of them, named Henry Hall, an old man of ninety-four years of age, while gazing on the flaming mass above him, saw a shower of molten

lead descend, and felt that some of the fiery drops passed down his throat. The physicians could hardly credit his story, but after suffering extreme anguish for twelve days, he died ; and on opening his body seven ounces and five drachms of lead were found in the stomach !

Mr. Smeaton, the great engineer, was now applied to by Government, and taking the tall shapely trunk of a forest oak for his model, he commenced the erection of what has ever since been regarded as one of the most beautiful structures of the kind on the 1st of June 1757, and completed it on the 24th of August 1759. It is a circular tower of stone, sweeping up with a gentle curve from the base,—where it is set in a socket 3 inches deep in the solid rock—and gradually diminishing towards the summit.

Its total height above the masonry is 85 feet 7 inches.

To the summit of the lantern, 61 feet 7 inches.

Diameter at the base, 26 feet 9 inches.

Diameter at the top of the masonry, 19 feet 9 inches.

Diameter below the cornice, 15 feet.

Height of the solid masonry, 13 feet.

Height of the cornice, 62 feet.

It terminates with a lantern, having a gallery around it, and an iron balustrade.

The difficulties of the work were great, and one incident occurred which was certainly unexpected. Smeaton himself relates the story :—" Louis XIV. being at war with England during the proceeding with this building,* a French privateer took the men at work upon Eddystone Rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France, and the captain was in expectation of a reward for this achievement. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of that monarch ; he immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors to be put in their places, declaring that though he was at war with England, he was not so with mankind. He therefore directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents, observing that the Eddystone lighthouse was so situated as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the channel between England and France."

The light is attended to by three men, the number having been increased after the detention of a keeper for some days

* This occurred during the erection of Rudyard's Lighthouse.

with the body of a dead comrade, without being able to obtain assistance from the shore. Each man receives his rations and a fair monthly wage (£3 to £5), and is only chosen if he can produce an unexceptionable character. They enjoy their holidays in turn,—a deputy taking the place of the absentee. On the stone over the east side of the lantern is inscribed: “24 Aug. 1759, Laus Deo,” and on the course of granite under the ceiling, which encircles the upper store-room, runs the homily—

“Except the Lord build the house,
They labour in vain that build it.”—PSALM CXXVII.

MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

Mount Edgcumbe is undoubtedly the loveliest spot in the immediate vicinity of Plymouth. As Garrick exclaimed—

“This mount all the mounts of Great Britain surpasses,
'Tis the haunt of the Muses—this mount of Parnassus,”—

and as it rises gently from the sea—a mass of living verdure—a sloping hill embowered in arbutus, myrtle, and laurustinus, crowned with pine and chesnut—laced round with pleasant paths, and dappled with soft swift shadows,—it assuredly exhibits a grace, a beauty, and even a majesty of its own. The MOUNT is the extreme end of a promontory, 4 to 5 miles in length, and 3 miles in breadth, and has been sedulously cultivated into an extensive and admirably attractive pleasure garden. The MANSION, a castellated Tudor-building, of red sandstone, was built by Sir Richard Edgcumbe in 1550, but an octagonal tower at each angle has taken the place of the original round towers, taken down in 1762. The HALL, in the centre of the building, rises to the second storey, and is adorned with Doric columns and pilasters of Devonshire marble. The pictures are chiefly family portraits, and include *four* by Sir *Peter Lely*, viz.:—that heroic Earl of Sandwich, who was blown up with his ship in the great fight at Solebay, 28th May 1672, and whom Bishop Burnet has finely characterized as “a gentleman adorned with all the virtues of Alcibiades, and untainted by any of his vices; of high birth, capable of any business, full of wisdom, a great commander at sea and land, and also learned and eloquent, affable, liberal, and magnificent;” his wife, the Countess of

Sandwich ; their daughter, Ann Montague ; and her husband, Sir Richard Edgcumbe, M.P. There are also *four* by Sir *Joshua Reynolds*.

The PLEASURE GROUNDS are arranged in three distinct gardens—the English, French, and Italian—and absolutely glow with fountains, vases, busts, and statues, the lucent marble shining with exquisite relief against its background of glossy foliage. The CONSERVATORY, 100 feet in length, was designed by the notorious Lord Camelford. Of the mimic ruins scattered through the grounds it is best to take no heed. They are but sorry accessories to a scene which nature has so bounteously enriched. From every point the views are of great extent, and of wonderful interest and animation ; especially from the south side of the hill, which is an abrupt and craggy cliff, planted with luxuriant evergreens. Midway down runs the GREAT TERRACE, and the whole face of the rock is covered with winding walks, which open upon the finest vistas imaginable.

It is said that as the Invincible Armada swept by, and her haughty leaders divided among themselves the spoils of England, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, gazing on this beautiful spot, immediately selected it for his own share. And the Spanish grandee shewed a very excellent and discriminative taste in doing so. When a French invasion was apprehended in 1779, the then Earl of Mount Edgcumbe cut down his finest trees, but happily nature is rapidly repairing the injuries his folly inflicted. George III. was here in August 21, 1789, and we believe the Mount has been visited both by the Queen and the late Prince Consort.

About $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Plymouth, on the western bank of the Hamoaze, stands SALTASH (population, 1900), where, in the Civil War, many hard blows were dealt each other by Roundhead and Cavalier. Among the representatives of the borough (disfranchised in 1832) have been the poet Waller, and the great Earl of Clarendon. The church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is old but interesting.

Above the town the Tamar has all the characteristics of a noble wood-fringed lake, and it is here crossed by the famous ALBERT TUBULAR BRIDGE* (of the Cornwall Railway), one of the most magnificent conceptions of an engineer, whose mind actually revelled in great ideas—the lamented Brunel. Its length is 2240 feet, its breadth 30 feet ; from its foundations to

* Best seen by small boat from Devonport., 2s.

its summit it rises 260 feet, and a stately man-of-war, with all her canvas set, could pass uninjured under its noble span. It consists of 19 spans, each of double chains composed of 15 bars; the two central spans, resting upon a main central pillar driven into the solid rock through 70 feet of sea and 20 feet of soil, extend 900 feet. The lower span carries the railway, the upper, of wrought iron, is firmly attached to it. The main piers, on each side of the river, are 11 feet square, of solid masonry, and 190 feet from base to crown. 2700 tons of wrought iron, 1300 tons of cast iron, 14,000 cubic yards of timber, and 17,000 cubic yards of stone, were employed in the erection of this wonderful bridge. It was opened with much pomp on the 2d of May 1859, by H.R.H. the Prince Consort.

We have thus completed our voyage along the *southern* coast of beautiful Devon, and we must transport our companion and ourselves bodily across the county to commence an exploration of its northern shore. But for the convenience of the visitor to Plymouth we shall, as usual, indicate those places in its neighbourhood which are most worthy of a visit.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. Excursions may be made to rocky MOUNT BATTEN, the LARA BRIDGE, and ORESTON QUARRIES,—a day's sail of infinite beauty and variety; or, 2. to BOVISAND BAY, and thence, across the Sound to the Rame Head, Penlee Point, Cawsand Bay, MAKER (St. Maria) CHURCH, nearly 400 feet above the sea, and MOUNT EDGCUMBE. 3. A long but pleasant day may be enjoyed in a sail up the Tamar, to the WEIR HEAD, 22 m., drinking there a libation to the spirit of the stream.

“By breezy hills,
And soft retiring dales, by smiling lawns,
Bold headlands dark with umbrage of the groves,
By towns, and villages, and mansions fair,
And rocks magnificent, the potent rush
Of the mysterious Ocean has impell'd
Our bark to-day.”—(Carrington).

The MORWELL ROCKS, near the Weir, will specially excite the voyager's admiration, but the whole course of the river is through a fairy land of singular enchantment. 4. To TAVISTOCK is a walk of 13 miles, but such a thirteen miles as few English counties can equal. If the tourist does not feel weary, he may—after a draught of some “barley wine, the good liquor,” as old Izaak Walton calls it, “our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and do so many good deeds”—cross to NEW BRIDGE, and follow, as near as may be, the course of the Tamar down to BEER FERRIS; from thence, returning into Plymouth by way of St. BUDEAUX. This is a walk for a stout pedestrian. He who is weak about the knees should return from Tavistock by rail. 5. There is pleasant scenery on the Totnes road, and the tourist should not fail to visit the old stannary town of PLYMPTON, and its ruined castle, Brixton. Yealmpton, Ugborough, and SOUTH BRENT, returning by rail. 6. At PLYMSTOCK,

about 4 m. on the Dartmouth road, there are some pretty rural views. The walk should be prolonged to Wembury. 7, and lastly, IVY BRIDGE, on the Erme, is 7 m. from Plymouth, and whoever goes there once will wish to go there again.

Along the Coast of North Devon.

HARTLAND to LYNTON.

[Hartland to Clovelly, 8 m. ; Bar Harbour (for Bideford), 11 m. ; Baggy Point, 6 m. ; Morthoe, 4 m. ; Morte Point, 1 m. ; Bull Point, 2 m. ; Ilfracombe, 3 m. ; Combe Martin, 4 m. ; Martinhoe, 5 m. ; Lynton, 4 m.]

A small brook marks the boundary line between Devon and Cornwall, and gives name to the picturesque little village of WELCOMBE (population, 209). From Welcombe to HARTLAND (population, 2183), the waters dash against an impenetrable barrier of lofty cliffs, riven into curious fissures, and spotted with lichens and ivy. At Hartland Quay a few cottages cluster about the beach, and the fishing-boats lie moored under its curved pier. The coast is dangerous, and the sea continually frets and seethes about the sunken rocks. The POINT, a swarthy headland, 350 feet high, is the promontory of the Tyrian Hercules, alluded to by the old geographer Ptolemy. Upon Milford beach a bright and shimmering cascade falls in three bold leaps; and beyond rises the semi-conical height of St. Catherine's Tor, where the ruins of a Roman villa were discovered some years ago. It once stood inland; but time has been silently at work, and separated it from the mainland—a stout and gray old wall still standing upon the grassy sward.

HARTLAND ABBEY (Sir G. Stucley, Bart.) is a stately mansion, reposing, amid luxuriant woods, on a green and pleasant valley-slope. Of the ancient monastery—founded by the Coun-

tess Elgitha in grateful commemoration of the escape of her husband, Earl Godwin, from shipwreck, and dedicated to St. Nectan, in whose interposition she believed,—the present mansion embodies the Decorated arched cloister, built by Abbot John of Exeter. The effigy of a Crusader is also preserved. The park was formerly famous for its numerous herds of deer. The family of Stukeley has long been established in this part of Devon. One of its members, Sir Thomas Stukeley, *temp.* Elizabeth, “a gallant and courtly knight, well practised in the wars,” planned the colonization of Florida; and another, Sir Lewis Stukeley, was the false friend and treacherous kinsman who damned himself to eternal infamy by his betrayal of Raleigh.

The voyager, as he sails along this romantic coast, cannot fail to be struck with the admirable beauty of its ferny combs and leafy hollows, each opening through its gorge of down and rock, upon the gleaming waters of the Western Sea. “Each is like the other, and each is like no other English scenery. Each has its upright walls, inlaid of rich oak-wood, nearer the sea of dark-green furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird black cliffs, which range out right and left far into the deep sea, in castles, spires, and wings of jagged iron-stone. Each has its narrow strip of fertile meadow, its crystal trout-stream winding across and across from one hill-foot to the other; its grey stone mill, with the water sparkling and humming round the dripping wheel; its dark rock pools above the tide mark, where the salmon-trout gather in from their Atlantic wanderings, after each autumn flood; its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady’s finger; its grey bank of polished pebbles, down which the stream rattles towards the sea below. Each has its black field of jagged shark’s tooth rock, which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward, in strata set upright on edge, or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquakes; such is the ‘Mouth,’ as those caves are called; and such the jaw of teeth which they display one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship. To landward, all richness, softness, and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner”—(*Kingsley*.) One of these is named MARSLAND MOUTH, and will

(s. w.)

be recognized by the tourist as the scene of the interview between the "White Witch" of "Westward Ho!" and the "Rose of Torridge." It is the only one where a landing for boats is practicable, and is protected from the sweeping billows of the Atlantic by a long barrier of rock. At night, the sea-waters gleam here with multitudinous life—

"The lamps of the sea-nymphs,
Myriad fiery globes, swim heaving and panting, and rainbows,
Crimson, and azure, and emerald, are broken in star showers,
lighting
Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of
Nereus,
Coral, and sea-fan, and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the
ocean."

The BLACK CHURCH rocks have been fretted by the sea into large natural arches, through which a skiff may safely pass. All along the coast there is much to rivet the attention, and when CLOVELLY (pop. 937, New Inn), is seen, hanging, as it were, to the side of a steep but luxuriantly wooded hill, the tourist's admiration rises to a climax. It is almost difficult to discern the houses, so thick is the leafy screen in which each is environed. The street resembles a winding staircase, each house representing a step, and is probably the most precipitous in England. To get up and down it, is a trying task for weak nerves. Yet the view from "the house tops," is picturesque in the extreme, and from some points it seems as if the blue sea were inclosed in a framework of oak-leaves. On each side, a small brook leaps over stone and pebble, downward to the beach, where a few tall poplars, some houses, and a stone pier, built by George Carey, in the reign of Richard II., and enlarged about sixty years ago, complete the picture. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in the herring fishery.

It was from this port, after remaining three days at Clovelly, that Rowland Stephenson, the fraudulent banker and M.P. for Leominster, escaped, with his clerk, in a skiff to Milford Haven (January 2, 1829), and thence to North America. Stephenson was the original, we believe, of Richard Crawford, in Bulwer Lytton's novel of "The Disowned."

CLOVELLY DIKES occupy a lofty position near the coast, on the Hartland road. A Roman *via* which, in parts, may still be

traced, ran from hence to Launceston, showing that the old men-of-war of imperial Rome appreciated the commanding position of the British camp. The three trenches vary from 18 to 20 feet in depth; the diameter of the outer trench is 1300 feet, the inner one forms a parallelogram of about 360 by 300 feet. GALLANTRY BOWER is the remarkable name given to a steep and lofty cliff, which overlooks a glorious landscape; its height is 380 feet. Inland lies CLOVELLY COURT (Sir J. H. Williams, Bart.), a well-looking mansion, erected in 1780. The grounds, of great beauty, are thrown open to the pedestrian, who wanders amid lichen-covered crags, shadowy glens opening suddenly upon the sea, and rich ferny combs, the fitting haunts of Titania. The park was once famous for its hawks—"a Clovelly hawk against the world!" and is still rich in the music of its birds, and the light and odour of its wild flowers.

We shall not pause to notice each romantic glen, each sparkling and shimmering waterfall, each rough and craggy rock that lend a strange weird charm to this wonderful coast. As the voyager glides along he will find at every point some rare and curious object. If he lands and examines the rocky hollows he will find a world of life in each.

" Living flowers,
Which, like a bed compact,
Their purple cups contract,
And now, in open blossom spread,
Stretch like green anthers many a seeking head."

SOUTHEY.

The varying strata, and their peculiar contortions, will become the study of the geologist. While for the artist there are such picturesque effects, such wonderful contrasts of light and shade, such delectable bowers and happy recesses, that his pencil need never be idle.

And now we have reached BIDEFORD, or BARNSTAPLE BAY; the mouth of the river Torridge, and the harbour of the once wealthy town of BIDEFORD (*pronounced* Biddyford) (pop. 6969. *Hotels*: Tanton's Family; Commercial), $242\frac{3}{4}$ miles from London by rail, and 9 miles from Barnstaple.

Crossing the bar which obstructs the mouth of the haven, and ascending the river, we soon catch sight of "the little white town of Bideford, sloping upwards from its broad tide-river, paved with

yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge where salmon wait for Autumn floods, toward the pleasant upland on the west. Above the town the hills close in, cushioned with deep oak woods, through which juts here and there a crag of fern-fringed slate; below they lower, and open more and more in softly-rounded knolls, and fertile squares of red and green, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats, rich salt marshes, and rolling sand hills, where Torridge joins her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly toward the broad surges of the bar, and the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swell. Pleasantly the old town stands there, beneath its soft Italian sky, fanned day and night by the fresh ocean breeze, which forbids alike the keen winter frosts, and the fierce thunder heats of the midland; and pleasantly it has stood there for now, perhaps, 800 years, since the first Grenvil, cousin of the Conqueror, returning from the conquest of South Wales, drew round him trusty Saxon serfs, and free Norse rovers with their golden curls, and dark Silurian Britons from the Swansea shore, and all the mingled blood which still gives to the seaward folk of the next county their strength and intellect, and, even in these levelling days, their peculiar beauty of face and form"—(*Kingsley*). The town and manor remained with the Grenville, Grenvil, or Grenaville family until 1734.

Its streets are broad, and slope towards the beach. Most of the houses have slate roofs, and few of them have any architectural pretensions. For though vessels of 500 tons burthen can ascend the river—except at ebb tides—and unload or load at the quay, Bideford is no longer the great seaport of the west, and one can hardly believe that, in the Elizabethan days, it furnished seven ships to fight the Armada, and, a century later, "sent more vssels to the northern trade than any port in England, saving (strange juxtaposition!) London and Topsham." Then the numerous inns which looked out upon the river were crowded with bold seamen-adventurers and Devonshire gentlemen; and Bridgelands Street, now a row of insignificant houses, was a double range of plethoric tobacco-stores. Then the Pool was choked with Virginian traders, and Bideford burghers, "bolstered and blocked out of their own houses by the stock-fish casks which filled cellar, parlour, and attic, were fain to sit outside the door, a silver pipe in every strong right hand, and each left hand chinking cheerfully the doubloons deep lodged in the auriferous caverns of their trunk-hose." The knights, and squires, and

dames of high degree resorted to its High Street, and paraded upon its quay, watching the slender masts ascending and descending the pleasant Torridge. And among these was Sir Richard Grenville, of Burrough Court, one of the noblest of Elizabeth's noble sea-chiefs—he who colonized Virginia, and, in “the Revenge” (August 1591), engaged a Spanish fleet of 53 sail for fifteen hours, though he had but 100 stout and able men on board, surrendering not until his vessel was a foundering hulk. Let us read his last words, the heroic speech of a true hero:—“Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his Queen, religion, and honour; my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do.” Bideford streets, too, have beheld the stately presence of the sea-chief's gallant descendant, the Sir Bevil Grenville, who fell upon Lansdowne field (1643), under the banner of King Charles. His townsmen, however, were rank Roundheads, and on the hill opposite the town erected CHUDLEIGH FORT, captured by Colonel Digby, in the year of Sir Bevil's death.

Silk weaving was introduced into Bideford by the French emigrants of 1670 and 1685, and great quantities of Spanish wool were also imported. So many prizes were taken by the French off the mouth of the Torridge, that they named it “the Bay of Gold,” and the town maintained a considerable repute until the close of George the Second's reign. On August 25, 1682, three poor old Devonshire women were burnt to death at Bideford as witches,—the last execution for witchcraft that took place in England.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, and built early in the fourteenth century, has been rebuilt, and it contains a circular Norman font, and the tomb and statue of *Sir Thomas Graunfyld*, d. 1513. Its western tower is 70 feet high. The quay is 1200 feet in length. But the glory of Bideford is its BRIDGE, consisting of twenty-four arches, and being 677 feet in length.

“Every one who knows Bideford,” exclaims the eloquent author of “Westward Ho,” “cannot but know Bideford Bridge; for it is the very omphalos, cynosure, and soul around which the town, as a body, has organized itself; but all do not know the occult powers which have advanced and animated the same wondrous bridge for now 500 years, and made it the chief wonder,

according to Prince and Fuller, of this fair land of Devon—being first an inspired bridge ; a soul-saving bridge ; an alms-giving bridge ; an educational bridge ; a sentient bridge ; and last, but not least, a dinner-giving bridge. All do not know how, when it began to be built some half mile higher up, hands invisible carried the stones down stream each night to the present site ; until Sir Richard Gurney, parson of the parish, going to bed one night in sore perplexity, and fear of the evil spirit who seemed so busy in his sheepfold, beheld a vision of an angel, who bade build the bridge where he himself had so kindly transported the materials, for there alone was sure foundation amid the broad sheet of sifting sand. All do not know how Bishop Grandison of Exeter proclaimed, throughout his diocese, indulgences, benedictions, and ‘ participation in all spiritual blessings for ever,’ to all who would promote the bridging of that dangerous ford ; and so, consulting alike the interests of their souls and of their bodies, ‘ make the best of both worlds.’

“ All do not know, nor do I, that ‘ though the foundation of the bridge is laid upon wool, yet it shakes at the slightest step of a horse,’ or that ‘ though it has twenty-three arches, yet one William Alford (another Milo) carried on his back for a wager four bushels salt water measure, all the length thereof ;’ or that the bridge is a veritable esquire, bearing arms of its own (a ship and bridge proper on a plain field), and owning lands and tenements in many parishes, with which the said miraculous bridge has, from time to time, founded charities, built schools, waged suits at law, and, finally, given yearly dinners, and kept for that purpose (luxurious and liquorish bridge that it was) the best-stocked cellar of wines in all Devon”—(*Kingsley*.) The trusts of the bridge, amounting to upwards of £400 per annum, are vested in eighteen feoffees, for whose use a hall was built in 1758. At spring-tides the water here rises 18 feet.

Among “ the worthies ” of Bideford may be enumerated—*John Shebbeare*, the author of a once notorious novel, “ *Chrysal*, or the Adventures of a Guinea ; ” and *Edward Capern*, the poet-postman, who has received a pension from Government in acknowledgment of literary merit successfully struggling against adverse circumstances. *James Herve*, the author of “ *Meditations among the Tombs*,” was at one time curate of Bideford.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—In this delightful neighbourhood the variety of excursions is infinite. The best thing a tourist can do is to get out of the town as

quickly as may be, and—*lose himself*. He will surely light upon some snug farmhouse, sheltered, perhaps, in a tranquil and fertile *combe*, where warm-hearted Devonshire hospitality will proffer the draught of cider, the junket, or bowl of cream; or he will come upon a quiet wayside inn, whose “barley-wine” is wholesome, its bread home-made, and its “parlour” exquisitely clean. 1. It is but 11 miles to HARTLAND, passing “the fisher-village” of BUCK’S MILL, and then taking the new road made by Sir J. H. Williams, and called “the HOBBY.” 2. To BARNSTAPLE, 9 miles, is a delightful ramble; or, 3. To TORRINGTON, by way of ANNERY, so famous in the pages of “Westward Ho,” and following, as near as may be, the course of the Torridge—

“By dappled park, and harbour shady,
Haunt of love-lorn knight and lady”—

returning through HUNSHAW. 4. NORTHAM (pop. 1511), with its CHURCH, dedicated to St. Margaret, lies about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Bideford, and the little white fishing village of APPLIEDORE, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile further, stands on the south bank of the bay, just where the Taw joins the Torridge. You may reach it by crossing NORTHAM BURROWS, a wide expanse of smooth turf, some 1000 acres in all, fenced off from the Atlantic by Pebble Ridge, a natural wall of grey boulders, slate and sandstone, 2 miles in length, and 20 feet in height—a massive sea-wall built up by the sea itself. Here we come upon the rising watering-place of WESTWARD HO! while on the headland beyond will be seen a lighthouse, and at BRAUNTON BURROWS, across the bay, other two lighthouses, for the coast is full of peril. 5. Two miles down the Torridge is the HUBBASTONE, indicating the grave of the Danish Hubba, who, with the crews of his twenty-three ships, was defeated and slain at Appledore by the men of Devon, A.D. 878. Aye, the Dane chief was killed in that fierce fight, and with him 840 of his men; and “there was taken that war-flag which they called *the Raven*.” Within that spell-bound rock, so say the Torridge boatmen, “sleeps now the old Norse Viking in his leaden coffin, with all his fairy treasure and his crown of gold.” The old stones of “the Bloody Corner,” where the Danes, cut off from their ships, turned at bay, and made their last stand against their pursuers, still remain. The fight began at KENWITH CASTLE, 1 mile north-west, and ended here, by these weather-worn memorials. 6. WEAR GIFFORD (Earl Fortescue), with its noble oak-groves, is 4 miles up the Torridge. Be sure you visit that fine old manor-house, about which the presence of the Elizabethan heroes still seems to linger; its tapestried chambers are curious, and its hall can boast of a richly carved roof of oak.]

Bideford is connected with Barnstaple and Torrington by means of the North Devon Railway. The line runs northward, along the east bank of the Torridge, and past the groves of Tapeley, to the small watering-place of INSTOW QUAY (population, 626), which stands upon a point of land at the junction of the Taw with the Torridge. Its CHURCH, dedicated to St. John, is a good specimen of Perpendicular. The views from Instow are good and extensive. At Appledore, on the other side of the river, a chapel-of-ease, dedicated to St. Mary, was built in 1840.

Resuming our coasting expedition, we soon pass Braunton

Burrows and its lighthouses,—a vast tract of sand overlying a primeval forest; the headland of Saunton Down End, above which stands the old house of Saunton Court; we sweep into the rockbound curve of Woollocombe Bay, and round the yellow sandstone cliffs of Baggy Point,—haunted by a thousand wings; then we glide across the waters of MORTE BAY, on whose north-eastern shore, seated on a hill and overlooking the billowy Atlantic, stands the village of MORTHOE (population, 347)—the height or hold of Mort. The black, jagged cliffs here rise to the height of 800 feet, and display every variety of configuration. The CHURCH is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, and covers the dust, it is supposed, of *William de Tracy*, one of the four knightly murderers of Thomas-à-Becket. Another *William Tracy*, d. 1322, a former rector of the parish, is buried here; the tomb-slab is carved with figures of a priest in priestly robes, and holding a chalice in his hand, and St. Catherine and St. Mary Magdalene.

Close to the sea-shore stands an old farm-house called WOOLLACOMBE TRACY, which is said to mark the spot where Becket's murderer lived in dreary exile, "when wind and weather turned against him." Across the bay stretch the Woollacombe Sands,—“remarkable as being the only sands along the north coast, and as presenting a pure and driven expanse for some miles. Here, so runs the legend, he was banished ‘to make bundles of the sand, and binds (wisps) of the same’”—(*A. P. Stanley*).

We pass Barricane Creek, rich in shells, and round Morte Point, into the lonesome hollow of ROCKHAM BAY. A ridge of low, sunken, jagged rocks, extending from the point far out into the sea, terminates in the ill-famed MORTE STONE—or Death Stone—fatal to many a gallant vessel. The northern extremity of Rockham Bay is the formidable headland of BULL POINT, rounding which we come in sight of the tors of

ILFRACOMBE * (pop. 4721. *Hotels*: The Ilfracombe, Royal Britannia, Royal Clarence).—Several craggy heights or tors, 400 feet high, bound its harbour westward, the most notable of which is the CAPSTONE, a conical elevation of shale, along the side of which the Parade has been constructed. From the Capstone a pier, 850 feet in length, stretches partly

* There is a steamer plies weekly between Ilfracombe and Bristol and Swansea. See also page 160.

across an inlet of the sea, and so encloses a basin sheltered from tempestuous winds, and of sufficient depth of water to admit vessels of considerable burthen. To the eastward this inlet is protected by the lofty camp-crested elevation of HELESBOROUGH, 500 feet, and half across the mouth projects a ridge of precipitous rock, thrown out from the base of LANTERN HILL,—a steep, 100 feet in height, which rises above the harbour in picturesque grandeur, crowned by an ancient chapel of St. Nicholas, now made use of as a lighthouse. The entrance for vessels is between these two hills.

The town of Ilfracombe, thus romantically situated, consists in the main of one long street running down a tolerable declivity, from the church to the harbour, for about a mile. The best houses, however, are to be found in the terraces, recently erected along the slopes of the RUNNACLEAVES. The CHURCH, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was built in the twelfth century, but greatly enlarged in the fifteenth. It consists of a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, 115 feet long by 61 broad. The font is Norman; the pulpit dates from the reign of James I. The principal memorial is the sarcophagus of Captain *Richard Bowen*, R.N., slain in Nelson's unsuccessful attack upon Teneriffe, July 24th, 1797. "A more enterprising, able, and gallant officer," said Nelson, "does not grace his Majesty's naval service;" and with this eulogy the spirit of Bowen may well be content, though the government refused him a monument in St. Paul's.

A new CHURCH, dedicated to Saints Philip and James, was built from the designs of Mr. Hayward in 1855. The PIER was first constructed in 1731 at the expense of the Bouchiers, Lords Fitzwarine; repaired in 1761; and enlarged in 1829 by Sir Bouchier Wrey. The BATHS were built in 1783, and are placed at the mouth of a tunnel, which leads under the Runnacleaves to the CROOKHORN CAVERN (from a crooked crag, now washed away), dry at low water, but filled by the tide except for three months in the year. The tradition runs that here, during one of these periods of three months, and immediately after Thomas-à-Becket's murder, Sir William Tracy hid himself for a fortnight, and was fed by his daughter.

The manor of Ilfracombe, included in the barony of Barnstaple, descended from the Tracys to the Martins and Audleys, reverted to the crown, passed to the Bouchiers, and from them to their descendant, Sir Bouchier Wrey. A market was granted to it in

1278 by Edward I. It contributed 6 ships and 82 mariners to the expedition destined against Calais in 1346. In September 1644 it was seized for King Charles by Sir Philip Doddington, but soon afterwards regained by the Parliamentarians. Colonel Wade and others, fugitives from the lost field of Sedgmoor (1685), seized a barque here, and attempted to put out to sea, but a man-of-war hove in sight, and compelled them to return.

From the Seven Tors a descent may be made to the romantic cove of WILDERSMOUTH, where a loud and leaping rivulet makes its way over rock and crag into the sea. This is a notable spot for the marine botanist, as those who have read Mr. Gosse's delightful pages will not fail to remember; and here may be found the delicate *Actinia nivea*, *Actinia flustra foliacea*, *Zoophytes*, *Bellis candida*, *Coryne sessilis*, *Plumularia cristata*, *Laomedea gelatinosa*, *Lepralia coccinea*, *Cellularia reptans*, and *Sertularia rosacea*. Here, too, are the buckhorn, thrift, samphire, campion, kidney-vetch, cat's-ear, hawkweed, mouse-ear, *polypodium vulgare*, and a host of other plants, ferns, and grasses. Below the Seven Tors is WHITE-PEBBLE BAY, so named from its beach of white quartz. A rock here is called the LOVER'S LEAP.

Rounding HELESBOROUGH—the elm-girdled village of HELE lies in a brook-watered valley one mile inland—we sail into SAMPSON'S BAY, with its rocky wall hollowed into two caverns; and beyond stretches out the headland of RILLAGE POINT, the western boundary of SMALLMOUTH. Here a deep, narrow glen terminates at a small creek; and the circular hollow of Briar Cave, and the strange arched tunnel in the rock, through which one may catch a glimpse of Combemartin, invite the voyager's attention. A sweet romantic cove is that of WATERMOUTH, into whose cliff-bound recess we now pass gently. Rocks of grey slate encircle it, and reefs of grauwacke fling their long arms out into the channel. Down through a valley, which at this point opens upon the shore, tumbles a crystal stream, after brightening the pleasant groves and blossomy lawns of WATERMOUTH CASTLE (A. D. Basset, Esq.), a picturesque castellated mansion, which is scarcely yet complete.

About 1 mile inland lies BERRYNARBOR (population, 775)—a corrupt combination of the names of its former lords, the De Perrys and Herberts—with a fine old mansion of stone of the days of Edward IV., and a quaint ancient church, which exhibits a Nor-

man arch, an Early English chancel, a Decorated tower, a Perpendicular nave, and otherwise looks very picturesque and stately. Here, at Bowden farm-house, was born good Bishop Jewel in 1522.

Rounding the Newbury Rocks (of limestone and clay-slate), the termination of a ridge which, as it strikes inland, grows beautifully verdurous, we sweep into COMBEMARTIN BAY. At the other extremity, tower the formidable heights of the LITTLE HANGMAN (1083 feet high), deriving its name from the hanging stone which marked the parish boundary on its flank; and the GREAT HANGMAN (1200 feet high). From hence the hills sweep away to the south-east in a magnificent series of undulating heights, the Parracombe forcing its way through a narrow gap in their formidable barrier.

COMBEMARTIN (population 1441) reposes in a deep shadowy valley, looking out upon a tranquil bay. It takes its name from Martin of Tours, who received the manor from William I. A mine of silver was worked here during the reigns of the Plantagenets, and a cup made of the native metal, was presented by one Sir Richard Bulmer to great Gloriana. Attempts were made to revive the work both in 1813 and 1835. A new smelting house was erected in 1845, but three years later the mine was closed.

The village street is a mile in length. At its south extremity stands the CHURCH, a Perpendicular building of red stone, dedicated to St. Peter, and containing a marble monument and effigy to *Dame Hancock*, died 1637, and a richly wrought rood screen of the Decorated order.

At TRENTISHOE (population 129), the little river Parracombe flows into the Bristol Channel. TRENTISHOE BARROW is a hill of extraordinary elevation. The CHURCH, on high ground, is dedicated to St. Peter. A romantic path leads through the shadow of a thick fir wood to HEDDON'S MOUTH, a picturesque glen watered by the Parracombe.

Rounding HIGHVEER POINT, we catch sight of MARTINHOE (population 220), or Martin's Hill, perched upon the uplands which rise abrupt and sheer from the rocky coast. About 4 miles further we reach the favourite sea-side resort of LYNMOUTH, at the base of the lofty hill on which the villas and cottages of

LYNTON (pop. 1170) cluster. At LYNMOUTH,* the principal *Hotel* is "The Lyndale;" at Lynton, the "Royal Castle" and the "Valley of Rocks Hotel" are both beautifully situated.

Lynton stands upon an almost perpendicular hill, 428 feet above the sea. A road winds down this steep declivity to the beach, where, at the junction of the East and West Lys with the sea, lies the most romantic little village in the west of England. These two streams tumble down two deep valleys, or gorges, which start, as it were, from one common point, but diverge eastward and westward as they approach the coast. The valley of WEST LYN is clothed with umbrageous pines, while, on either hand, the rocks rise in fantastic forms to an extraordinary altitude; and the river leaps, and eddies, and whirls, and seethes, and frets along its rocky bed. The road to Lymouth is carried down this valley. The valley of EAST LYN is still more romantic in its character, and the stream falls in a succession of shimmering cascades among ferny depths, and in the shadow of magnificent trees. Southey speaks of Lymouth as "the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida," which he had ever seen. "Two rivers," he writes, "join at Lymouth. . . Each of these flows down a combe, rolling over huge stones like a long waterfall; immediately at their junction they enter the sea; and the river and the sea make but one sound of uproar. Of these combes, the one is richly wooded, the other runs between two high, bare, stony hills. From the hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent; on either hand, combes; and the river before the little village . . . This alone would constitute a view beautiful enough to repay the weariness of a long journey; but to complete it, there is the blue and boundless sea." The West Lyn, in the course of a quarter of a mile, descends no less than 400 feet. On the west side, the hills reach an elevation of 700 feet above the sea, but farther inland they attain 900 feet, and at Chapman Burrows 1500 feet.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is ancient, but has been twice enlarged. Sir W. Herries has a beautiful park and pleasant house in the West Lyn valley. The angler will find an abundance of excellent sport in the "fishful stream;" and the botanist may look for the ivy-leaved campanula, many of the rarest

* Lymouth was for awhile, in 1812, the residence of Shelley, and, about the same time, it was visited by William Godwin.



LYNMOUTH.

members of the beautiful fern family, *Lastræa oreopteris*, orpine, *Lastræa filix mas palearia*, and *hymenophyllum unilaterale*.

The tourist must not fail to follow the course of the river inland (for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile) to see the celebrated WATERS' MEET. One of the finest roads imaginable winds about half-way along the side of the romantic chasm of Lyndale (or East Lyn); while the river, 200 ft. below, flows with lucent wave through a picturesque and rocky channel, until the valley opens upon two other pine-clad glens, whose streams uniting form the river we have just been exploring. A pretty cottage (Rev. W. Halliday), built at the confluence of the streams, lends a peculiar grace to this lovely landscape.

The finest view of Lynmouth is, however, obtainable from the sea. The rugged mountain which rises above it—the two wooded valleys, obscure and shadowy, which open upon the shore—the cottages peeping out of their environment of foliage—the river sparkling under its rustic bridge, and among its clustering ferns—combine to produce a picture, which, for “colour” and “ideality,” cannot be matched on the whole north coast of Devon.

The VALLEY of Rocks at Lynton must next be visited, and the wayfarer, on entering it, will assuredly fancy that he has unwittingly plunged into the ruins of some antediluvian world. You ascend from Lynmouth by a road, 300 feet in length, which winds along the side of a fearful declivity, whose ridge is partially clothed with verdure, and suddenly opens into a wonderful gorge or ravine, bounded seaward by a fantastic rampart of contorted rocks. “Imagine,” says Southey, “a narrow vale between two ridges of hills, somewhat steep, the southern hill turfed; the vale, which runs from east to west, covered with huge stones, and fragments of stone among the fern that fills it; the northern ridge completely bare, excoriated of all turf and all soil, the very bones and skeleton of the earth; rock reclining upon rock, stone piled upon stone, a huge terrific mass. A palace of the Pre-Adamite kings, a city of the Anakim must have appeared so shapeless, and yet so like the ruins of what had been shaped after the waters of the flood subsided. I ascended with some toil the highest point; two large stones inclining on each other formed a rude portal on the summit. Here I sat down. A little level platform, about two yards long, lay before me, and then the eye immediately fell upon the sea, far, very far below. I never felt the sublimity of solitude before.”

To this graphic description we may add some general remarks. The valley would appear to have been the course of a vast and violent torrent, which rent asunder the mountains on its way into the Severn. Its length is about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, its average width 100 yards, but it broadens as it approaches the sea. On each side the acclivities form an angle of about 47° , and exhibit huge masses of rocks, either fixed or detached, which have assumed the most fantastic forms imaginable. At the west extremity, which terminates in a small cove, stands the Castle Rock, an isolated pile of extraordinary magnitude and conoidal shape, as shown in the foregoing illustration. From its summit the view is very extensive.

"Generally speaking, these rocks consist of a fine-grained argillaceous grit, of a lamellar fracture, and, in some instances, friable and loose textured; the colour is internally a bluish gray, and minute particles of mica may be distinguished throughout the mass."—(*Maton.*) In the centre of the valley are the remains of some stone circles, about 40 feet in diameter, which are supposed to be Druidical.

The legend attaching to this remarkable locality is worth narration:—Of Lynton Castle not a stone remains, but "once upon a time" it was as stately a stronghold as ever echoed to the clash of knightly arms. To its gates, one evening, came a stalwart monk, and he prayed for help in the name of the Blessed Virgin, but the lady of the castle liked not his gloomy brow, and bade him begone. Whereupon he raised his clenched hand, and drew up his well-knit frame, and vowed—"All that is thine shall be mine, until in the porch of the holy church a lady and a child shall stand and beckon!"

Years glided away into the shadowy sea of the past, and lo, the church of St. John was pulled down by the baron who had succeeded to the estates of Lynton, and whose greed was such that he dared to lay his hand even upon holy treasures. Then, as he sate among his gold, the Black Monk suddenly entered, and summoned him to his fearful audit; and his servants, roused by his cries, found only a lifeless corse. His son, smitten to the heart by the doom which hung over his house, girded on his sword, took up the cross, and in Palestine did doughty deeds against the Saracen; but by his side was ever seen the Black Monk, as his friend and guide, and, alas, the wine-cup and the smiles of lewd women soon lured him from the path of right. Ah me! heavy were the souls of mother and sister when the ill tidings reached them

in the lone tower of Lynton, and happy were they when, at length, Death the consoler brought to them a sweet repose.

So the knight returned to the Devonshire valley, and lo, on the happy Sabbath morning, the chimes of the church-bells flung out their silver music on the air, and the memories of an innocent childhood woke up instantly in his sorrowing heart. In vain the Black Monk sought to beguile him from the holy fane, and whispered to him of bright eyes and a distant bower. He paused, for only a moment! In the shadow of the porch stood the luminous forms of his mother and sister, a glory wrapping them around, and a divine music issuing from the heavens above. They lifted up their spirit hands; they beckoned! The knight tore himself from the Black Monk's grasp, and rushed towards them, exclaiming, "I come! I come! Mother, sister, I am saved! O Heaven, have pity on me!" And lo, the three were borne upwards in a radiant cloud, while angels were glad over a sinner that had repented. But the Black Monk leapt headlong into the depths of the abyss beneath, and the castle fell to pieces with a sudden crash, and where its towers had soared stately into the sunlit air was now outspread the very desolation of Nature—the Valley of the Rocks!

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—In the vicinity of Lynton the walks are numerous and beautiful, and the whole country side is replete with charm and interest. 1. What finer ramble can pedestrian desire than through the Valley of the Rocks, and by Combe Martin and Watermouth to ILFRACOMBE—17 miles, returning, by coach, along the turnpike road, a 20 miles' drive—(Fares, 6s. and 4s.) 2. To BARNSTAPLE is a long day's excursion, and, of course, the tourist must pass the night there, but the road lies through a very delectable landscape. 3. Shorter strolls will take him to the pretty little nook on the bank of the Parracombe, where the "*Hunter's Inn*" affords a modest refectory; or, 4, to BRENDON, 4 miles south-east, a romantic hamlet in a deep ravine; or, 5, across COUNTISBURY HILL (1100 feet high, and crowned with an ancient camp), and by way of OLD BARROW, another British hill-fort, into the luxuriant groves of GLENTHORNE (Rev. W. Halliday), 7 miles, returning along the coast. 6. The adventurous tourist may even penetrate into EXMOOR FOREST, now a broad expanse of heath and gorse, enlivened by some abundant trout streams, as far as MOLE'S CHAMBER—a dangerous morass named after a rash Devonshire farmer who, spite of warnings, rode right into its depths, and was swallowed up immediately. LEE ABBEY (Charles Bailey, Esq.) is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile west of Lynton. The house is modern, occupying the site of a mansion built by Von Wichhalse, a wealthy Fleming, driven from Holland by the tyrannies of the terrible Alva. The fair daughter of Sir Edward Von Wichhalse was betrayed by one of James II.'s courtiers, and gradually sinking into decay, was found, at last, among the rocks of Duty Point—a corpse. The infuriated father, unable to obtain any justice from the King, eagerly enlisted under the banner of Monmouth; and after the defeat of Sedgemoor, rode in hot haste to Lee Abbey embarked all his family on board a small skiff, and

at night attempted his escape. But the winds rose, the boat was overcrowded, it foundered in the storm, and all were lost.

⚓ During the season, steamers from Bristol, Swansea, and Tenby, call regularly at Lynmouth and Ilfracombe—fares, 3s. and 2s. Saddle-horses are also procurable at Ilfracombe for a day's ride (by turnpike road) to Lynton and back—fare, 7s. Coaches run daily, during the summer months, between Lynton and Minehead and Bridgewater, and between Ilfracombe and Lynton.]

AXMINSTER to EXETER—by RAIL.

⚓ LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—Express from London at 9 a.m., reaches Exeter, 2.5 p.m.

[Axminster to Colyton, 4 m.; Honiton, 6 m.; Ottery Road, 3½ m.; Whimble, 5 m.; Broad Clyst, 3 m.; Exeter, 4 m. (Queen Street Station); 188 m. from London = 25½ m.]

AXMINSTER.

[Population, 2918. *Inns*: The George, and the Old Bell.

147 m. from London; 7 m. from Axmouth; 23 m., by road, from Exeter; 14 m. from Crewkerne; 12 m. from Bridport; 27 m. from Dorchester; 5 m. from Lyme Regis; 9 m. from Honiton; 7½ m. from Chard; 19½ m. from Collumpton.

Bankers: Messrs. Williams & Co., and Branch of Wilts and Dorset Banking Company. *Market days*: Tuesday and Friday.]

⚓ Omnibuses run daily between Axminster and Lyme; Colyton and Seaton; and Axmouth.

There are many reasons why the tourist should pause at Axminster. The valley of the Axe is very beautiful; abounding mostly in a soft and tranquil kind of loveliness; but, where it opens upon the sea, assuming an aspect of actual grandeur. Grassy slopes, and broad rich meadows, and quiet villages nestling among patriarchal trees, brightly salute him at every turn. From a hill about a mile westward of the town a fine view of the valley is obtainable:—the wood-crowned heights of Shute and Colyton rise against the purpling sky; the murmurous stream ripples pleasantly below; to the eastward lies the old town upon the hillside, “looking quaintly enough with its comfortable thatch-covered dwellings clustering around its ancient church.” The valley stretches southward, its sloping sides luxuriantly clothed with oak, and beech, and elm, and sycamore. Through an opening in the

trees may be discerned the windings of the pleasant river as it glides onward to the ocean, whose breast of fire glows in the distance between the cliffs and crags of Beer and Axmouth. And here and there may be seen a marshy spot among the luxuriant meadows, which are bordered by those leafy hedgerows—the pride and glory of rural England.

Then the Axe is a fishful stream, and under its green alders dimples many a pool which will reward the devout disciple of Izaak Walton. Ah, had that excellent master but known of the rivers of Devonshire and their treasures, verily, the piscatorial world should have rejoiced over an additional volume of “The Complete Angler !”

Axminster, too, is the birthplace of a very erudite and famous historian ; of no less a person than *John Prince* the biographer of the “Worthies of Devon”—a delightful book, despite of a somewhat cumbrous style. He was born at the Grange at Newenham Abbey, 1643. It gave birth, too, to Dean *Buckland*, b. 1784, d. 1857, one of the most philosophical and far-seeing of English geologists ; and *Micaiah Toogood*, 1700, an erudite Dissenter.

Axminster was originally a British settlement, and afterwards occupied by the Saxons. A castle was built here in 916 on the site of the present market-place. King Athelstan buried at Axminster, after that great fight of his with Anlaf the Dane (in 937), which commenced at Brunedune and swept onward through all the red valley of the Axe, five kings, seven earls, his own brave Bishop of Sherborne, and five thousand of the enemy.

“They left behind them,
the corse to devour,
the sallowy kite
and the swarthy raven
with horned nib,
and the dusky ‘pada,’
erne white-tailed,
the corse to enjoy,
greedy war-hawk,
and the grey beast,
wolf of the wood.
Carnage greater has not been
in this island
ever yet

of people slain,
before this,
by edges of swords,
as books us say,
old writers,
since from the east hither,
Angles and Saxons.
came to land,
o’er the broad seas
Britain sought,
mighty war-smiths,
the Welsh o’ercame,
earls most bold,
this earth obtained.”

—*Saxon Chronicle.*

In commemoration of his victory he founded the MINSTER, which gives name to the town (originally known as Brunenburgh).

During the Civil war it was seized upon by the Cavaliers (in 1644), and suffered severely from fire. William III. remained here a few days, in 1689, on his progress to London as the "Great Deliverer," and resided at the Dolphin, formerly a residence of the Yonge family.

Axminster was formerly famous for the carpet manufactories established by the enterprising Whitley in 1755, but they were removed to Wilton in 1835. How it is that the town looks so busy and prosperous, when it has no obvious means of support from trade or commerce, we know not; especially as it cannot yet have derived a benefit from the opening of the recently completed Exeter railway.

The CHURCH or MINSTER, dedicated to St. Mary, is partly an Early English building, and consists of a Decorated nave and chancel, a Perpendicular north aisle and modern south aisle. The porch at the east end of the south aisle is Norman. An ancient circular font, three sedilia, and an arched piscina of good workmanship, and an oaken pulpit finely carved, date 1633, will repay examination. The memorials are numerous, and, among them, some defaced and nameless effigies. The south aisle is disfigured by a picture of the Twelve Apostles,—a wretched specimen of "native talent."

[On the road to MUSBURY (population, 493), where there is a British camp, and about two miles from Axminster, stands ASKE HOUSE, the birthplace of the great Duke of Marlborough, July 5, 1650,—

"the man to distant ages known,

"Who shook the Gallic, fixed the Austrian throne."

It is now a low plain building, with mullioned windows, reduced to the mean estate of a farm-house, but still a pleasant dwelling-place, as it stands on the eastern slope of the river-valley. The hero's father was Sir Winston Churchill, a gallant cavalier who had fought for Charles I.; his mother, Elizabeth Drake, a Devonshire woman, who claimed kindred with the descendants of the famous navigator. The young Churchill was at first educated by the parish priest of Musbury.

From Musbury the tourist may follow the river path to AXMOUTH and SEATON (p. 160), returning, on the western bank, to COLYFORD, and thence, along the Coly, to COLYTON (population, 2406), a village which boasts of a stately Perpendicular CHURCH, whose octagonal tower is a landmark to all the country-side. The ground plan is cruciform; the south transept has a stone screen; a fine altar-tomb commemorates the beautiful *Margaret Courtenay*, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, by the princess *Katherine* (daughter of Edward IV.) The VICARAGE is an old Tudor house, built in 1524.

An agreeable excursion may be made to CHARD,—about 8 miles. Beyond Axminster, half a mile south, are some remains, in an orchard, of the Cistercian Abbey of NEWENHAM, founded by Reginald de Mohun in 1246. The East window of the chapel, and some Early English arches, are all that iconoclasts have spared.

At WEYCROFT BRIDGE, 2 miles, the road enters Dorsetshire,—or rather, a strip of that county which has thrust itself in between Somersetshire and Devon. The site now occupied by Weycroft Mill was that of a public-house, once famous as the rendezvous of the local sportsmen, and distinguished by a rude painting of a fish, under which was inscribed,—“This is the Sine of the Samman!”

To the right of the road, 1½ mile, are the ivy-shrouded ruins (*temp.* Edward III.) of OLDDITCH COURT, for many years a residence of the Brooks, Lords Cobham.

The way to MEMBURY (population, 751), 3½ miles north-west—another Celtic camp—is a very pleasant one, and leads through dale, and over hill, and under the shadow of dense cool foliage. STONY BRIDGE, on this road, was formerly known as DUCKINGSTOOL BRIDGE, from its having been the scene of the punishment of many refractory scolds. On the last occasion that the ducking-stool was used, however, a man named Butcher was the victim. He had endeavoured to convince his wife by the *argumentum baculinum*, and, in revenge, his indignant female neighbours dipped him into the Axe.

Of SHUTE, 3 miles south-west, the ancient seat of the Bonvilles, but purchased by the Pole family in 1557, only a Tudor gateway, shrouded in ivy, ferns, and mosses, remains. The modern mansion, built in 1787, and now occupied by Sir J. G. R. Pole, Bart., commands a fine prospect both of sea and land. The CHURCH of SHUTE (population, 600), a picturesque building, partly Decorated and partly Perpendicular, contains some interesting memorials of the Pole family. A huge many-branched yew tree is the glory of the quiet churchyard. Upon the hill above the village stands an old weather-beaten signal-house, well worth a visit from the curious wayfarer.]

The principal SEATS in the neighbourhood are,—

CASTLE HILL (Major N. T. Still).

CLOCOMBE HOUSE (H. Knight, Esq.), built in 1732—¾ mile north.

CORYTON HOUSE (. . .), on the Cory, built in 1756—1½ mile north-west.

FARSBROOK HOUSE (S. Northmore, Esq.)

SADBOROUGH HOUSE (Col. Bragge).

SEACOMBE HOUSE (J. H. Richards, Esq.)

SECTOR HOUSE (James Davidson, Esq.), built about 1750.

SHUTE (Sir J. G. Pole, Bart.), built in 1787—3 miles south-west.

The railway now crosses the Honiton road, makes a bold sweep towards Ash, and leaps over the windings of the river Axe, passing the village of SHUTE on the right, and skirting the romantic deer-park on Sir J. G. Pole's estate. It then crosses the little Coly, approaches the high road, and keeps to the right of the village of WIDWORTHY (population, 188). On the

pleasant slope of Widworthy Hill stands the old and little CHURCH, whose chief claim to notice is its interesting memorials of the old Devonshire family of the Marwoods. Sir Edward Marwood Elton, Bart., of WIDWORTHY COURT, as their lineal representative, assumed the affix of Marwood in 1830.

As the railway now trends to the north-west we may just discern COTLEIGH (population, 188) among the leafy meadows on our right. It has a pretty little church, and lies upon a bye-road near the highway to Chard. On our left, 2 miles, stands OFFWELL HOUSE, easily distinguished by its prospect-tower, known as "The Basket-House." The late distinguished scholar and eminent divine, Dr. Coplestone, bishop of Llandaff, d. 1849, occupied for some years this agreeable residence. It is about 1 mile to the left of the Honiton road, and commands a good view of Honiton and the valley of the Otter.

We now cross the Chard and Exeter roads, and run to the south of the borough and market-town of HONITON (population, 3400. *Inns*: The Dolphin and Golden Lion—the latter traditionally reputed to have been the residence of the abbots of Dunkeswell. *Bank*: Branch of National Provincial. *Market-day*: Saturday), 156 miles from London, 10 miles from Collympton, 16 miles from Exeter, and 9 miles from Sidmouth. It occupies the slope of a pleasant valley, watered by the fish-abounding Otter, and is one of the prettiest, cleanest, and most agreeable of Devonshire towns. Every lady in England is familiar with its rich and delicate hand-made *lace*, of which the Queen's bridal robe was fashioned; and the households of Devon and Dorset have long tested the excellence of Honiton *butter*. The dairy produce of this fertile vale is also despatched to the London markets. The lace manufacture was introduced here by the Lollards in the reign of Elizabeth.

Honiton has two CHURCHES—ST. PAUL'S, built in 1837, and containing a good copy of Raffaele's "Transfiguration" for its altar-piece; and the old parish church of ST. MICHAEL'S, occupying the high ground south of the town. It was a priory chapel, built by Bishop Courtenay in 1484, and contains a graceful oaken screen, which is unhappily disfigured with paint, and the black marble tomb of *Thomas Marwood*, who practised physic seventy-five years, and died at the age of 105, physician to Queen

Elizabeth. A cure which he performed upon the Earl of Essex raised him into eminence, and his sovereign rewarded him by a gift of land at Widworthy. His son (also "a leech") built a house in Honiton, which is still standing, and which sheltered Charles I. on the night of the 25th of July 1644.

The view from the churchyard is extensive, and embraces the meanderings of the crystal Otter; the long straggling street of Honiton, watered by a pleasant brook; TRACEY HOUSE, upon the hill-side across the river; AWLISCOMBE, in a hollow to the north-west, and HEMBURY FORT upon the steep above it; and DUMPDON HILL, 2 miles north, with its summit crowned by an oval camp. To the south-east lies OFFWELL, and to the south-west, GITTISHAM.

HEMBURY FORT (4 miles on the Collumpton road) is an oval camp, divided into two parts by an earthwork, and defended by a triple vallum of considerable height. Some antiquarians have identified it with the *Moridunum* of Antoninus, which was 15 miles from Exeter, and 36 miles from Dorchester, but as "*Moridunum*" signifies "the hill-fort by the sea-side," it is more probable that High Peak, near Sidmouth, was the Roman station. A road turning off to the right at Hembury leads across the downs to DUNKESWELL (population, 750), where there are some remains of the ancient Abbey. Striking then into the Taunton road, the pedestrian may return to Honiton through COMBERAWLEIGH (population, 289), and by Tracey House. As he descends the hills, UPOTTERY (population, 1042) lies on the river-bank, in the vale to the left, and the MANOR HOUSE (Lord Sidmouth) rises conspicuously among its sheltering trees. It contains some good pictures, and a bust of Speaker Addington, first Viscount Sidmouth, by *Roubiliac*.

A road past Honiton Old Church leads southward to FARWAY (population, 380), $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, where an old Elizabethan mansion, NETHERTON HALL (Sir E. S. Prideaux, Bart.), lies at the base of CHINEHEAD, or FARWAY CASTLE, a British camp with a single fosse and vallum.

BRANCH ROUTE—HONITON TO BUDLEIGH-SALTERTON,
14 Miles.

A RAMBLE ALONG THE OTTER, to its confluence with the Channel, may be recommended to the pedestrian. He will keep the Exeter road as far as FENNY BRIDGES—on the right, FENITON (population, 366), with its old CHURCH, containing an ancient screen, and a fine altar-tomb supporting the effigy of an emaciated corpse ; and FENITON COURT, lately the seat of the Right Hon. Sir John Patteson ; a bye-lane, on the left, then crosses the Otter, and descends into OTTERY ST. MARY (population, 4100. *Inns* : King's Arms, Red Lion, and London Hotel. *Market*, Thursday), 162 miles from London, 2 miles from the Ottery road Station, 11 miles from Exeter, and 6 miles from Sidmouth. Here the great attraction, apart from the charm of the scenery, is the ancient CHURCH of SAINTS MARY and EDWARD, originally founded by Edward the Confessor, and bestowed upon the Abbey of Rouen ; rebuilt by Bishop Bronescombe, 1257-1280 ; completed, and converted into a collegiate church by Bishop Grandison, about 1340. Having recently undergone a thorough and well-directed renovation, it will afford the student a grateful subject for patient study.

The WEST FRONT, with its three storeys, will remind him of Exeter Cathedral, from which it was apparently imitated. The doorway is deeply recessed, and surmounted by a five-light window. A niche in the gable exhibits a figure of the Virgin Mary, co-patron of the church. The SOUTH TOWER is Early English ; its string-course terminates in fantastic corbel heads, and in each face is inserted three lancets. The NORTH TOWER is crowned by a spire. The CHOIR extends three bays into the nave, and is paved with Minton's encaustic tiles. The NAVE (Perpendicular) and CHANCEL have each, we think, six bays. The LADY CHAPEL is in the Decorated style of Edward III.'s reign, while the Dorset chapel, on the north-west side of the nave, is Perpendicular, with a rich groined roof, and exhibits the arms of Bishops Courtenay (1478-87) and Vesey (1519-). Over each of the arches supported by the nave-columns observe a niche for a statue. The ceiling of the nave is very rich.

The stone reredos has been effectively restored by Blore. The canopied niches in the rear of the altar appear to have been intended for pictures. Brackets for images are placed on either

side, and niches for statuary fill the arch above. Five misereres have been replaced on each side of the choir, and a low oaken screen separates them from the transept. Round an old wooden altar has been laid a glowing pavement, and a vacant bay before the sanctuary has been protected by a screen formed out of a fourteenth century parclose. Remark the stone sedilia, and the gallery of stone, with its pillars of Purbeck marble, which divides the Lady Chapel from the Ambulatory. The MEMORIALS to be noticed are those of Sir *Otho de Grandison*, d. 1360, brother of the bishop-architect, and *Beatrice Malmaynes*, his wife, each reposing in an altar-tomb under richly decorated canopies; Archdeacon *Northwood*—an incised stone dispoiled of its brass; and *John Coke*, of Thorne, d. 1632, an armed soldier grasping his sword. The latter fosters the “violet of a legend.” He is said to have been murdered by a younger brother, and his statue, therefore, steps down from its niche at night and stalks through the silent church.

The CHURCH of ST. MARY, recently restored at the expense of the Rev. R. H. Podmore, consists of an Early English chancel, with two chantry aisles, St. Stephen's, north, and St. Catherine's, south; two transept-towers, Early English; a Decorated nave, with north and south aisles, Early English; and a Decorated Lady Chapel, now used for daily morning-service. Two windows of richly coloured glass, by O'Connor, adorn the latter. In the chantry aisles, the windows are by Hardman, from Pugin's designs, and respectively represent the *Majesty of God* and *Christ on the Cross*. A glorious western window, of six lights, representing the *Transfiguration*, by Wailes, adorns the north-west chapel, built by Cicely, Marchioness of Dorset. The rectangular font is Perpendicular, but of recent workmanship. Here Coleridge the poet and Joanna Southcote were christened.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh had a house in Mill Street, of which no remains exist; but the townsmen still point out with interest Oliver Cromwell's CONVENTION ROOM. The great Ironside visited Ottery St. Mary in 1645, (November 16th to December 11th), with Fairfax, for the purpose of raising recruits and levying “donations,” but being unsuccessful, permitted his troopers to plunder the church, where they committed sad havock among the ancient statues. William of Orange, on his progress to London in 1688, lodged a day in the town (November 21). It was the birthplace of the poet,

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, October 21, 1772. He was the youngest of thirteen children, of whom nine were sons, and his father, the Rev. John Coleridge was the vicar of Ottery, and head master of the Free Grammar School—"an exceedingly studious man, pious, of primitive manners, and the most simple habits: passing events were little heeded by him, and therefore he was usually characterised as 'the absent man.'" One of his pupils was the celebrated Judge Butler, through whose influence the future poet, after his father's death, was placed in Christ's Hospital. The poet, in after life, often recalled the bright beauties of his birthplace, and sang—

" Mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing-plank, thy marge with willows gray,
And bedded sand that, vein'd with various dyes,
Gleamed through thy bright transparence!"

Henry VI. visited the Church at Ottery in 1451; one of the priests of the collegiate church was the eccentric Richard Barclay, the translator of "the Ship of Fools." The Grammar School was founded by Henry VIII. Silk-spinning and the manufacture of lace have taken the place of the old staple of Ottery trade—the serge manufacture.

We now pass through a succession of small hamlets—Wiggaton, Tipton, and Kipton—leaving, on our right, VENOTTERY (population, 105), *i.e.*, the marsh on the Otter-rie, or Otter-bank—and then, through the leafy glades of HARPFORD (population, 253), from Harford, and NEWTON-POPPLFORD (population, 530), *i.e.*, pebble-ford, and across the Lyme Regis and Exeter road, into COLYTON RALEIGH (population, 851), where the Otter sweeps round the base of a luxuriantly-wooded hill. One mile further, and we arrive at BICTON (population, 203), a snug little village, rejoicing in the luxuriant charms of BICTON PARK (Lady Rolle). And well it may rejoice, for a fairer Arcadia not all South Devon can boast of! The horticulturist will "run wild" amid the mazes of its Arboretum, its glorious pinery, its bowers of evergreens, and its noble avenues. For the general visitor there are sunny terraces, sloping lawns, sparkling fountains, gleaming statuary, and the reed-fringed Otter. Of these charming

gardens, the late Mr. Loudon wrote, "We never before saw culture, order, and neatness carried to such a high degree of perfection in so many departments on so large a scale."

The manor, at the time of the Domesday survey, was held by *William Portitor*, the king's doorkeeper, on the service of keeping the county gaol; a service from which the late Lord Rolle obtained relief, through his parliamentary influence, and on the payment of a certain sum. It descended to the families of Sackville and Coplestone, and from the latter was purchased, *temp.* Elizabeth, by Sir Robert Dennis, whose granddaughter Anne conveyed it by marriage to Sir Henry Rolle, an ancestor of the late Lord Rolle. The house is spacious and imposing, and seated at the head of an ample lawn which gently slopes to the river.

BICTON CHURCH is a modern edifice of some architectural pretensions, and was erected at the expense of Lady Rolle. A portion of the ancient sanctuary has been converted into a family mausoleum, and connected by a corridor with the old gray tower, which has been permitted to escape the restorer's hand. Where the Ottery road crosses the Exeter, an old Cross stands, and presents upon its brick pedestal some scriptural quotations in allusion to that life-journey which most of us find far more difficult to endure than our "Wayfarings in Many Counties."

 EAST BUDLEIGH (population, 2447), lies at a short distance from the main road, right. It is a pleasant enough assemblage of quaint cottages, enlivened by a pleasant stream. In the CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is the pew of the Raleigh family, dated 1537; and a grave-slab, inlaid in the pavement of the nave, commemorates *Joan Drake*, the first wife of famous Sir Walter's father. The great adventurer's head, which, after his execution, was embalmed and preserved for nine-and-twenty years, by his loving widow, is interred beneath. Raleigh was born, in 1552, at HAYES BARTON FARM, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile west; a picturesque Elizabethan farm-house, with mullioned windows and thatched roof. An old oaken table, and the room where he was born, are shewn to the visitor. Raleigh was the son of a Devonshire squire by his third wife, the relict of Otho Gilbert, and the mother (by him) of three illustrious brothers, John, Humphrey, and Adrian Gilbert, all knighted by Queen Elizabeth. Surely the vale of the Otter, with its memories of Raleigh and Coleridge, is "hallowed ground!"

Crossing the road to SIDMOUTH (population, 2572), $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles

east, and leaving WITHYCOMBE-RAWLEIGH (pop. 2145) on the hills to the right, 3 miles, we come to OTTERTON (population, 1140), a good spot for the angler, as trout abounds in the neighbouring stream. The houses are mainly built of red sandstone, and have a very curious appearance.* A fine old structure, ST. MICHAEL'S venerable CHURCH, raises its stately tower upon the brink of a cliff which overhangs the river. Near it are some scanty ruins of a cell for four monks, "St. John in the Wilderness," founded by King John in connection with the Abbey of St. Michel, Normandy, to which the church and manor both belonged.

BUDLEIGH-SALTERTON (pop. 1811. *Inn*: The Rolle Arms), a rising watering-place, is distant 4 miles from Exemouth, with which it is connected by regular omnibus conveyance. It has an open beach, well suited for bathing. It lies in a sheltered valley,—a brawling brook, spanned by numerous rustic bridges, enlivening its garden-girt villas,—myrtles and hydrangeas blooming lustily in the open air. Its CHURCH, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was built in 1813.

From the summit of WEST DOWN BEACON (a short distance to the west), a fine view of the estuary of the Exe and of the surrounding country may be obtained. Between this eminence and the Otter the beach is paved with a peculiar kind of flat oval pebble.

The tourist may return to Honiton by way of SIDBURY, passing BEACON HILL and EAST OTTERY HILL, where a British camp encloses some fresh, clear springs; COURT HALL (R. Hunt, Esq.), embodying portions of an ancient Elizabethan House, and boasting of "a haunted chamber," where a human skull was once discovered; and COTFORD (W. R. Bayley, Esq.), a pleasant estate on the little river Sid. Upon SIDBURY HILL, nearly 2 miles west, there is another British camp, 1400 feet long by 300 feet broad. In SIDBURY CHURCH, dedicated to St. Giles, remark the specimens of Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular work. A curious Latin inscription on a tablet in the chancel records that (A.D. 1650) *Henry*, the son of *Robert Parsons*, died in "the second-first climacteric year of his age." Both at Sidford and Sidbury the river is spanned by quaint rustic bridges, mossy and weather-worn. Sidmouth is about 9 miles from Honiton. The road is hilly, but abounds in charming views.

* This loamy soil, mixed with straw, and trodden into a material which soon hardens on exposure to the air, is called "cob," and was in great favour with the builders of Devonshire cottages.

BRANCH ROUTE—HONITON to TIVERTON, 16 miles.

Collumpton, which until the last few months was the nearest railway station (10 miles) to Honiton, is approached by an excellent turnpike road, ascending the hills to BROADHEMBURY (pop. 884)—of which Toplady, the Calvinist divine and sacred hymnist, was vicar in 1772—and then gradually descending into the valley of the Culm.

We first pass to the left of COMBERAWLEIGH, and then through the village of AWLISCOMBE, leaving BUCKERELL (population, 343) about 1 mile to the right. HEMBURY FORT next flings its shadow over our path, and away to the north-east stretches the formidable range of the Black Down Hills. Then comes the Grange (E. S. Drewe, Esq.) About 2 miles beyond Hembury we cross in succession two branches of the Culm, and at the eighth milestone come in sight of KENTISBERE (population, 1104). Two miles more and we enter COLLUMPTON (population, 2205. *Inns*: Luxton's Railway Hotel, White Hart, and King's Head), a quiet old town—quiet in spite of its railway station—on the river Culm. It has some manufactories of paper and woollen cloths, and the West of England Church-bell Foundry gives employment to a tolerable number, so that the general aspect of the town is busy and thriving. The manor descended from Alfred the Great to his son Ethelward, and was afterwards bestowed upon the abbey of Buckland.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Andrew, dates in the main from the fifteenth century; but one John Lane, a Cullompton clothier, built, 1528, the elegant Decorated chapel on the south side. The roof is elaborately enriched with fan tracery, and an inscription runs thus,—“ Warpat, Custos Lanuarii ”—which has been rendered “ wool-warden ” of the wapentake or hundred. The screen, decorated with the vine leaf, is exquisitely carved; and very curious indeed is the portion that remains of the oaken Calvary, preserving its accessories of skulls and bones, and the mortice wherein the rood was formerly inserted. When the building was restored in 1849, the plaster was removed from singular frescoes; amongst others, St. Clara in a robe of saffron, St. Michael weighing human spirits in his balance, and St. Christopher surrounded by quaint fishes, and such mermaids as Tenyson never dreamed of!

Beyond Cullompton we pass HILLERSDOWN HOUSE (W. C. Grant, Esq.), and push through a fair and fertile country into TIVERTON, 6 miles.

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—HONITON to EXETER.

After leaving Honiton the railway for some distance follows, with tolerable exactness, the line of the Exeter road, and then turns suddenly to the north-west, crosses the Otter—so called from the otters which once frequented it—passes FERITON COURT (Right Hon. Sir J. Patteson), and sweeps through green meadows to WHIMPLE (population, 704). About two miles south, on the Exeter road, lies ESCOT HOUSE (Sir J. Kennaway), and just beyond rises the commanding elevation of WHIMPLE or FAIR MILE HILL, where GRIFFIN'S COUNTY HOTEL proclaims itself the Halfway House. The railway then trends to the south-west, passing on the left ROCKBEAN HOUSE (W. Garrat, Esq.), and near HONITON CLYST (population, 422), crosses the river Clyst, an important tributary of the Exe. All this country side is very charming, richly cultured, abounding in pleasant gardens and fat meadows, leafy with vigorous trees, and fenced in on every side by undulating hills of living verdure.

PINHOE (population, 527) lies on the right, at a short distance from the railway. Its CHURCH is old, and contains a good screen and tolerable east window. To the right, beyond the junction point of the Exmouth branch, lies HEAVITREE (population, 3112), 1 mile from Exeter, now almost a suburb of that city, and interesting to the student as the residence of the late *Richard Ford*, the author of the well-known "*Handbook to Spain*," and a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. His gardens were arranged in imitation of a Moorish pleasaunce, and sparkled with costly exotics.

The part of Exeter we are now approaching is called ST. SIDWELL'S (a corruption of St. Sativola). To the north lies the parish of ST. DAVID'S. Exeter is now the central terminus of several great lines of railway,—

The Bristol and Exeter (branch of Great Western).

Southampton and Exeter (branch of the South-Western).

Bideford, Barnstaple, and Exeter (North Devon Railway).

Plymouth, Totnes, and Exeter (South Devon Railway).

Exmouth and Exeter (branch of the Southampton and Exeter).

Thus favoured with facilities of railway communication, we cannot doubt but that Exeter has a long career of prosperity before it,—and, with such a prayer upon our lips, we enter within its precincts.

EXETER.

[Pop. 44,226.—*Inhab. Houses*, 7490.—*Inns*: New London, Clarence, Half Moon, Globe, Queen, White Lion, and Seven Stars.

~~45~~ *COACHES*, to Exmouth, *via* Budleigh-Salterton; and to Sidmouth, *via* Ottery St. Mary.

FLY FARES.—To and from any part of the city, 1s.; to and from Heavitree, 1s. 6d.; to and from Mount Radford, 1s. 6d.; beyond the city-boundaries, 1s. per mile.

173 m., by road, from London, and 193½ m. by rail, *via* Bristol; 75½ m. from Bristol; 53 m. from Plymouth; 39½ m. from Barnstaple; 25½ m., by rail, from Axminster; 4 m. from Bishop's Clyst; 21½ m. from Chulmleigh; 8½ m. from Hele; 15 m. from Honiton; 6 m. from Honiton Clyst; 11½ m. from Moreton Hampstead; 21 m. from Okehampton; 10 m. from Ottery St. Mary; 7 m. from Powderham Castle; 13 m. from Sidmouth; 28 m. from Tavistock; and 4¾ m. from Topsham.

BANKERS.—Milford and Co.; Landers and Co.; West of England District Bank; Devon and Cornwall Banking Company; (Branch of) National Provincial Bank.

MARKET-DAYS.—Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.]

While, pausing on the green height, we look down upon the winding silver of the Exe, the motley roofs of the busy city, and the stately towers of its fair cathedral, let us recall, as briefly as may be, the historical associations which invest it with the glory of antiquity.

The Celts, on the slope of the hill whose base was washed by so clear and strong a river, naturally placed one of their earliest settlements, which they named CAER ISC, the town or fort on the Waters.* From its advantageous position, it would necessarily

* They also called it CAER-RYTH, the city on the Red Soil; CAER-PENHUELGOIT, the prosperous chief city in the woods; and PEN-CAER, the chief city.

thrive and flourish, so that when the Roman Eagle pressed forward into the combs of the West, it was, we may reasonably conclude, a prosperous town. The Romans immediately occupied it, and built a castle within it, and made it one of their stipendiary cities, changing its name to ISCA DAMNONIORUM, so that it waxed very great and powerful, and through its neighbourhood to the Dartmoor tin-mines, very rich. The Saxons in their turn settled themselves in this fair town by the waters, calling it, as was their wont, EXANCEASTRE, or the Waterside-camp. Its opulence attracted the cupidity of the fierce Norse Vikings, who seized upon it in 876, but were compelled by King Alfred to abandon it in the following year. During the troublous reigns which followed the death of Alfred, it seems to have fallen entirely into the hands of a body of the men of Cornwall, who had previously occupied but a portion of it—rude rough freebooters, retaining much of the ancient Celtic ferocity. They were driven out by Athelstane (about 927), who restored to it peace and tranquillity, established an abbey, protected the town with walls, and is justly regarded as the founder of modern Exeter by all loyal Exonians. It was ravaged on two or three occasions, however, by the Danes, but, nevertheless, grew so strong and prosperous, that Edward the Confessor, in 1044, removed thither the episcopal see, which for some centuries had been established at Crediton, and appointed to it Leofric, “his own priest.”

At the Norman Conquest, Exeter distinguished itself by its resolute defence against King William. Its inhabitants, says Ordericus Vitalis, cherished a deadly hatred towards their insolent invaders, and resolved to oppose themselves to the last against that King of alien blood, with whom, until his appearance before their walls, they had had no dealings whatsoever. They were wealthy and patriotic, and in their midst was the mother of Harold, who had fled to them for protection; and so they girded on their swords; they strengthened their fortifications; they called in from the surrounding country all who could bear arms; they invited the neighbouring towns to form an alliance with them; and, finally, they hired as soldiers all the foreign mariners who chanced to be in the port.

The siege of Exeter is one of the most romantic episodes in the history of the Conquest of England. Had the other great English towns resisted the invaders with the same unquailing

intrepidity, it may be that England would never have been Norman. And, after all, the proud city fell through the treason of foes within ; not the valour of her enemies without ; treachery foully overcame what even Norman courage could not subdue.

As William advanced towards Exeter he ravaged the country through which he passed with the most merciless barbarity, and flaming cottages and reeking corpses were the sad memorials of his progress. He halted his army within four miles of the city, and despatched a summons to the inhabitants to surrender, and to take the oath of fidelity to him. "We will not swear fidelity," they answered, "to thee who stylest thyself our king, nor receive thee within our walls. We will only consent to pay to thee as a tribute the tax which of old we paid unto our sovereigns." "I want subjects," was William's reply, "and it is not my custom to receive subjects on such conditions." Then he drew his forces up before the city, placing in the advanced guard a body of recreant Englishmen who had joined the standard of their conqueror, and overawed by his display of power, the chiefs and magistrates of Exeter stole out to the Norman's camp and yielded hostages to him, and accepted terms of peace. But when they sought to return, and proclaim the conditions, the stout citizens closed the gates against them, manned their walls, and made ready for the fight.

Ordering one of the hostages he had received to be carried within view of the rampart, and his eyes to be put out, he commenced the siege in due form. He lost, however, numbers of his best soldiers ; and though reinforcements were constantly brought up, and his mines sapped the city-walls, the citizens exhibited no signs of despair or lack of spirit. For eighteen days the struggle endured, and it seems probable that William would have been wearied out, when treachery stepped in to neutralize all that courage had achieved. The historians have not preserved the details, but the Saxon Chronicle pathetically records, "the citizens surrendered the town because their chiefs betrayed them."

During the siege forty-eight houses were shattered into ruins ; and with their materials the Normans built a castle, possibly upon the site of the Romano-Saxon stronghold, which, from its position, and the colour of the soil on which it was erected, they called Rouge-Mont. Its custody was intrusted to Baldwin, son of Gilbert de Brionne, who was also appointed

vicecomes of Devonshire, and enriched with twenty houses in Exeter, and one hundred and fifty-nine fat manors.

The Shakspearian reader will remember that Rouge-Mont was visited by Richard III. (September 8, 1483), who connected it with the warning he had received of his destined end. The dramatist makes his hero exclaim—

“ When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle
And call'd it Rouge-Mont—at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.”

(*Richard iii., Act iv., s. 2.*)

During the wars which disturbed the reign of Stephen, Exeter embraced the Empress Matilda's cause, and the Earl of Devon garrisoned the castle in her name. The king marched against it in person, and besieged it for two months (1136), starving the inhabitants, at last, into a surrender ; but Matilda remained so great a favourite with the men of Exeter that for centuries afterwards an annual festival was held in commemoration of her.

The city was besieged by Perkin Warbeck and his adherents in 1497 ; and again, in 1549, during the “ Great Devonshire Commotion,” which resulted from Edward VI.'s ritualistic changes, by the Roman Catholic insurgents. They encompassed the city for two months, but were compelled to retire on the appearance of the royalist army under Lord Russell. When the civil war broke out, the Earl of Stamford seized upon Exeter for the Parliament, but his defeat in May 1643 opened the gates to Prince Maurice, after an eight months' siege. It remained in the possession of the royalists for three years, and the queen here gave birth to the Princess Henrietta, afterwards the beautiful Duchess of Orleans.* In April 1646, it was captured by Lord Fairfax, and the Parliamentary army. The castle was then dismantled, and the fortifications demolished.

The next great event in the history of Exeter was the triumphant entry of William of Orange, November 9, 1688. Such a sight had never before been seen in Devonshire ! “ Many of the citizens went forth half a day's journey to meet the champion of their religion. All the neighbouring villages

* Her portrait, presented to the city by Charles II., still hangs in the Guildhall.

poured forth their inhabitants. A great crowd, consisting chiefly of young peasants brandishing their cudgels, had assembled on the top of Haldon Hill, whence the army, marching from Chudleigh, first descried the rich valley of the Exe, and the two massive towers rising from the cloud of smoke which overhung the capital of the west. The road, all down the long descent, and through the plain to the banks of the river, was lined, mile after mile, with spectators. From the West Gate to the Cathedral Close, the pressing and shouting on each side was such as reminded Londoners of the crowds on Lord Mayor's day. The houses were gaily decorated. Doors, windows, balconies, and roofs were thronged with gazers"—(*Macaulay*). The procession was well calculated to excite their admiration. First came Macclesfield at the head of 200 English gentlemen, mounted on Flemish horses, and each attended by a negro. Then followed a squadron of Swedish horsemen in black armour and fur cloaks. The prince's banner, inscribed, "The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England," was borne aloft by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages. Next, attended by 40 running footmen, appeared William himself, "armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume, and mounted on a white charger." At his side rode the great Count Schomberg. Then came a long column of "the whiskered infantry of Switzerland," and the regiments of Bentinck, Solmes, and Ginkell, Talmash and Mackay. The artillery consisted of 21 heavy pieces of brass cannon, each drawn along by 16 cart-horses.

"William repaired in military state to the Cathedral. As he passed under the gorgeous screen, that renowned organ, scarcely surpassed by any of those which are the boast of his native Holland, gave out a peal of triumph. He mounted the bishop's seat, a stately throne rich with the carving of the fifteenth century. Burnet stood below; and a crowd of warriors and nobles appeared on the right hand and on the left. The singers, robed in white, sang the *Te Deum*. When the chant was over, Burnet read the prince's declaration; but as soon as the first words were uttered, prebendaries and singers crowded in all haste out of the choir. At the close Burnet cried in a loud voice, 'God save the Prince of Orange,' and many fervent voices answered 'Amen!'"—(*Macaulay*).

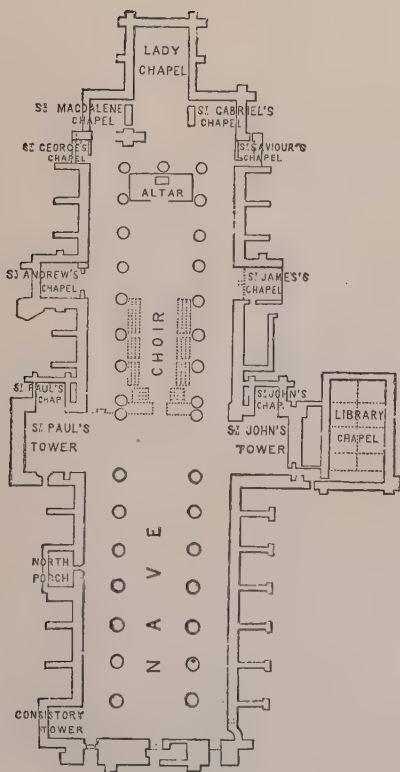
The prince was lodged in the Deanery, where, for some days, he remained in anxious suspense. The common people had

loudly pronounced in his favour, but none of the gentry had joined his standard. On Monday the 12th, however, a gentleman named Burrington came in from Crediton, and, in succession, appeared the turbulent Wharton, Lord Colchester, Lord Edward Russell, the Earl of Abingdon, Viscount Combury, and the proud and powerful Sir Edward Seymour. William's quarters, therefore, soon began to assume the appearance of a court. More than sixty men of rank and fortune were lodged at Exeter; and the daily display of rich liveries, and of coaches drawn by six horses, in the Cathedral Close gave to that quiet precinct something of the splendour and gaiety of Whitehall. On Wednesday, November 21, the prince left Exeter, leaving that city and the surrounding country under the government of Sir Edward Seymour.

THE CATHEDRAL.—The glory and boast of Exeter is, of course, its CATHEDRAL, which, though inferior in design and size to many of our English minsters, is, in some of its details, superior to all. Its WESTERN FRONT is admirable, and its INTERIOR almost faultless :—

The rich-fretted roof,
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose,
The tenderest image of mortality,
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
Cluster like stems in corn sheaves.

The reparation of the edifice on an extensive scale has been carried on of late years under the advice of Sir Gilbert Scott, and the best results have been produced.



GROUND-PLAN OF EXETER CATHEDRAL

TABLE OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.	Length in feet.	Breadth in feet.	Height in feet.	Bp. of Exeter.	King's Reign.	Date.	Style of Architecture.
Towers, North and South . . .	28	28	145	Warewast	Henry I.	1112	Norman
Lady Chapel (and Chapter House)	65	35	40	Bruere	Henry III.	1223-44	E. English
Transept (and part of Choir) .	140	32	68	Quivil	Edward I.	1281-93	E. English
Nave	180	40	68	Bytton	Edward I.	1293-1307	E. English
Aisles added to Nave . . .	148	20	35				
(Do. completed) and Choir . .	132	34	68	Stapledon	Edward II.	1307-18	Decorated
Aisle of Choir	132	20	35				
Screen; Nave completed	...	...	...	Grandisson	Edward III.	1328-69	Decorated
Western Façade	...	...	...	Grandisson	"	"	"
Cloisters (and Altar Window) .	133	133	...	Brantingham	Richard II.	1380-92	Early Perp.
Chapter House finished	55	32	50	Lacey	Henry VI.	1420-55	Perp.
Bishop's Throne	...	...	52	Bothe	Edward IV.	1470	Perp.
Cathedral finished	"	"	"	Bothe	"	1478	...
Total length	387 ft.						

According to Hoker, a Benedictine monastery and two other religious houses formerly stood within the present precincts of the Cathedral, and there is little doubt but that Edward the Confessor, when he removed the episcopal see from Crediton to Exeter, converted the monastery into a cathedral-church, if he did not erect an entirely distinct building. Of the Confessor's foundation, however, no remains exist. The CATHEDRAL we are now about to enter dates only from the reign of Henry I., when it was commenced by Bishop Warlewast (1112). When the city was captured and set on fire by Stephen, the cathedral was so severely injured that, though some necessary repairs were effected, Bishop Quivil resolved, in the reign of Edward I., to erect a new building on a more splendid scale. He lived to construct the Lady Chapel, and in his design he adapted the Norman towers of Bishop Warlewast as transepts. That design was carried out by his successors for more than a century, the final touches being given to it by Bishop Bothe. Its great defect is the want of a central tower to give dignity and majesty to its exterior, which is heavy without being imposing. It is noticeable for the extreme beauty of many of its details, but as a whole is far from impressive. Its architect would seem to have been capable of contriving "smaller features of almost faultless excellence," but to have wanted that "imaginative daring of genius" which would have enabled him to construct a sublime whole.

The plan of the cathedral is cruciform; the arms, however, are very short, the transepts having been formed out of the towers. The entire length of the building (including the Lady Chapel) is 408 feet; the towers, covered with blank arcades and other Norman details, are 145 feet high. The windows are in the Decorated style, and enriched with exquisite tracery. Between them are bold flying buttresses, with crocketed pinnacles, supporting the clerestory, and the high-pitched roof is effectively ornamented with a fleur-de-lis ridge.

The most striking portion of the exterior, however, is the WESTERN FRONT. "Gothic architecture was intended to appeal to the imagination and feelings. The chief entrance to a cathedral was by the western door, and, consequently, upon the western front the architect ordinarily employed all the resources of his art." Here it consists of three stories:—the *basement*, an elaborate screen, with a central doorway and a smaller one on each side. The entire surface is occupied with canopied niches, each contain

ing a statue. The *second storey* recedes slightly, and contains the noble west window of the nave, 39 feet by 27 feet, filled with nine lights, trefoiled, supporting a magnificent rose filled with rich geometrical tracery,—

“Flamboyant with a thousand gorgeous colours,
The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness !”

On each side are Decorated arcades, and the wall is supported by two bold flying buttresses. The *upper storey*, receding behind the second storey, is formed by the gable of the nave, and adorned by a window smaller than, but similar to, that which we have already described. The whole of the front was carefully restored in 1817. Its statuary forms a remarkable gallery of “patriarchs, sovereigns, prelates, barons, saints, and angels.” Of these the figures of the English kings are, perhaps, the most beautifully executed.

The interior is divided into

- 1.—The NAVE, with north and south aisles.
- 2.—NORTH and SOUTH TRANSEPTS (St. Paul's and St. John's Towers).
- 3.—The CHOIR and AISLES.
- 4.—The CHAPELS :—viz.,
 1. The Lady Chapel.
 2. St. Paul's (east side of the north transept).
 3. St. John the Baptist's (east side of south transept).
 4. St. Andrew's.
 5. St. James's.
 6. St. Mary Magdalene's (aisle of the choir).
 7. St. George's (adjoining, on the north).
 8. St. Gabriel's (aisle of the choir).
 9. St. Saviour's (adjoining, on the south).
- 5.—The CONSISTORY (formerly St. Edmund's Chapel).

We now make our way into the NAVE, 180 feet long, built by Bishop Bytton (1293-1307), and vaulted by Bishop Grandisson (1328-69). The exquisite enrichments of its windows ; its bold vaulted roof ; the shapely clustered columns of Purbeck marble which separate it from the aisles ; its general simplicity and grandeur—will immediately be recognized. The western window forms, of course, a conspicuous feature. The glass, however, is not good. A figure of St. Peter, the patron saint of the cathedral, occupies the centre. From the clerestory on the north side projects the curious “Minstrels' Gallery,” adorned with well-wrought figures of angels playing on shawm and cithara, harp, bagpipe, organ, trumpet, and tambourine. Date, reign of Edward III. The ORGAN is

one of the finest instruments in England. It was built, in 1665, by John Loosemore, at a cost of £2000—defrayed by Bishop Ward—and has been successively improved by Sherder, Jordan, Lincoln (1819), and Byfield and Gray. Exeter has long been noted for the excellence of its choral service, of which Defoe says—"Its solemnity, decency, and affecting harmony; the numerous congregation who attend, and their grave and pious behaviour, render the cathedral a glory to the diocese, the envy of other choirs, and the admiration of strangers."

The triple-arched ROOD-SCREEN (separating the Nave from the Choir) now invites our attention. The modern additions were made in 1819. Both the original design and workmanship (*temp.* Edward III.) are excellent, and the panels are covered with a remarkable series of very rude and very ancient oil paintings on stone, of singular value as illustrations of the condition of early English art. They represent—

1. The Creation; 2. Adam and Eve in the Garden; 3. The Deluge; 4. The Israelites crossing the Red Sea; 5. Destruction of Solomon's Temple; 6. Building of the Second Temple; 7. The Angel and Zacharias; 8. The Nativity; 9. Baptism of Christ; 10. Christ removed from the Cross; 11. The Resurrection; 12. The Ascension; 13. Pentecost.

The CHOIR is the richest and completest portion of the Cathedral. It was commenced by Bishop Quivil (1281-1293), and completed by Bishop Grandisson (1329-69). The oaken stalls are old and of a superior character, the canopies are recent and of indifferent workmanship; but the great object of interest is the BISHOP'S THRONE, a pyramidal structure of open tracery and pointed arches, rising to the height of 52 feet. Bishop Bothe placed it here about 1470. When the Puritans swept through the cathedral with destroying axe, defacing the statues and breaking the richly-painted windows, the throne escaped, through having been taken to pieces and concealed before the city was surrendered to Fairfax. A handsome new REREDOS, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, occupies a large space at the east end of the choir. The summit rises to a height of 22 feet, and the materials used consist of marble and Derbyshire alabaster, with precious stones. The centre compartment is occupied by a sculptured group representing the Ascension. The figure of the Saviour, which is 3½ feet in height, is supported on either side by angels, while the figure of St. Peter, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, occupies a prominent position. The transfiguration and descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost are also represented. The pavement of the choir is of Caen stone. The great east window, Early Perpendicular, dates from 1380, and the stained glass is of the same date.

The choir is separated from the aisles by an elaborate modern stone screen. The aisles respectively terminate in the CHAPEL of St.

MARY MAGDALENE, with a chapel of St. George adjoining on the north and the CHAPEL of St. GABRIEL, with an adjoining Chapel of St. Saviour, on the south.

The TRANSEPTS are short and unimpressive. In the tower over the south transept hang eleven bells; the tenor, weighing 7522 lbs., and the gift of Bishop Grandisson, was cracked when ringing an exultant peal on the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. In 1676 it was recast by Perdue, who also recast Great Tom of Exeter (in the north tower), which weighs 12,500 lbs., and was brought from Llandaff Cathedral in 1484 by Bishop Courtenay.

In the north transept one's gaze is attracted by a curious astronomical clock, *temp.* Edward III. The upper dial, which shews the minutes, was added in 1760. The lower dial is divided into three parts; the earth in the innermost circle, the moon in the middle, and the sun in the outer one. The moon is blackened on one side, and moved by the clock-work.

The CHAPTER-HOUSE (1427-78), to the south of the south transept, is a noble apartment, 75 feet by 30, with a richly-decorated roof. The lower portion is early English, and was begun by Bishop Bruere (1223-44). Here is preserved the cathedral library of 8000 volumes, containing a copy of an edition of Cæsar, printed in 1471; the "Codex Exoniensis," a MS. volume of Saxon poetry left by Leofric, first bishop of Exeter, and lately edited by Mr. Thorpe; several Saxon MSS.; the volume of Domesday Book relating to Devon and Cornwall; and the registers of the see from the reign of Edward I.

There is a CRYPT under St. James's Chapel, in the north transept.

Some of the CHAPELS and CHANTRIES are very beautiful, and the open screens which separate them from the body of the cathedral are in several instances very graceful and delicate. The monuments are of more than usual interest, and deserve a particular enumeration.

MONUMENTS.

In the NAVE—*Hugh Courtenay*, Earl of Devon, d. 1377, and his Countess Margaret; finely sculptured effigies. *Sir Peter Courtenay*, d. 1409; a good brass.

In the NORTH TRANSEPT—*William Sylke*, d. 1508. Above the monument, in his chantry (built 1485), was discovered, in 1852, a curious fresco of "The Resurrection." Jerusalem is shewn in the background; the apostles and disciples stand around; and the Saviour rises from the tomb, bestowing a benediction with his right hand, and holding a crozier in his left.

In the SOUTH TRANSEPT—*Bishop Leofric*, d. 1072, first bishop of Exeter; statues, and finely-executed canopy of the latter part of fourteenth century. *Bishop John*, "the Chanter," d. 1194.

In the CHOIR—*North Side*—*Bishop Stapledon*, founder of Exeter College, Oxford, d. 1326; canopied effigy, in the decorated style. *Sir Richard Stapledon*, his brother, d. 1326; effigy of a knight in armour. Both knight and bishop were murdered by

a mob in Cheapside, for having too warmly espoused the cause of Edward II. *Bishop Marshall*, d. 1206; effigy on a richly-sculptured tomb of Purbeck marble.

In the CHOIR—*South Side*—*Bishop Cotton*, d. 1621; effigy. *Humphrey de Bohun*, Earl of Hereford, slain at Boroughbridge in 1322; effigy in armour. *Bishop Chichester*, d. 1155; slab of Purbeck marble. *Sir Arthur Chichester*, his brother; effigy. *Bishop John Wotton*, d. 1595; altar tomb.

In the CHAPEL of ST. MARY MAGDALENE—*Sir Peter Carew*, slain in Flanders, temp. Elizabeth; effigy. *William Parkhouse*, d. 1540; figure of an emaciated corpse. *Judge Doddridge*, d. 1628; effigy. *Bishop Stafford*, d. 1419; altar-tomb and canopy, screen and effigy of alabaster, exquisitely sculptured.

In the CHAPEL of ST. GABRIEL—*Bishop Bronescombe*, d. 1280; effigy and tomb, very beautiful, of the same date, the screen and canopy, temp. Edward III. *Lieut.-General Simcoe*, d. 1806; a mural monument, with figures, by Flaxman. — *Northcote*, the artist; a statue by Chantrey. *Sir John Gilbert*, and wife, temp. James I.; effigies.

In the CHAPEL of ST. GEORGE—*Sir John Speke*, d. 1518; chantry-screen, and effigy.

In the CHAPEL of ST. SAVIOUR—*Bishop Oldham*, d. 1519; chantry-screen, and effigy.

In the LADY CHAPEL—*Bishop Peter Quivil*, d. 1293; slab engraved, with a flo- rated cross.

THE NORTH WALL—*Bishop Bartholomew*, d. 1148; effigy. *Bishop Simon de Apulia*, d. 1223; effigy.

WEST FRONT—*Bishop Grandisson*, d. 1369; chantry, St. Rhadegund's Chapel.

NORTH AISLE—*Bishop Carey*, d. 1627; in his robes as a spiritual peer.

The CHAPTER consists of a dean, sub-dean, chancellor, six canons, and seventeen prebendaries, with a yearly income of about £11,500. There are four priest-vicars, eight lay-vicars choral (forming a college founded by Henry IV.), and ten choristers. In the diocese there are 23 deaneries, 588 benefices, and four archdeaconries, for Exeter, Totnes, Cornwall, and Barnstaple. The present Bishop, the well-known Dr. Henry Phillpotts, was elevated to the see in 1831. The annual income is only £2700.

Among the more renowned of the Bishops of Exeter we may name—*Warewast*, who resigned on account of his blindness; *Bruere*, who fought at the siege of Acre, like a true priest-militant; *Stapledon*, slain in Cheapside by a riotous mob; *Stafford*, Lord Chancellor; *Fox*, the founder of Corpus Christi Coll., Oxon; *Miles Coverdale*, the translator of the Bible; *Wotton*, who declared that a bishop should die standing, and would not retire to a couch; *Gauden*, the chaplain of Charles I., and the supposed author of the Eikon Basilike; and *Sir John Trelawney*, to whose rescue, at the trial of the Seven Bishops, the Cornish miners made ready to hasten, and whose name was celebrated in a ballad, which every Cornish peasant sang:—

“And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?

Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why!”

Trelawney was at that time Bishop of Bristol.

THE PARISH CHURCHES of Exeter are numerous, but few of them are distinguished by any architectural excellence. ST. OLAVE'S, in Fore Street, was bestowed by William the Conqueror upon Battle Abbey, and given up to the use of the French Protestants, after the Edict of Nantes drove them from their native country.

ST. SIDWELL'S (*i.e.*, St. Sativola, a pious Exeter maiden, whose mother murdered her with a scythe, *circa* 740) was built in 1813, on the site of an old and much decayed church. The steeple, however, was not erected until 1823. The pillars which separate the nave and aisles were preserved from the original building. The pulpit is richly carved, the font octagonal. A brass in the north aisle commemorates *Hugh Grove*, beheaded, together with Colonel Penruddock, in Exeter Castle, May 1655, for their share in the rebellion against Cromwell. The inscription runs: “*Hic jacet Hugo Grove de Enford in comitatu Wilts armiger, in restituendo Ecclesiam, in asserendo Regem, in propugnando Legem et Libertatem Anglicanam, captus et decollatus. 16 May, 1655.*”

ST. DAVID'S, on St. David's hill, is a respectable Grecian-Doric structure, erected in 1817, from the designs of Mr. James Green. There is a monument to Sir *Thomas Jefford*, d. 1703.

ALLHALLOWS ON THE WALLS, in Bartholomew Yard, was designed by Hayward in 1845. The east window contains some good stained glass, by Willement, and the south window (*Simeon and Anna*), by O'Connor.

ST. LAWRENCE'S, High Street, recently restored, has a good oaken screen, an altar-piece by *Bacon*, and a statue of Queen Elizabeth, removed from a conduit which formerly existed in High Street.

ST. JAMES'S was built in 1836. The pulpit, of Spanish carved oak, and formerly in the Cathedral, is said to have been captured in a Spanish galleon.

ST. MARY STEPS (West Street) exhibits a curious antique clock, whose three figures are popularly called *Matthew the Miller* (it really represents Henry VIII.) and his two sons. An old local quatrain is still repeated:—

“Adam and Eve would never believe,
That old Mat the Miller was dead,
For every hour in Westgate tower
Old Matthew nods his head.”

In the church of ST. MARY ARCHES there are numerous ancient memorials, and some Norman arches—whence the name, Sancta Maria de Arcubus. ST. MARY MAJOR, Cathedral Yard, is partly Norman and partly Early English, with some vile “modernization.” Some portions of ST. MARTIN’S, Cathedral Yard, are Norman; and so of ST. JOHN’S, Fore Street, and ST. STEPHEN’S, High Street. EXWICK CHAPEL was built in 1842, and is worth a visit. In ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE’S, Cowick Street, a monument by *Bacon* commemorates his daughter Mrs. Medley. The altar-plate at ST. PETROCK’S, Cathedral Yard, is old and interesting. Among the other churches, that of ST. MICHAEL’S, on Mount Dinham, near the Mount Dinham Alms Houses, is also worthy of notice. Before the Civil War, Exeter could boast, it is said, of no less than 32 churches; and so numerous at one time were the monasteries, that Exeter was called MONK TOWN.

THE BISHOP’S PALACE, in Palace Street, near the Cathedral, is not a remarkable building, but its gardens are very agreeable. It was leased during the Commonwealth to a sugar-refiner, traces of whose troughs and pans remained as late as 1821. It was thoroughly renovated, 1845-8. Some of the ancient carving is excellent.

THE DEVON ASSIZE HALL (containing a fine picture, “The Acquittal of Susannah,” by Brockedon, the artist and Alpine traveller) was erected in 1773, on the site of

ROUGEMONT CASTLE, the old stronghold, built by William the Conqueror on an eminence which completely overlooks the city. Its name is said to be derived from the red soil on which it was built, but William of Worcester ascribes it to a mythic baron named Rothemund. The Conqueror bestowed it upon his niece Albreda’s husband, Baldwin de Brionne, and it remained with his descendants until 1230. It was captured and partly burnt by Stephen. John Holland, Duke of Exeter, built a stately mansion within its precincts in the reign of Henry VI., but both mansion and castle gradually fell into “the sere and yellow leaf.” The gateway (Norman), three of the bastions, and

some portions of the rampart, are nearly all that now remain, and over these the ivy has shed its luxuriant beauty. [Some ruins, however, still lend a peculiar interest to the beautiful grounds of ROUGEMONT LODGE (H. Gard, Esq.), and these can readily be examined by the tourist—Mr. Gard liberally throwing open his gardens to any stranger who presents his card.]

The GUILDHALL was rebuilt in 1464 ; its singular projecting front, supported by semicircular arches which rest on heavy columns, dates from 1593. The principal room is 63 feet long by 25 feet broad. The walls are adorned with the scutcheons of the city mayors, recorders, incorporated trades, and benefactors. Among the paintings may be named—Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I., and afterwards Duchess of Orleans, born at Bedford House, in this city, June 16, 1644, by Sir *Peter Lely* ; Monk, Duke of Albemarle, by *Lely* ; George II., and Lord Chief-Justice Pratt (Earl Camden), by *Hudson*, a native of Exeter, and master to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, High Street, founded in 1225 for the support of five priests, nine boys, and twelve almsmen, was converted in 1663 into a free grammar school, and now maintains, in addition, a blue coat and a commercial school. The buildings enclose a quadrangle, whose centre is occupied by a statue of Henry VII. in Roman garb. An ancient chapel adjoins the schools.

COLLEGE HALL, South Street, now shelters an Architectural Society, whose collection of drawings and models will interest the virtuoso. Here is a portrait of a person unknown, by *Reynolds*, and one of the Rev. Tobias Langdon, by *William Gandy*, a native of Exeter, and an artist of great promise. The HALL dates from the fourteenth century, and is hung with old portraits of the early Bishops of Exeter.

Other edifices and societies, to which the tourist, if he has leisure, may direct his attention, are—the DEVON and EXETER INSTITUTION, founded in 1813, and rich in a good library of 10,000 volumes ; the ATHENÆUM, built in 1836 ; the Commercial School, an Elizabethan pile, not erected until 1810, though the funds were bequeathed by Eliza Hale in 1632 ; the POST OFFICE and its adjuncts, 1850 ; the EASTERN MARKET, Queen Street, opened in 1838, occupying an area of 230 feet by 165 feet ; the WEST OF ENGLAND INSURANCE OFFICE, an imposing structure in the High Street ; the well-stocked NURSERIES of

Messrs. Veitch (Topsham Road) and Messrs. Luccombe (Alphington Road); the FEMALE REFORMATORY in Black Bay Road; the BATHS, Southernhay; the Deaf and Dumb Institution, on the Topsham Road, founded in 1826, and open to visitors on Tuesdays and Fridays; the Institution for the Blind, St. David's Hill, founded in 1838, and open daily except Saturdays and Sundays; the three ALMS-CHAPELS of St. WYNARD's, Magdalen Street, dating from 1436, and recently restored with great care and taste; LEPER'S HOSPITAL, at the foot of Magdalen Hill; and St. ANN's, Perpendicular, in St. Sidwell Street. There have also been recently erected on Northernhay statues of Sir T. D. Acland and John Dinham, both by G. Stephens, an Exeter artist.

There are some singular old houses in High Street, North Street, and South Street. The Norman crypt of St. NICHOLAS PRIORY, Mint Lane, has been converted into a kitchen.

The SHIP CANAL was begun in 1544 in consequence of the injury done to the navigation of the river nearly three centuries earlier by the erection of the COUNTESS' WEIR, by Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon, who, having been defeated in a lawsuit by the citizens of Exeter, took this mode of revenging herself. The canal cost the moderate sum of £5000, is 15 feet deep and 5 miles long, terminating at Topsham. Exeter was afterwards created a royal port by Charles II.; and its communication with the sea has since been carefully maintained.

WORTHIES OF EXETER.—Sir *William Morrice*, born 1602, secretary of state to Charles II.; Sir *Thomas Bodley*, 1544-1612, “who, with a munificence which has rendered his name more immortal than the foundation of a family would have done,” established the Bodleian Library at Oxford; *Thomas Yalden*, 1671-1736, the poet, author of sundry odes and hymns now completely forgotten; *Simon Ockley*, the Oriental scholar, born 1675; *Tom D'Urfey*, 1650-1723, dramatist and ballad writer, immortalized by Steele in the *Tatler* (No. 67); *Eustace Budgell*, 1685-1737, a friend of Addison's, a contributor to the *Spectator*, and satirized by Pope—in allusion to a charge of will-forgery—

“Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please—except my will;”

William Gandy, the portrait-painter, d. 1729, and buried in St. Paul's Church, Exeter—his genius was recognized by Kneller; *Cardinal Langton*; Sir *William Petre*; Sir *Vicary Gibbs*, the

well-known lawyer, 1750 ; *Robert Lord Gifford*, 1779 ; *Lord Chancellor King*, the ancestor of the Earls of Lovelace ; *William Jackson*, 1730, the composer of many exquisite chants, madrigals, and glees, and for many years the cathedral organist ; and *Richard Hooker*, the "judicious," born at Heavitree in 1553, d. at Bishop's-bourne, Kent, in 1600,—whose treatise on "Ecclesiastical Polity" still holds its place among the masterpieces of English theological literature.

WALKS IN OR NEAR EXETER.—And here we propose to avail ourselves of the graphic language of Mr. Thorne :—"The chief of these walks," he says, "is the Northernhay, 'the admiration of every stranger, and the pride, the ornament, and the boast of Exeter.' It lies along the summit of an elevated spot of ground on the north of the city, close by the castle wall. The grounds are neatly laid out, and planted with shrubs, and the walks, which are well disposed, are shaded by noble old elms, and afford some pleasant prospects. From Friar's walk, and the Parade in front of Cullompton Terrace, on the south side of the city, some capital views may be had of the city and country beyond. On the outside of the city very charming strolls may be taken in almost any direction. Pennsylvania Hill affords extensive and noble prospects ; perhaps the city and surrounding country are seen to most advantage from it. The footpaths along the meadows by the Exe also yield a most pleasant ramble. The Exe is here a broad stream, and the scenery along it, though not very striking, is very pleasing ; while the views that here and there are met with, add occasional vivacity to its quiet beauty. Old Abbey, on the east bank of the Exe, about a mile below the city, is the site of a priory of Cluniac monks. Hardly a vestige of the building remains ; but the stranger will not regret the stroll down to it, as it stands on a very pretty part of the river. A good footpath alongside the canal forms a favourite walk of the citizens in the summer season, especially of such as 'go a junketing' to the neighbouring villages. There are some very agreeable walks, too, by Cowick and Ide, and along the heights in that direction"—*Thorne*. A good view of Exeter, we may add, is attainable from Exwick Hill, and a stroll to HEAVITREE, Hooker's birthplace, one mile east, is not to be forgotten. From HALDON and WATTLES (locally WADDLES) DOWN, the prospects are very fine. Permission is readily granted to the tourist to view the agreeable gardens of FORDLANDS (E. Walkey, Esq.), nearly 3

miles west. **POLTIMORE HOUSE** (Lord Poltimore), is about 3½ miles north-east.

[HINTS for RAMBLES.—1. By way of IDE, and DUNSFORD, to MORETON HAMPSTEAD, 11½ miles; cross through Drewsteignton into the Oakhampton road, and by way of CHERITON BISHOPS, and ST. MARY TEDBURN, return to Exeter. A long summer-day's walk of full 27 miles. The tourist may, if he pleases, pass a night at Moreton Hampstead, and spread the excursion over two days. 2. Through EXMINSTER and POWDERHAM to STARCROSS; by ferry to EXMOUTH. Return by boat to Topsham, and thence into the city. About 20 miles (boat-voyage included). 3. To OTTERY ST. MARY, 10 miles, and thence to HONITON, 5 miles, returning by rail. 4. To SIDMOUTH, *via* Woodbury, East Budleigh, and Otterton, 14 miles. Pass the night at Sidmouth, and the next day proceed up the valley of the Sid to HONITON, 8 miles, and return by road, 15 miles, or by rail. 5. To CULLOMPTON, through HELE, 11½ miles, returning by the old road, through BROAD CLYST, and PINHOE. 6. Up the valley of the Exe to BICKLEIGH, 10 miles. Descend the south-west road to CADBURY, and then strike south-east to THORVERTON, and so into Exeter, 12 miles. 7. To CREDITON, 8 miles; and southward to ST. MARY TEDBURN, 4½ miles, and by the Oakhampton road return to the cathedral-city, 7 miles.]

EXETER TO WELLINGTON, 24 Miles.

BY RAILWAY.

The railway from Exeter to Wellington runs through an exceedingly agreeable country, woodlands, valleys, and hills, succeeding each other in rapid alternation, so that the train now runs through a deep cutting, now speeds along a formidable embankment, now crosses a clear sweet rivulet, now opens up a vista of some old leaf-embowered grange or ancient manorial mansion. It follows, too, so nearly in the course of the great high road to Bristol, that in describing the country it traverses, we shall also describe the route followed by the horseman or pedestrian.

After quitting Exeter, and crossing the Culm near its junction with the Exe, we catch sight, on our left, of the charming grounds of **PYNES HOUSE** (Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., M.P.) We then turn away from the Exe to follow the course of the Culm, leaving, about one mile west the well-known village of **BRAMPFORD SPEKE**, associated with the famous baptism controversy between Henry of Exeter and the Rev. G. C. Gorham. The **CHURCH** is a fine old structure, with a stately buttressed and pinnacled tower; a curious hexagonal font; and a chantry founded by the Speke family—a family once so potent

in Devonshire, that certain bye-ways were called **SPEKE'S PATHS**, as being reserved for him and his people to travel by, but no others.

At some distance to the left lies **KILLERTON** (Sir T. Dyke Acland, Bart.), its spacious mansion pleasantly girt about with patriarchal trees. Soon afterwards we sweep across the high road and the sparkling Culm into **HELE**, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles, by rail, from Exeter—a settlement which almost wholly consists of one large paper manufactory. Far away to the north-east lies **PLYMTREE** (population, 468), a pretty Devonshire village, surrounded by fat meadows and fertile plains. In the west front of the tower of its perpendicular **CHURCH** statues of the Virgin and Infant Jesus occupy an elaborately-wrought niche. The reredos is good, and the font ancient.

Following very closely the line of the Culm we pass, one mile left, the large village of **BRADNINCH** (population, 1834). At the rectory, now known as **BRADNINCH HOUSE** (G. Pearse, Esq.), Charles I. passed several nights in 1644, and the bedstead whereon the honoured guest reposed is still preserved. The **CHURCH** is of composite architecture—Early English and late Perpendicular—the north aisle having been erected, *temp.* Henry VII., by the Guild of Cordwainers. Remark the curious painting of the Crucifixion, and the elaborate screen dating from 1528.

About 2 miles farther we reach **CULLOMPTON** (already described, see p. 171), and soon discern against the eastern sky the lofty elevation of the Black Downs. Through a fair rich valley, studded with farms and hamlets—**BRADFIELD HALL** (T. Walrond, Esq.), a fine Elizabethan house, picturesque in the extreme, with its gabled roof and mullioned windows, lying about one mile right, and **HILLERSDOWN HOUSE** (W. C. Grant, Esq.) on the left—we run into the **TIVERTON JUNCTION STATION**, whence a short branch (5 miles) diverges, left, to **TIVERTON** (see **BRANCH ROUTE**). 2 miles east, on the Culm, lies **UFFCULME** (population, 2098), a village worth a visit, on account of its goodly church and pastoral scenery. $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west, upon the Grand Western Canal which connects Tiverton with Taunton, stands **HALBERTON** (population, 1745), whose church is hoary with age, and replete with interest. The Early English **CHURCH** of **SAMPFORD**

PEVERELL (population, 855), with its effigy of an unknown crusader, and other memorials worth inspection, is also situated on the canal, about 2 miles north-east of Halberton, 4 miles from Tiverton, and 9 miles from Wellington.

Continuing our railway journey we pass (4 miles) the village of BURLESCOMBE (population, 911), in the neighbourhood of the SCYTHE-STONE QUARRIES, and at the foot of the Black Down Hills. CULMSTOCK (population, 1224), *i.e.*, the STOKES or village, on the Culm, lies about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-east, and HEMYOCK (population, 1080), or Hemmick, as it is locally called, 2 miles farther eastward. Here are some ivy-shrouded ruins, and the grassy moat of a Roman castle, made use of by the Parliament, during the Civil War, as a prison—captured by Lord Powlett and his cavaliers in 1642—and dismantled by Cromwell in 1646. The gateway is in good condition. HEMYOCK CHURCH exhibits Early English and Decorated characteristics. Good trout-fishing may be had at Culm Bridge.

The train now enters the hilly country which borders upon Somersetshire. On Black Down Hill, to the right, rises a memorial column of stone, known as the WELLINGTON MONUMENT, commemorating the victory of Waterloo, and crowned with a bronze statue of the great soldier by whose genius that victory was won. On the left, 3 miles, lies HOLCOMBE ROGUS (population, 759), deriving its affix from its Norman lord, Rogo, from whose descendants it passed to the Bluetts. The CHURCH is Perpendicular, and contains some monuments. The manor-house is Jacobean, and surrounded by pleasant gardens.

Through the WHITE BALL TUNNEL, a fine piece of arched brickwork, nearly 3 miles long, we pass into Somersetshire, leave SAMPFORD ARUNDEL on the right, cross the Tone, and after a 3 miles run, enter WELLINGTON (population, 6000. *Inns*: Squirrel, and King's Arms), 170 miles from London. Its CHURCH is a fine edifice, chiefly Perpendicular, with a two-storeyed tower, 100 feet in height, a splendid Early English east window, and a stately tomb to Lord Chief-Justice Sir JOHN POPHAM, died 1607. The town has a good Guildhall, a considerable woollen manufactory, and much pleasant scenery around it.

EXETER TO BAMPTON, 20 Miles.

By way of BICKLEIGH and TIVERTON.

We make at first for BRAMPFORD SPEKE, passing Pynes House on our way ; and leaving NETHEREX (population, 103), on the eastern bank of the Exe, cross, at THORVERTON, that sparkling river, which here winds through a landscape of singular beauty, into SILVERTON (population, 1376). The stately classical-looking mansion in SILVERTON PARK (Countess of Egremont) was built by the late Earl of Egremont, and contains a good collection of pictures. Here is Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of himself, painted for the corporation of his birth-town, Plympton, and sold by the corporation for £150. In this picturesque little village, which rejoices in a simple rural church of some antiquity, Fairfax encamped for four days, in 1645.

We now turn to the left, and gain the banks of the Exe, which meanders through a richly-wooded valley dear to artist and to poet. A three miles' walk of infinite interest brings us to BICKLEIGH (population, 280), perched upon a narrow and lofty ridge, between two deep, shadowy vales, while all around rise gentle hills clothed in the most luxuriant verdure. BICKLEIGH CHURCH, with its gray tower, is, for many a mile, a notable landmark. BICKLEIGH COURT is now a farm-house of considerable pretensions, with a Norman chapel adjoining. It was for years the ancestral seat of the Carews, and here was born the eccentric Bampfylde Moore Carew, in 1690, who, after a life of singular romance as king of the gipsies, and grand master of the honourable fraternity of the beggars, returned home to die in 1758. His tomb stands in the churchyard.

At Bickleigh the Exe receives the waters of a small but rapid tributary, the Dart, whose course lies through a narrow and romantic glen from its very birthplace.

Descending into the fertile lowlands, and keeping as near as may be to the pleasant Exe—the hills on our left rising to a considerable elevation—we pass by sundry clusters of Devonshire cottages, by smiling hedgerows and broad rich meads, into Tiverton. Here, at the base of a well-wooded acclivity, and facing the shimmering waters of the river, stands COLLIPRIEST HOUSE (R.

Carew, Esq.). The mansion is plain, consisting of a centre with projecting wings, but very pleasantly situated; an ample lawn sloping down to the river-bank; an amphitheatre of magnificent trees sweeping gradually around it. From the Temple of Apollo, which forms the termination of a fine avenue of elms on Colli-priest Hill, an extended panorama of Tiverton and its neighbourhood may be enjoyed.

TIVERTON—*i.e.*, TWO-FORD-TOWN.

[Population, 10,000. *Inns*: The Angel, and the Palmerston.

168 m. from London; 5 m. from Tiverton Junction; 13 m. from Exeter; 5 m. from Chudleigh; $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Collumpton; 10 m. from Crowys Bay; 8 m. from Exe Bridge; 5 m. from Bradninch; $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Halberton; 7 m. from Okeford; and 4 m. from Sampford Peverell.

Bankers: Branch of National Provincial Bank, and Messrs. Dunsford and Co.

Markets: Tuesday and Saturday.

~~£38~~ *Coach* three times a-week to BAMPTON, and every Tuesday to DULVERTON.]

Probably to most Englishmen Tiverton is best known as the borough which was represented in Parliament for thirty years by the "ever-youthful" Lord Palmerston. It is a town, however, of considerable antiquity, and of some liveliness and activity. The lace factory of J. H. Amory, established in 1816, employs about 1500 hands, and the same firm conducts a large iron-foundry and gas-work. From its position in a pastoral district of great fertility its markets are also of much importance; and a pleasant place, of a truth, it is, when the farmers and their apple-cheeked lasses crowd into the town on market-day, and Devonshire butter, Devonshire cream, and Devonshire poultry attract the wistful gaze.

The town is built on sloping ground at the junction of the Exe and Loman, and enjoys the advantages of railway and canal communication. The manor was bestowed by Henry I. upon the potent Richard de Redvers, Earl of Devon, and Lord of the Isle of Wight, who built here a castle on the north side of the town, which his descendants maintained for several centuries. Fairfax and Massey captured it in 1645, and dismantled it. Its only remains are some mouldering walls and towers, covered with lichens, mosses, and ivy, and the noble gateway—now the property of Sir W. Carew, Bart. At CRANMORE, south of the town, the rebels who participated in the religious war of 1549 were

defeated by the royal forces. During the civil war the town was occupied in turn by cavalier and roundhead ; in 1643, the Parliamentarians were driven out of it ; in 1644, Charles I. entered it in person ; in 1645, it was captured by Fairfax.

An old local adage advises you "to go to Tiverton and ask Mr. Able," and he will probably point out, as *the* attraction of Tiverton, its noble CHURCH, built in the fifteenth century, and restored by Ashworth of Exeter in 1853-5. It is dedicated to St. Peter. Its embattled and pinnacled tower is 116 feet high, and, of course, from its summit a bold and varied prospect may be enjoyed. The south façade is the best portion of the building, and the buttresses are adorned with quaintly sculptured figures. The screen in the interior ; the scriptural sculpture decorating the porch and chapel ; the brasses of *John Greenway*, d. 1529, and his wife *Jane* ; and the altar-piece of "The Wise Men's Offerings," are things to be noticed with care. The memorials of the Courtenays, Earls of Devon, which once enriched the church, were destroyed in the siege of the town by Fairfax. The church was then garrisoned, and stoutly defended, by a detachment of Royalists.

The tourist should not fail to visit the ancient GRAMMAR SCHOOL, founded for 150 boys by a Tiverton merchant, one Peter Blundell, about 1604.

The only eminent native of Tiverton remembered by posterity is *Hannah Cowley*, born in 1743, died 1809—a dramatic writer of moderate ability.

Seven miles north of Tiverton we reach BAMPTON (population, 2102. *Inn*: The White Horse), a quiet romantic town in the heart of the silent hills. The Limestone Quarries ; Bampton Wood ; the long wooded vale of PIXTON PARK (Earl of Carnarvon), its heronry, and rookery ; EXBRIDGE, 2½ miles, a famous place for trout-fishing ; COMBEHEAD (H. Badcock, Esq.) ; HOCKWORTHY COURT HALL (G. Webster, Esq.), 5½ miles east ; STOODLEIGH COURT (T. Daniel, Esq.) ; TIMEWELL HOUSE (J. Bere, Esq.) ; WONHAM (J. Collins, Esq.) ; The MOUNT, at the east end of Castle Street, once occupied by a Norman Castle ; the Perpendicular CHURCH, with its fine screen and ancient yew trees—these are the objects of attraction in Bampton and its vicinity.

Bampton is famous for its cattle and horse fairs, held in the months of March, June, October, and November. The largest

fair (especially for sheep) takes place on the last Thursday in October. Cynegils, King of Wessex, defeated the British here in 614. By some authorities, however, this great battle, in which 2065 Britons were slain, is said to have been fought at Bampton in Oxfordshire.

EXETER to BIDEFORD.

By the NORTH DEVON RAILWAY.

[Newton St. Cyres, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Crediton, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Coppleston, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Morchard Road, $1\frac{3}{4}$ m.; Eggesford, $7\frac{1}{4}$ m. (Chulmleigh, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m.); Umlerleigh, 10 m.; Barnstaple, 7 m.; Bideford, 9. m. = 50 m.]

We follow at first the vale of the Creedy, passing PYNES HOUSE (Sir S. Northcote, Bart., M.P.) on the right, until beyond Cowley Bridge the Bristol line branches off boldly to the north-east, and our own rail sweeps round through NEWTON ST. CYRES station (the village $\frac{1}{2}$ mile left), past NEWTON HOUSE (J. Quicke, Esq.), and DOWNES (J. W. Buller, Esq.), where it leaves the river Creedy, and crosses the Yeo, and enters

CREDITON (population, 4222. *Inn*: The Ship. *Market*: Saturday), 180 miles from London, 7 miles from Exeter, and $32\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Barnstaple. This is one of the Devonshire towns that has been improved by its numerous conflagrations, and it now exhibits but little of that hoary antiquity to which it can lay claim.

“ Kirdon was a market town
When Exeter was a vuzzy down,”

runs the local rhyme, and it is said to have been the birthplace of the great missionary Winfred, or St. Boniface, the apostle of Central Germany, martyred in 756. From 909 until 1050 it was the seat of a bishopric which had sway over Devon only.

It was once a great depot of the woollen manufacture, but its staple now is boot and shoemaking. The CHURCH is a good Perpendicular building, embodying the Norman portion of the tower of the ancient sanctuary. An Early English piscina may be seen in the chancel-porch, and the east window merits examination. During its prime as a collegiate church the chancel was occupied with 36 stalls for its 18 canons and 18 vicars. An altar-tomb, with effigies, commemorates Sir *John Sully*, who after fighting under the banner of the Black Prince throughout his stirring campaigns, died at the age of 105, and *Dame Sully*, whose old age was not so remarkable as that of her warrior-husband. A curious altar-piece, representing "Moses and Aaron receiving the Decalogue" will amuse the visitor.

Crediton manor formerly belonged to the Bishops of Exeter, who had a palace here. The patronage of the church is now in the hands of twelve trustees or governors.

The seats in its neighbourhood are,—CREEDY PARK (Major-General Sir H. R. F. Davie, Bart., M.P.); SHOBROOK PARK (J. H. Hippisley, Esq.); DOWRISH HOUSE (Capt. Clayfield), $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles north, retaining the gateway and centre of a house built in the reign of King John, and a marble table "inlaid with cards and counters, shewing the two hands of piquet held by a Mr. Dowrish and an ancestor of the present Sir Stafford Northcote, who were playing together, when Mr. Dowrish thinking he had won the game, betted the manor of Kennerleigh, and lost it. The Northcotes hold it at the present time. The marble table was made to commemorate the event;" and DOWNES (J. W. Buller, Esq., M.P.), where there is a good collection of the works of modern English artists.

BRANCH ROUTE—CREDITON TO TIVERTON, 12 Miles.

We cross the Creedy—CREEDY PARK lying on our left—and soon afterwards enter SHOBROOK (population, 812), the native parish and patrimonial estate of the Bodleys. The church is neat and simple. The rectory is attached to the see of Exeter. Two miles beyond, we pass through STOCKLEY POMEROY (population, 221), one of the ancient estates of the powerful family of Pomeroy, and in due time reach CADBURY CASTLE, a British camp on a lofty and lonesome hill, which was occupied by Fairfax and his troops in December 1645. The old rhyme runs,—

“ If Cadbury and Dolbury dolven were
All England might plough with a golden share.”

Dolbury is a camp-crowned hill, 4 miles south-east, across the Exe. It is said that in the bosom of these hills a vast treasure is hidden, and guarded by a fiery dragon who, at “ the mid-hour of night,” may be seen on his flight from one to the other, keeping an eternal and untiring watch.

Soon we descend into the beautiful vale of Bickleigh, and trace the course of the Exe through a series of charming landscapes into TIVERTON (pp. 195-6).

CREDITON to OKEHAMPTON.

Our road now lies to the south-west, passing the “ crested heights” of Posbury and Blackadown—the former a mass of the new red sandstone, and the latter exhibiting the remains of a triple vallum and fosse—and sweeping along the little Yeo to TEDBURN ST. MARY (population, 860), where it joins the highway from Exeter to Okehampton.

Two miles further, and we reach (on the right) CHERITON BISHOP (population, 806), with its stately Perpendicular Church. To the left, at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant, lies FULFORD HOUSE (B. Fulford, Esq.), a quaint Elizabethan mansion (with a noble beechen avenue), which was garrisoned by the cavaliers but captured by Fairfax in December 1645. There is a good portrait here of Charles I. The Fulfords have held the manor since *temp.* Richard I.

CHERITON CROSS, a fragment of weather-worn granite, stands at the junction of three roads, at half a mile or so beyond the village. Passing through the leafy hamlet of CROCKERN WELL, we come to a road on the left which diverges to the large and pleasantly-situated village of DREWSTEIGNTON (population, 1250), seated on a considerable acclivity about half a mile from the Teign. In its vicinity are numerous Celtic camps and other interesting antiquities, which have induced some antiquaries to broach the theory that DREWSTEIGNTON—*i.e.*, “ The Druids’ Town on the Teign”—was the principal Druidic settlement;

but it really derives its name from the Norman who possessed the manor in the reign of Henry II., Drogo de Teignton. The gardens, the prolific orchards, the grassy slopes, steep hill-sides, and sunny meadows; the thick leafy coppices and shadowy glades; the noble farms and antique manorial houses which encircle Drewsteignton, render it an excellent centre for a series of summer-day excursions.

FINGLE BRIDGE (*fyn*, a boundary, and *g'ill*, a waterfall) is a point that no tourist should fail to visit. May the writer be forgiven for saying that it is associated with many of his childhood's pleasantest memories! The road sweeps down an embowered descent to the river, which is crossed by a narrow, time-worn bridge, covered with ivy and lichens, and supported by numerous arches. Its eddying and whirling stream is pent up between lofty and precipitous banks, which throw a peculiar shadow upon its waters, and enforce, as it were, a strange and impressive silence. Above it rises the ancient British camp of PRESTON BERRY CASTLE—*berry*, from *byrig*, a fort—locally pronounced Pressönbërry, a considerable entrenchment, occupying full seven acres, and protected on the north-east by a double vallum and an outwork. On the other bank towers a sister stronghold, known as CRANBROOK CASTLE, strengthened on the south side by a double fosse, and a massive vallum, and ascended to through a perfect forest of hazel and bramble, enlivened by ferns and wild flowers, and affording occasional glimpses of the reaches of the silver Teign.

Having refreshed himself at the mill, a short distance below the bridge, where a couple of rooms are placed at the disposal of visitors, the wayfarer will proceed up the Teign, passing beneath some formidable crags, and winding with the sinuous course of the river, to the LOGAN, or ROLLING STONE*—a mass of rock precipitated by some convulsion from the hill above. It measures 12 feet long by 6 feet in breadth and height, and within the recollection of many, sensibly shook at a light touch of the hand; it now appears to be embedded in the soil. Many a legend flourished about it in the days of our childhood; but even Devonshire peasants have tasted of the fruit of "the tree of knowledge," and now regard the Logan Stone with a sublime indifference.

Indifference, however, to the natural beauties of this romantic

* The Welsh *maen sigl*, or shaking stone.

spot no tourist will pretend. Here is a deep valley, or defile, formed by the fantastic rocky steep of HUNSTOR, and the picturesque oak-shadowed slopes of WHYDDON PARK (E. S. Bayley, Esq.) The river now winds through the gloom, seething round many a jutting crag, and dimpling into silent pools beneath a cluster of musical reeds, passes under Dogamarsh Bridge, where it is crossed by the road from Moreton-Hampstead to Oakhampton; and finally wanders far away into the haunted recesses of Dartmoor. At Dogamarsh Bridge we leave its banks, and, turning towards Oakhampton, make our way to the SPINSTER'S ROCK (in the grounds of Shilston farm). It is said to have been raised on its present elevation by a father and his three sons (Noah, Ham, Shem, and Japheth ?) who brought the stones from the loftiest wilds of Dartmoor. Another legend ascribes its erection to three *spinning women*, or *spinsters*, who accomplished the feat one morning before breakfast. In the latter tradition Mr. Rowe would detect an allusion to the three *Fatal Sisters*, the terrible Valkyriur of the Norse mythology, whose office it was, with "abhorred shears, to slit the thin-spun life"—to "weave the warp, and weave the woof, the winding-sheet" of many a hero's race.

Leaving THROWLEIGH (population, 395), its CHURCH, and SHELSTONE POUND, on the left—the latter an enclosure in the centre of an ancient British village, formed by stones about 3 feet high and 7 feet thick—we regain the Oakhampton road, near the sixteenth mile-stone from Exeter. Two miles further westward and we reach SOUTH ZEAL (population, 578), a small and quiet village on the confines of the haunted wilds of Dartmoor. One mile beyond is STICKLEPATH (from the Saxon *sticele*, a rapid). Here we propose to indulge in another of our digressions, and take the tourist with us on a visit to CAWSAND BEACON, 1792 feet above the ocean-level.

[Passing through the village, we turn aside by a rudely-carved cross of granite into a path that leads along the bank of the Taw to Taw Marsh, where the vale is absolutely *speckled* with huge gray fragments of rock. We now climb the steep sides of CAWSAND, or COSDON, and gaining its summit, survey with unstinted admiration the panorama that glows and glimmers beneath. To the south, at the foot of an airy tor, lies a vast morass, in whose centre sleep the haunted waters of CRANMERE POOL, and well up the infant streams of the Dart, and the Tavy, the Ockment, the Teign, and the Taw. Among the meadows on the east lie the villages of Throwleigh and Gidleigh, and in the valley beyond meanders the romantic Teign. On three sides—north, west, and south—stretches the bleak, lone waste of Dartmoor,

with contorted rocks, and gray hills, and dark deep bogs, varying, but not relieving, the barren wilds. Yonder, against the setting sun, towers the lofty elevation of YES TOR, the highest of the Dartmoor hills; to the south, HEY TOR; and to the north-west, BELSTONE TOR. Far away to the southward sparkles, like a sea of fire, the seemingly motionless mass of waters of the English channel; northward, if the day be cloudless, may be seen the billows which fret against the rocky coast of Northern Devon. In a word, the view is one which once beheld may never be forgotten.

On the summit of the beacon the tourist will remark the huge cairn wherein the warning-fires were formerly lighted, but which was originally erected by the Britons to protect their *kistvaens*, or stone sarcophagi, the receptacles of the remains of their dead. Of these *kistvaens*—of a small circular pound, or enclosure, which may have been a Celtic entrenchment; and, along the broad slope of the hill, of several *hut-circles*, or British villages—the rude moorstone hovels of the aboriginal Celts—numerous remains may be detected.

Descending Cawsand, we cross the valley, and with some difficulty make our way up BELSTONE TOR. On the hillside stands a sacred circle of seventeen stones—the highest about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the ground—which is called, singularly enough, the NINE STONES. Of course, they nourish a fantastic legend—a party of Sabbath-breaking revellers, who were smitten into stone as a punishment for their sins, are allowed to dance daily at noon—

“No sun upon an Easter-day
Was e’er so fine a sight!”

Science, however, steps in and demolishes the legend with a few simple words of explanation. The moor, heated by the noonday sun, gives off successive currents of air, which rise about the peaks, and communicate to objects near the ground a sort of tremulous appearance.

Again we descend into the lowlands, and make for CHAPEL FORD, perpetuating by its name the memory of a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, of which not a stone remains. The vale through which the East Ockment flows, over a hard granite bed,—

“Leading many a nymph, who dwells
Where wild deer drink in ferny dells,
While the Oreads as they past
Peep from Druid Tors aghast;
By dappled park, and harbour shady,
Haunt of love-lorn knight and lady—”

is picturesque enough to inspire a poet with immortal fancies, and enchant an artist with glorious dreams.]

BELSTONE CHURCH, with its low Norman tower, was built (it is said) by Baldwin de Brionne, Earl of Devon. It is about 2 miles from Oakhampton.

OKEHAMPTON PARK is now a wild upland, clothed with the rudest and roughest vegetation imaginable, and sloping fantastically towards the bank of the troutful West Ockment, which ripples along a romantic and shady glen. The leaf-shrouded ruins of the old castle occupy a projecting rock, which overlooks the river, and is protected on the west side by an artificial trench, on the north by a deep natural ravine. A small square keep—

coloured by various tinted lichens—and an adjoining wall which exhibits a ruined oratory ; the relics of the baronial hall, with its huge chimney—of portions of the chapel, a piscina, and some of the minor apartments—all apparently dating from the fourteenth century—remain to excite the tourist's curiosity. Baldwin de Brionne is said to have founded a castle in this commanding position, which descended to the De Redvers, and thence to the Courtenays, but in the present structure there are no traces of Norman work. It was probably built by one of the Courtenays. In the reign of Henry VIII., when Henry Courtenay was attainted of treason, the castle was dismantled and the chase disparked. The manor, which at one time belonged to Lord Clive, and afterwards to George IV., when Prince Regent, is now the property of Sir R. Vyvyan, Bart., and a small cross course of lead, intermixed with silver, on the river bank near the castle ruins, is now regularly worked.

OKEHAMPTON (pop. 1900. *Inns*: White Hart, London), sometimes written OAKHAMPTON (anciently OCHENITONE), and usually called OCKINGTON, has been described by Kingsley as an “ ugly, dirty, and stupid town, with which fallen man (by some strange perversity) has chosen to defile one of the loveliest sites in the pleasant land of Devon.” The town, sooth to say, possesses but little to interest the tourist ; yet it hardly deserves so severe a condemnation, and may be commended as a most convenient starting-point from whence to explore the goodly scenery of Lydford—the valleys of the two Ockments—

“ The antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,”

of desolate Dartmoor.

The town is built in a valley, near the confluence of the two Ocks or Ockments—a rapid stream which rises near Cranmere Pool, in the depths of the Dartmoor morasses. The Reform Act of 1832 deprived it of its parliamentary privileges. A market is held every Saturday, chiefly for the sale of oats, which are largely grown in this vicinity ; and on the Saturday *before* Christmas the town is enlivened by a great cattle-market. “ On the Saturday *after* Christmas is a great holiday-fair, called ‘ a Giglet ’ or ‘ Giglet Market,’ that is, a *wife-market* ; at which the most rustic swain, if weary of his bachelorship, is privileged with self-intro-

duction to any disengaged fair one who may attract his particular fancy." But the bachelor-tourist is warned that, at winter time, Okehampton (and its neighbourhood) is about as dreary a locale as can well be imagined.

The PARISH CHURCH, an Early English building, with a square pinnacled tower, rebuilt in 1842 by Hayward of Exeter, after a great fire which destroyed the ancient edifice, stands on a considerable hill, half a mile west of the town. In the town itself there is a small chantry chapel, now used as a chapel-of-ease, and dedicated to St. James, which boasts of a good Perpendicular tower.

To the north is situated the well-wooded park of OAKLANDS (A. Savile, Esq.), encircling a handsome mansion, whose classical façade (of the Ionic order) is really very good and graceful. It was built about forty years ago from the designs of Mr. Vokins, a London architect.

In future routes we shall describe at length the scenery which encompasses this dull little market town, and renders it of some importance to the traveller. It will suffice in this place to remind him that enjoyable rambles may be made to YES TOR (West Tor ?), which rises to a height of 2050 feet above the sea-level ; to LYDFORD, or LIDFORD, and its CASCADE, 9 miles ; to CAWSAND BEACON, 6 miles ; to FITZ'S WELL, a spring in Oakhampton Park, endowed with wonderful healing powers ; to the limestone excavations of ELMDON QUARRY ; up the valley of the OCKMENT ; and even to the marvellous recesses of CRANMERE POOL.

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—CREDITON TO CHULMLEIGH

The railway now runs through a fertile country, well studded with farms and villages, and affording numerous glimpses of the real Devonshire cottage, that is to say, an oblong building, with a thatched roof, and walls of clay, loam, and straw (locally called *Cob*), standing in its own little nook of garden-ground, and garlanded about its diamond-paned lattices with roses, eglantine, and jessamine. COLEBROOK (pop. 871), on a branch of the Creedy, is soon left behind, and CLANABOROUGH (population, 62), 2 miles beyond. We then run into the COPLESTONE STATION, from whence COPLESTONE* may be visited for the sake

* Coplestone gave name to an ancient Devonshire family :

Crocker, Cruwys, and Coplestone,

When the conqueror came were all at home.

of its ancient Cross, about 12 feet high, and decorated with rude ornamental scrolls—and BOW, 3 miles west, in the heart of a very agreeable landscape.

The next station is the MORCHARD ROAD, $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile. MORHARD BISHOP (population, 1854) lies 2 miles right. Three miles further, and we come to LAPFORD (population, 766), where we cross a tributary of the Taw, and wind through a valley of exquisite fertility. DENRIDGE and PIDLEY, the seats of the Radford and St. Leger families, have met with the common fate of the Elizabethan manorial halls, and been converted into substantial farm-houses. Each commands a good river view, and, like most of the mansions of the time, occupies low ground.

COLERIDGE (population, 607), which gives name to a famous Devonshire family, is situated 4 miles left. The CHURCH is one of unusual interest: a fine Perpendicular screen, and the figure of an armed knight, one *John Evans*, d. 1514, should be carefully examined.

At $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles we reach the little EGGESFORD STATION, constructed we presume for the convenience of the Earl of Portsmouth, whose seat (HOWARD HOUSE) is situated on the left, near WEMWORTHY (population, 444). Eggesford manor belongs to the Earl of Portsmouth. The CHURCH is old, but presents little to call for notice.

Either from EGGESFORD, or the SOUTH MOLTON STATION ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles)—the latter is the more convenient—we may gain the pretty little market town of CHULMLEIGH (population, 1711. *Inn*: King's Arms), situated on the old Roman *via*, near the confluence of the Taw and Little Dart. Colonel Okey here defeated, in 1645, a body of Roundhead soldiers. The neighbourhood well deserves a day's exploration. The tourist will find himself in a fair pastoral country, and ever and anon alight upon some quiet farmstead, buried among ancient trees, and enlivened by a blossomy orchard. Remark the Jacobean house of COLLETON BARTON (R. Williams, Esq.), and the quaint Elizabethan mansion, LEIGH HOUSE (Miss Preston.). The course of the Little Dart should be followed as far as EAST WORLINGTON (population, 277), passing the ruins of ASTON

or AFTON CASTLE, formerly the stately stronghold of the Devonshire Stukeleys, and lately restored by Sir George Stucley. There are some noticeable memorials in the CHURCHES, both of EAST and WEST WORLINGTON.

From East Worlington the pedestrian may follow the Crediton road to SOUTH MOLTON (pop. 4482. *Inns*: George, and Unicorn), an ancient market-town, occupying an elevated position above the river Mole, and chiefly supported by its manufactures of serge and leather. Its Perpendicular CHURCH should be visited. The font is old, and the stone pulpit loaded with ornamental carvings. The whole edifice has been lately repaired.

CASTLE HILL (Earl Fortescue) lies 3 miles north on the road to Barnstaple. The mansion is an imposing one, and the park is rich in groves and avenues of the noblest trees imaginable. The Bray, a tributary of the Mole, foams and ripples in the shade of the "far-drooping boughs." Some Portugal laurels in the shrubbery have attained the unusual girth of nine and ten feet.

We continue our course through the valley of the Taw, following very closely the line of the old turnpike road to UMBERLEIGH, a small village, where we cross the river. SOUTH MOLTON lies $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles east. TAWSTOCK HOUSE (Sir B. Wrey, Bt.) was rebuilt in 1787, on the site of a mansion occupied by Fairfax in 1646.

BRANCH ROUTE—UMBERLEIGH to BIDEFORD, 11 Miles.

One mile west is ATHERINGTON (population, 599), with a fine Early English CHURCH, containing some effigies of the fifteenth century, a remarkable screen, and some good stained glass.

Seven miles beyond, lies TORRINGTON (population, 3529. *Inn*: The Globe), built on a green hill side, whose base is washed by the Torridge. About 3 miles north, the Torridge canal crosses the river on an aqueduct of five substantial arches. The canal was constructed at the cost of the late Lord Rolle, and opened in 1824.

Some scanty ruins of TORRIDGE CASTLE, founded by Richard de Merton, *temp* Edward III., may interest the archæologist. The

town is famous as the scene of two severe engagements between Roundheads and Cavaliers, one in 1643, when Col. Digby repulsed a body of Parliamentarians with immense slaughter, owing (as Clarendon tells us) to a panic which suddenly seized "the rebels." In 1646, Fairfax totally defeated Lord Hopton in a night attack, finishing at one blow the campaign in the west. After the battle, Torrington Church, in which upwards of 200 royalist prisoners had been placed under a strong guard, was destroyed by the accidental explosion of 80 barrels of gunpowder. Not a life was saved.

TORRINGTON CHURCH dates only from 1651 ; its tower was added some thirty-five years ago. The altar-piece was lately presented by Lady Rolle.

The town has had the honour of conferring a title upon three historic celebrities,—an earldom in 1660 upon *Monk, Duke of Albemarle*, who was born at POTHERIDGE, 5 miles south, where, in the days of his exaltation, he built a magnificent mansion, of which only the stables remain ; an earldom in 1669 upon *Admiral Herbert*, whose services to William III. entitled him to the reward ; and a viscounty in 1720 upon *Admiral Sir George Byng*, by whose descendants it is still held. *John Howe*, the eminent non-conformist divine, born in 1630, resided for many years in Torrington. His house on one occasion caught fire, but the flames were happily extinguished by a sudden shower. On the very same evening the divine received a letter whose concluding sentence ran as follows :—"May the dew of heaven descend upon your dwelling !"

Captain Palmer's house, near the church, is associated with the memory of Dr. Johnson, who visited here (1762) Mrs. Mary Palmer, the eldest sister of Sir Joshua Reynolds. At Annery, 3 miles north-west, there is a monument to Sir *William Hankford*, Lord Chief-Justice, *temp.* Henry V. and VI., and the judge, according to an absurd Devonshire tradition, who was insulted by Henry of Monmouth. ANNERY HOUSE (W. Tardrew, Esq.) was long the seat of the Hankfords, and the aforesaid Judge Hankford entertained therein the stately Edward IV. It was then one of the noblest mansions in Devon, with trim gardens, and pleasaunces, and clipped yew-walks—

"Where west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells,"

with ancestral oaks, and nimble deer, and "the broad land-locked river spread out like a lake beneath." To Hankford's oak is attached a famous legend:—"How that old Chief-Justice Hankford (whom some contradictory myths make the man who committed Prince Henry to prison for striking him on the bench), weary of life, and sickened at the horrors and desolations of the Wars of the Roses, went down to his house at Annery, and bade his keeper shoot any man who, passing through the deer-park at night, should refuse to stand when challenged; and then going down into that glen himself, and hiding himself beneath that oak, met willingly by his keeper's hand the death which his own dared not inflict"—(*Kingsley*).

He who would know more about this delectable spot, let him consult the chapter in "Westward Ho!" entitled "How Bideford Bridge dined at Annery House."

At FRITHELSTOKE, 3 miles west, are the ruins of an old priory, founded by Robert de Bello Campo (Fairfield), *temp.* Henry III. Beyond the Torridge, a short distance south of the town, stands CROSS HOUSE (Mrs. Stevens), and 5½ miles south, near Petrockstow, is HEANTON HOUSE (Lord Clinton).

The old road from Torrington to Bideford, 5 miles, passes near WEAR GIFFORD (population, 551), and its ancient mansion (Earl Fortescue), possessing some curious tapestry, much exquisite carving, and an oaken ceiling which is of singular beauty and interest. The new road runs past ORLEIGH (J. Lee, Esq.), right, and YEO VALE (Mrs. Morrison), left, leaving ABBOTSHAM (population, 361), its village, church, and court-house (R. Best, Esq.), on the left, as it joins the Hartland and Bideford road.

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—UMBERLEIGH TO BARNSTAPLE.

Following the course of the Taw we reach (after a five miles' run) TAWSTOCK COURT (Sir B. Wrey), the old house of the Bouchiers, occupied by Fairfax in 1646, on the left,—its grounds enriched by groves and brightened by the murmurous Taw; and BISHOP'S TAWTON (population, 859), on the right, at one time the seat of the bishops of Devonshire. The CHURCH contains some old armour, and memorials to the Bouchiers and

Chichesters. Two miles beyond, and $39\frac{1}{2}$ from Exeter, we run into the station at Barnstaple.

BARNSTAPLE (population, 12,000. *Inns*: Golden Lion, Fortescue Arms, King's Arms, Fleece, and Angel)—a parliamentary borough returning two members; a thriving port, exporting corn, bark, wool, leather, and earthenware, and importing wine, fruit, coal, and timber; a busy and prosperous market-town, and the agricultural "emporium" of North Devon; and a town of considerable antiquity, finely situated on a broad land-locked river, and in the bosom of gentle hills. It was formerly a demesne of the Saxon kings, and Athelstane is said to have built a castle here in which he occasionally resided. At the division of England among the Conqueror's adherents the manor fell into the hands of one Judhael de Totnais, who either repaired or rebuilt the Saxon castle, and founded a priory which he dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. Of the former the KEEP-MOUND remains; the memory of the latter is preserved in MAUDLYN ROCK CLOSE. Its revenues, when dissolved by Henry VIII., amounted to £123 per annum.

BARNSTAPLE BRIDGE, originally erected in the thirteenth century, but enlarged and restored in the nineteenth, is one of the "sights" of Barnstaple, and every stranger should count its sixteen arches, and duly admire their construction, and the beauty of the ample river which they span. To the west runs QUEEN ANNE'S WALK, a piazza, rebuilt in 1798, which was designed to serve as a "West-country" Exchange. It is adorned (?) with a statue of "the good queen" in whose reign it was originally erected.

The CHURCH, dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul, has a remarkable spire, struck by lightning in 1816. On each side of the altar stands a life-size marble statue—one of Moses, the other of Aaron.

A pleasant tree-bordered promenade on the river-bank is called the NORTH WALK. When the river below the town is full of craft, and the sunset gilds their many-coloured sails, and falls in purple glory upon the wooded hills, a stroll in this direction is much to be approved of.

In the neighbourhood of Barnstaple, as in the neighbourhood of most Devonshire towns, the enjoyable rambles are very numerous. For example, you may walk through Juston Quay to BIDE-
(s. w.)

FORD ; 9 miles ; or strike northward to ILFRACOMBE, 10 miles, following the coast route to MORTHOE, 3 miles, and CROYDE, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, near Baggy Point—returning *via* BRAUNTON, HEANTON, and ASHFORD ; or, to the south-east, to SOUTH MOLTON, 11 miles ; or south-west, to TORRINGTON, 9 miles ; or, finally, through BISHOP'S TAWTON to CHITTLEHAMPTON, with its old tower and interesting church, returning by way of ATHERINGTON and TAWSTOCK. The tourist, when in this district, should endeavour to get initiated into the delightful mysteries of squab pie, junkets, Devonshire “clouted cream,” and Devonshire “white pot.” These are delicacies peculiar to the county, and no imitations of them may be endured.

The principal seats about the town are—

BICKINGTON HOUSE (C. Roberts, Esq.), on the west.

TAWSTOCK (Sir B. Wrey), 1 mile south.

FREMINGTON HOUSE (W. Yeo, Esq.), $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west.

UPCOT (T. Harding, Esq.), on the north bank of the Taw, near Ashford.

PILTON HOUSE (C. Williams, M.P.), on the Combe Martin Road, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile north.

RALEIGH HOUSE (now a lace manufactory), on the Yeo.

HEANTON COURT (now a farm house, but formerly a seat of the Bassets) $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles west.

YOULSTON PARK (Sir A. Chichester), 3 miles north-east.

Barnstaple was the birthplace, in 1422, of *Lord Chancellor Fortescue* ; and in 1688, of *John Gay*. The poet was “descended from an old family that had been long in possession of the manor of Holdsworthy, and was educated at Barnstaple by Mr. Luck, who taught the school of that town with good reputation ; and a little before he retired from it, published a volume of Latin and English verses. Under such a master he was likely to form a taste for poetry. Being born without prospect of hereditary riches, he was sent to London in his youth, and placed apprentice with a silk-mercener”—(*Johnson*).

BARNSTAPLE FAIR (on the second last Wednesday of September) is the Saturnalia of North Devon, and marked by observances which cannot fail to amuse and interest the stranger. The mayor, corporation, and leading burgesses of the town meet in solemn conclave on the eventful morning to pass around the “loving cup,” and on a pole projected from the Guildhall window hangs

a glove gaily adorned with dahlias. On the second day a stag-hunt is duly celebrated, and Devonshire cider is quaffed in the evening with wonderful zest and untiring perseverance.

Before we abandon this pleasant town, we must record the fact that brave Sir Bevil Grenville, the cavalier, while commanding the royalist forces at Oakhampton during the Civil War, projected the cutting of a deep fosse, or trench, from Barnstaple to the English Channel, nearly 40 miles, and undertook to defend the portion of Devonshire and Cornwall thus insulated against all comers. A similar, but less impracticable design was meditated by the inhabitants of the Freshwater peninsula of the Isle of Wight.

BRANCH ROUTE—BARNSTAPLE to ILFRACOMBE, 12 Miles.

Crossing the Yeo, we reach, within half a mile of Barnstaple, the little village of PILTON (population, 1813), with its ancient CHURCH, chiefly noticeable for its pulpit and the iron stand for the hour-glass, by which “painful preachers” measured the length of their discourses, and for the doggerel inscribed upon one of its bells:—

“Recast by Thomas Taylor and Son,
Who the best prize for church-bells won
At the Great Ex-hi-bi-ti-on
In London, 1—8—5 and 1.”

Turning to the left, and passing UPCOT (T. W. Harding, Esq.), we soon plunge into ASHFORD (population, 191), a village whose sole recommendation is its agreeable position; and keeping along the hills—which at times afford very beautiful glimpses of the estuary of the Taw and Torridge, lying in their bosom like a woodland lake—HEANTON COURT, now a substantial farmhouse, is the only point of interest before we enter Braunton.

BRAUNTON (population, 2364) has the richest pastoral land imaginable in its rear, a wide desolate tract of ocean sand before it, and combines, in a very picturesque manner, the charms of fair rural scenery and bold marine pictures. Its name is derived from an Italian missionary, St. Brannock, who planted the cross in this part of Devonshire A.D. 300, and built a church (as he

had been instructed by a dream) on the spot where he first met with a litter of pigs. What tourist will disbelieve the story when he sees a significant carving of the pigs and their mother on one of the panels of the church roof, amidst other scriptural emblems? The church, by the way, is in every respect interesting, and quite a treasure to an ardent antiquary. It contains a fine brass to Lady *Elizabeth Chichester*, d. 1548, and the steeple-crowned tower enshrines a peal of six really good bells.

In the neighbourhood of BRAUNTON BURROWS may be gathered wild succory, plumaria primata, sea stock, privet, round-headed club rush, viper's buglos, small buglos, spurge, euphorbia peplus, prickly saltwort, fuller's teazel, ragwort, musky stork's bill, wood lavender, and yellow iris. On the point (about 4 miles from the village) rest the ruins of ST. ANN'S CHAPEL, and on a hill above Braunton, of ST. BRANNOCK'S CHAPEL, built by the good architect with such "substantiality" that no human power is able to remove them. On CASTLE HILL there stands a British camp, enclosing four acres, with a single vallum.

Our road now runs N.W. to GEORGEHAM (population, 971), 3 miles, where the Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. George, contains a memorial to *Sir Mauger St. Aubyn*, died 1292; and thence to MORTHOE, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles (see p. 152), whence to ILFRACOMBE (see p. 152), along the coast, is a delightful walk of 3 miles more. (Or from Braunton we may keep northward to WEST DOWNE (population, 600), and so, through a calm still dell, abundantly decorated with verdure and blossom, into ILFRACOMBE. This route is quite two miles nearer, but to our thinking less agreeable than the road through Morthoe.)

In the vicinity of Ilfracombe the tourist should visit

CREWKHORNE CAVERN.

LANTERN and CAPSTONE HILLS.

MORTE POINT, and the "ferny
combes" on the coast.

WOOLACOMBE SANDS.

WHITE PEBBLE BAY.

THE SEVEN TORS.

HELESBOROUGH HILL, and WATER-
MOUTH COVE.

CHAMBER COMBE (near Water-
mouth).

BRANCH ROUTE—BARNSTAPLE to LYNTON.

(By way of COMBE MARTIN).

We turn off to the N.E. after crossing the Yeo, and pass (on our right) the lace manufactory which now occupies the old mansion of the Raleighs, **RALEIGH HOUSE**. Our course then takes us past the leafy glades of **YOULSTON PARK** (Sir A. Chichester, Bart.), and so, through an alternation of goodly landscapes, to **EAST DOWN** (population, 455), whence we diverge to the N.W., and descend into the valley of **COMBE MARTIN** (see p. 155), 11 miles.

In this neighbourhood the tourist should visit—

BERRYNARBOR, and its old mansion, *temp.* Edward IV.

BOWDEN, the birth-place of John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, 1522.

THE HANGING STONE, the boundary-mark of Combe Martin, p. 155.

SMALLMOUTH, and its two caverns.

WATERMOUTH (A. D. Basset, Esq.)

The hill road to Lynton is one of the most romantic routes ever trodden by wayfarer, and commands such noble panoramas of sea and land as cannot fail to inspire the imagination and stir the heart. Ascending the **LITTLE HANGMAN**, 1083 feet, we afterwards conquer, in succession, the difficulties of the **GREAT HANGMAN**, 1200 feet above the sea level; **HOLSTONE BARROW**, 1087 feet; and **TRENTISHOE BARROW**, ere we enter **TRENTISHOE** (population, 129), where there is a small **CHURCH**, dedicated to St. Peter, and proceed through sombre pine woods, filled with floating shadows, into the fair strange valley of **HEDDON'S MOUTH**.

Climbing the uplands, steep and shadowy, we soon reach **Martinhoe**, make for **Woodabay** and **Lee Bay**, and pass through the wondrous valley of rocks to **LYNTON** (see p. 156).

In the neighbourhood of Lynton should be visited—

LEE ABBEY (C. Bailey, Esq.), at Lee Bay.

THE WATERS'-MEET.

COUNTISBURY, and its lonesome **CHURCH**.

THE CASTLE ROCK, and the **DEVIL'S CHEESEWRING** (valley of rocks).

THE VALLEY OF THE WEST LYN.

HEDDON'S MOUTH (*Inn*: The Hunter's Rest).

GLENTHORNE (Mrs. Halliday), 5 miles.

BRENDON, its church and valley.

SIMON'S BATH (F. Knight), on the Barle, 9 miles.

LYNDALE, or VALLEY of the EAST LYN.

PORLOCK (*Inn* : The Ship). [Oare Hill ; Dunkery Beacon ; Ashley Combe (Earl of Lovelace) ; Culbone, with its miniature church, in a wonderfully deep hollow ; and Holnicote (Sir T. D. Acland.)]

BRANCH ROUTE—BARNSTAPLE to BAMPTON, 26 Miles.

The first village we reach on our way to SOUTH MOLTON is LANDKEY (population, 758), $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles—from whence a road runs through WEST BUCKLAND (population, 279), where the Early English Church has been rebuilt, and EAST BUCKLAND (population, 149), to NORTH MOLTON (population, 1982), 10 miles, whose CHURCH, restored in 1849, presents for the traveller's notice a fine pulpit of stone, and a screen and reredos richly carved.* From Landkey, we make for SWIMBRIDGE (pop. 1738), 2 miles, on a tributary of the Taw, and pause before its ancient and interesting CHURCH. Three miles further south we arrive at FILLEIGH (population, 267)—CASTLE HILL (Earl Fortescue), on the left—cross the Bray at Stag's Head, 2 miles, turn to the left ; and finally enter SOUTH MOLTON (see p. 206), after a twelve miles' ramble through a delicious pastoral landscape. Here, at "The George" or "Unicorn" the pedestrian may soberly refresh himself.

At $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from South Molton the road branches into *two* ; *one of the routes* passes through ROSEASH, 5 miles ; RACKENFORD, 4 miles ; LOXBEAR, 4 miles ; and CALVERLEIGH, 2 miles, into TIVERTON (see p. 195), 2 miles = 18 miles, the country possessing all the rare sweet charms of the pastoral scenery of Devonshire ; *the other* runs direct to BAMPTON, by way of Knowstone and Okeford = 16 miles, crossing numerous streams, ascending well-wooded hills, penetrating into dark, deep dells, traversing richly-cultivated fields, and opening up a country which is scantily populated, but replete with a charm and interest of its own.

* At Flytton, in this parish, there is an oak said to be mentioned as a landmark in Domesday Book. It is of great size, and the foliage at one time overshadowed an acre of ground.

BRANCH ROUTE—BARNSTAPLE to HOLSWORTHY,
25 Miles.

Via TORRINGTON.

In these BRANCH ROUTES it seems to us unnecessary to describe at any length the landscape beauties of the country through which we travel, and upon which we have generally dwelt with considerable fulness in our notices of the places lying upon the chief lines of railway and main roads. It is our object simply to provide the tourist with a table of localities and distances, enlivened by a few brief words of explanation to relieve it from the tedium of an itinerary. Thus: from Barnstaple to TORRINGTON, 9 miles, the road lies through as agreeable a district as one could wish to explore, but the points of interest are few. NEWTON TRACEY (population, 143), 3 miles, belonged to the old knightly family of that name—of whom came William de Tracey, one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket. A fearful doom was visited upon his descendants:—

“The Tracys
Have always the wind in their faces;”

a traditional allusion to the supposed discomfiture of the murderer, who, when he would have expiated his sins by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, was always driven back by the winds of heaven. ALVERDISCOT (population, 340), $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, has an old, but not a remarkable church; and round HUNTSHAW (population, 270), $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile (but $\frac{1}{2}$ mile right), there is much pleasant woodland scenery, where, if the wayfarer have the leisure, he may wander “unreproved,” and joyously explore

“Each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of the wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side.”

From Torrington the most direct route will be by CROSS HOUSE (T. G. Johnson, Bart.) and WATERGATE to LANGTREE (population, 878), $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; NEWTON ST. PETROCK (population, 272), 5 miles; across the Torridge; and MILTON DAMEREL (population, 734), $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Then across the Waldon to

THORNBURY (population, 489), 2 miles—its Early English church, dedicated to St. Peter—and so into (4 miles)

HOLSWORTHY (population, 1833. *Inns*: White Hart and Stanhope Arms. *Market-days*: Wednesday and Saturday. *Bankers*: Dingley and Co., and Robins, Foster, and Co.), 214 miles from London, 25 miles from Barnstaple, and about 44 miles from Exeter. There is little here to interest the tourist; the CHURCH is Perpendicular, with some tolerable wood-carving, and an ancient font. The LABYRINTH, “a mighty maze (of beech trees), but not without a plan,” was formed by Earl Stanhope, lord of the manor. But on market-days the town grows quite busy and lively, and the Cornish and Devonshire *patois* fall, with curious effect, upon the unaccustomed ear. It is but 3 miles distant from the Tamar, the boundary between the two counties, and is therefore a convenient point from whence to start on an exploration of the beautiful banks of that famous river.

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—BARNSTAPLE TO BIDEFORD.

The railway from Barnstaple to Bideford was opened in October 1855. Its length is $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and it follows with little variation the course marked out by the estuaries of the Taw and the Torridge. The first station is at FREMINGTON (population, 1350), where the Taw gets clear of its sandbanks and deepens into an arm of the sea: the second is at INSTOW QUAY (see p. 151), $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which occupies a fine position at the junction-point of the two rivers, and enjoys such a varied prospect of sea and land, and river, of sandy tracts and broad green meadows, as few towns in England can boast of.

A three miles' run brings us to BIDEFORD (pp. 147-151).

ROUTE V.—BIDEFORD to HARTLAND.

BY ROAD.

[Fairy Cross, 4 m. ; Buck's Mill, 3 m. ; The Hobby, 1 m. ; Clovelly, 3½ m. ; Hartland, 5 m. = 16 m.]

In our coast-route (pp. 144-148) from Hartland to Bideford, we have described with sufficient fulness the principal places of interest which adorn the north-western shore of Devon, but to many, a sea-voyage is a thing to be apprehended, and others, by "divers circumstances," may be constrained to a pedestrian journey. We shall therefore point out, very briefly, the course to be adopted by the tourist who would adventure by road "from Bideford to Hartland," and we may add, that even in Devonshire it would be difficult to discover a more delightful route. Throughout the whole sixteen miles, the tourist's eyes will be charmed with a succession of beautiful pictures, and if he be an artist, or a lover of art, he will be reminded at one point of Turner's ethereal conceptions; at another, of the force and depth of Creswick; here, of the poetical power of Gainsborough; there, of the rude fidelity of Morland. Nature in all her ruggedness; nature subdued by art; wild bosky glens, haunted by mysterious shadows; rich woodland vales murmurous with falling waters; bleak, bare cliffs, where the sea-bird builds her nest; the rippling stream, the broad and billowy ocean; the yellow cornfield and the blossomy garden; these succeed one another like the rapid and surprising changes of a fairy panorama.

At 2 miles from Bideford we pass (right) ABBOTSHAM (population, 361), with its plain old church, and ABBOTSHAM COURT (R. Bert, Esq.), rejoicing in the glory of abundant leafiness. [The road on the left leads through ALWINGTON (population, 374), Alwin's Town, to YEW VALE (Mrs. Morrison), and BUCKLAND BREWER (population, 977), *i.e.*, Bruere, an old Norman family, where is a small British encampment.]

PORTLEDGE, which has belonged to the Coffin family since Henry I.'s reign, occupies a good position on the cliff.

At 7 miles from Bideford, a road on the right winds down a steep descent to BUCK'S MILL, a little fishing village, very picturesquely situated. At various points the tourist will come upon those romantic glens—leafy, and musical with running water, and opening upon the sea with sudden beauty—locally called "Mouths."

About 1 mile further, and just beyond the eighth milestone from Bideford, a gateway will be noticed by the observant traveller. Entering here, he will wander for 3 miles along a well-made road, and under a roof of the thickest foliage—passing the heads of many of the lovely combes already alluded to, and catching the most fairy-like glimpses of the distant channel, and the low white cloud of Lundy Island, reposing against the western sky. This road was laid out by the proprietor of CLOVELLY COURT (Sir J. H. Williams, Bart.), through whose delightful grounds it runs, and is appropriately named THE HOBBY. Would that similar "hobbies" were ridden by all the great landowners of England!

Emerging from the pleasant shadow of the Hobby, we descend by a succession of "jumps" in the ground into CLOVELLY, described in pp. 146-7, and thence to the beach, from whence a magnificent view of Lundy Island, the Welsh coast, and the Devonshire coast, especially of Bideford Bay, may be enjoyed.

Returning to the hill-top, we pass by the Yellaries Gate into the private grounds of CLOVELLY COURT, to which (with a guide), Sir J. H. Williams readily admits the tourist. The great points here to be visited are—GALLANTRY BOWER, a cliff 387 feet high; MILL MOUTH; and the BLACK CHURCH rock. The tourist may then continue through the beautiful park, and along the cliff, to HARTLAND POINT, 350 feet above the sea-level,—Ptolemy's Promontory of the Tyrian Hercules,—and the boundary of the English Channel—and thence, up the hollow, to HARTLAND TOWN. Or,

At CLOVELLY CROSS he may turn into the high road, pause to inspect the CLOVELLY DYKES, a circular camp protected by a triple vallum, and so proceed to HARTLAND (pp. 144-5).

In this neighbourhood the traveller should visit—

HARTLAND ABBEY (Sir G. Stucley, Bart.)

HARTLAND QUAY, 2 miles, a sea-side village.

MILFORD VALLEY.

WELLCOMBE MOUTH.

MARSLAND MOUTH, celebrated in the pages of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"

STOKE ST. NECTAN CHURCH, 2 miles west, formerly attached to Hartland Abbey. The tower is 128 feet high; the pinnacles rise 16 feet higher. The memorials are very curious, and a *brass* commemorates *Anne Abbott*, died 1611. On a slab in the pavement is graven the date 1055. The carvings on the font represent "the just" looking down upon "the unjust." The pulpit, of black oak, carved and canopied, bears the figure of a tusked goat, and the lettering, "God save King James Finis"—the word *Finis* being, perhaps, the carver or donor's name, and the goat his escutcheon. The screen is elaborately enriched with carved work.

The COAST SCENERY generally should be carefully explored. In its rude bold crags, fantastic projections, steep iron-bound cliffs, and obscure recesses, the tourist will find a constant source of delighted wonder; and there are wild legends associated with them to be gathered from the lips of the aged peasant:—

"And such the strange mysterious din
At times throughout these caverns roll'd,
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
That bold were fisher who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the wizard's lonely cliff"—(*Moore*).

[The wayfarer desirous of returning to Bideford by a different route, may leave the high road at the 13th milestone, *turn to the right*, and then keep in a south-easterly direction, as far as WOOLFARDISWORTHY (population, 824). From thence he may strike inland to EAST PUTFORD; turn to the north-east, and make for PARKHAM, regaining the Bideford road near the 5th milestone. Or, from East Putford he may cross the country to BUCKLAND BREWER, and so, by way of BRITHELSTOKE, into TORRINGTON. Return to Bideford through WEAR GIFFORD.]

BIDEFORD to OKEHAMPTON.

BY ROAD.

[Wear Gifford, 4 m. ; Torrington, 2 m. ; Hatherleigh, 12 m. ; Inwardleigh, 3 m. ; Okehampton, 4 m. = 25 m.]

THE VALLEYS OF THE TORRIDGE AND THE OCKMENT.

"I pity the man," exclaims Sterne, "who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say that 'all is barren.'" And, indeed, one may well pity the wayfarer who can traverse any English district, and experience "the tedium of travel." The sources of amusement, of instruction, of intellectual gratification, are endless, and every object may enliven an old train of thought, or suggest a new one. Take, for instance, the village church. What is its age? Who built it? Was it erected by a wealthy landowner, by pious monks, or the members of a trade guild? Why was so stately a building erected in a locality apparently so thinly peopled? Has the tide of population moved in another direction; and if so, what may have been the causes? Here is a church utterly inadequate to the needs of its neighbourhood; here is another perched upon a hill, at a weary distance from any human habitation. Yonder church has a tall and shapely spire; within a mile, you come upon another sanctuary, which has only a gray square tower. Was the spire raised above the woods as a landmark for belated travellers? Was the stalwart tower built so substantially to serve in critical times as a stronghold?

Enter the church, and subjects for observation multiply. Remark its examples of various styles of architecture; the heavy

Norman, the graceful Early English, the rich and elaborate Decorated, the florid Perpendicular. Every arch, every pillar, every window; the carved pulpit; the ornamented screen; sedilia, piscina, aumbry; traces of a rude fresco; a half-obliterated brass; effigies of knights and dames, curiously illustrative of changes of costume, all these demand, and will amply repay your careful and intelligent examination.

Then NATURE is inexhaustible; the deep glen, through which a torrent once ruthlessly poured; the hollow, where tranquil waters formerly slept; the wayside flower; the ferny bank; the green and blooming hedge; the pebbly rivulet, meadow, and cornfield, and garden, and orchard; the varying soil, and the vegetable life peculiar to it; here are sources of inquiry and meditation which can never fail.

Every ancient manor-house, every quiet grange, every mouldering ruin, the broken cross, the desecrated chapel, the gorgeous abbey-refectory, now converted into a substantial barn; the castellated mansion, now all renovated and modernized; how illustrative are these of the wonderful revolution of English history! How suggestive of tale, and legend, and song! What endless sources of thought and fancy for the traveller who has eyes to see and a heart to feel!

Therefore we pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beer-sheba and protest that all is barren!

The road from BIDEFORD to OKEHAMPTON, for instance, does not pass through a country which affords the topographer much scope for illustration; but not the less is it rich in such subjects for interesting speculation, as we have ventured to indicate in the foregoing paragraphs.

Across the river, west, lies ANNERY (see p. 207).

Four miles, WEAR GIFFORD. Ancient manor-house (Early English), with a noble gate-house. An oak here measures 28 feet in girth.

Junction of the Yeo with the Torridge.

AQUEDUCT on which Lord Rolle's canal crosses the river.

Six miles from Bideford, TORRINGTON (see pp. 206-7). Here we cross the river, and keeping CRON HOUSE on our right, turn southward, and make the best of our way into LITTLEHAM (population, 413).

Three and a half miles, POTHERIDGE, the birth-place of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, lies 1 mile left, on the road to MERTON

(population, 790). The spacious stables are all that remain of the magnificent mansion built here by Monk about 1670-3.

Three and a half miles (6 miles from Hatherleigh), HEANTON HOUSE (Lord Clinton).  2 miles left, HUIISH (population, 161), where a bridge crosses the Torridge.

Two miles, PETROCKSTOW (population, 574)—*i.e.*, Petrock's Place—an insignificant and uninteresting village.  2 miles left, MEETH (population, 333).

One mile. Cross the Torridge, which now runs eastward as far as Bradford, and then strikes to the north-west.

HATHERLEIGH (population, 1710. *Inns*: George, and London. *Bankers*: Dingley and Co. *Markets*: Tuesday), 200 miles from London, and 11 miles from Torrington. The CHURCH is a very stately and commodious Perpendicular building, with a fine roof of ribbed oak. The memorials are of little interest, but some architectural details may be studied with advantage.

In the neighbourhood are BURDON (C. Burdon, Esq.), about 2 miles beyond High Hampton; and DUNSLAND (W. B. Cohan, Esq.), 8 miles west, on the road to Hatherleigh.

The surrounding district is one of the least fertile and worst cultivated in Devon, and fully merits the memorable character bestowed upon it in the local quatrain,—

“The people are poor,
As Hatherleigh moor;
And so they have been,
For ever and ever.”

BRANCH ROUTE—HATHERLEIGH TO STRATTON.

This is a route well adapted to open up to the traveller the leading characteristics of Western Devon, but between Hatherleigh and Holsworthy there is not a village on which the topographer can dilate. HIGH HAMPTON (population, 338) lies to the north; and nearer Holsworthy, the church and cottages of HOLLACOMBE (population, 103) are situated to the south of the main road. Passing through Holsworthy we take the road to the right, and cross, first the Week, and afterwards, at Ander-ton, 5 miles, the Tamar. Then, entering CORNWALL, at 1 mile beyond, we reach BLAKE'S CROSS, where our road is intersected

by the highway from Launceston, south, to Kilkhampton, north. Two miles further, and we enter

STRATTON (population, 1019. *Inn*: The Tree), 221 miles from London, and about three quarters of a mile from Bude Haven. Between Bude and Launceston runs an excellent canal, of which we shall shortly speak; and a branch connects Holsworthy with Stratton, running to the right of the Holsworthy road. In Stratton itself, notwithstanding its Roman name—"street-town," *i.e.*, the town on the Roman road—and its consequent antiquity, there is little to be seen. The CHURCH is mainly Early English, and contains a stately tomb to Sir *John Arundell*, Knight, his wife, and their thirteen children. The brasses are good.

The BUDE CANAL was constructed by the late Lord Rolle, between the years 1819-26, at a cost of £128,000, and from the designs of an engineer named Green. A pier was at the same time built at BUDE HAVEN (population, 677. *Inn*: The Falcon),* extending from the west shore to the Great and Little Chapel Rocks. At HOBACOTE DOWN, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile south-east, the canal boats descend the uplands by means of an inclined plane, about 900 feet long, which is provided with two lines of rails, terminating at each end in the canal, and worked by an endless chain. They are furnished with small iron wheels, and run on these rails, being made fast to the chain, which is moved by two vast tanks, 8 feet in diameter, alternately filled with water, and descending into wells 220 feet in depth. The tank which is first lowered is emptied by a simple contrivance, and raised again to the surface by the other tank, which descends through the weight of its water load, is emptied in its turn, and once more ascends as the other descends. Thus the chain is kept in motion, and the barges raised or lowered on the inclined plane. Between Bude and Launceston there are *seven* of these ingenious substitutes for a series of locks.

[BINHAM, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south, is a pleasant farm situated amidst well-cultivated fields and blossoming orchards. Here a quadrangular moat, almost concealed by its overgrowth of bush and bramble, indicates the site of the feudal stronghold of a certain *Ranulph de Blancminster*, or "Blowmanger," as he is popularly called, who

* At Bude Haven resides Mr. Gurney, the inventor of the well-known *Bude Light*. The cliffs here are of great height, and singularly diversified.

withdrew himself from social life, and spent his years in melancholy seclusion within his moated castle. By his will he bequeathed all his goods and chattels for the good of the poor of the parish, among whom a sum of £80 is still annually divided. His spirit, it is said, haunts the moat in the guise of a hare, so that the tourist, if addicted to sporting pursuits, may possibly secure him.

LAUNCELLS (population, 728), 2 miles south-east, has a pretty CHURCH, apparently of no great antiquity, and a pleasant manorial mansion, LAUNCELLS HOUSE (G. B. Kingdon, Esq.), whose surrounding demesne is agreeably picturesque. MORRIS, a farm lying to the north, but included in the Launcells estate, takes its name from its ancient lord, Robert de Mortaigne, Earl of Cornwall, and half-brother of William the Conqueror.

STAMFORD HILL, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile north, was the scene on the 16th of May 1643, of the great defeat of the Earl of Stamford and the Parliamentary forces (estimated at 5400 foot, and 1200 horse, and with 14 pieces of cannon), by the Royalists (2400 foot, and 500 horse), under Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenville. The Roundheads occupied the hill, but were charged with such spirit by the Cavaliers, that they at length gave way, fell into a panic, and took to flight in great disorder. A memorial column, which perpetuated the fame of this signal victory, was destroyed towards the close of the last century, but the tablet formerly affixed to its base is now placed against the wall of the *Tree Inn*, and bears the following inscription:—

“In this Place,
Ye army of ye Rebels under ye Command of
ye Earl of Stamford
Received a signal Overthrow by the Valor
Of Sir Bevill Grenville and ye Cornish army,
On Tuesday, ye 16th of May 1643.”

The remains of a tumulus are visible on the crest of the hill, and the bones of the brave dead are often turned up by the ploughshare.]

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—HATHERLEIGH TO OAKHAMPTON.

Two roads are available for the tourist; the longest, but certainly the pleasantest, winds through the valley of the Ockment and passes through the quiet little village of JACOBSTOW (population, 255). The other runs in nearly a direct line, by way of INWARDLEIGH (population, 693), whose simple old CHURCH stands on the right of the road. The village is small and scattered.

Okehampton or Oakhampton, and its neighbourhood, have been fully described in pages 201-204. We have now to indicate to our readers two agreeable EXCURSIONS, for which it will afford a convenient starting-point.

BRANCH ROUTE—OKEHAMPTON to EXETER, 22 Miles.

(See pp. 199-203).

1 mile, OKEHAMPTON CASTLE.

1 mile, BELSTONE (and Church).

1 mile, STICKLEPATH (and digress along the banks of the Taw).

1 mile, SOUTH ZEAL.

7 miles, CROCKERNWELL (and digress to DREWSTEIGNTON, FINGLE BRIDGE and the Moving Stone; or to DUNSFORD, and thence, by GREAT FULFORD, to ST. MARY TEDBURN).

 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, CHERITON CROSS. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, CHERITON BISHOPS (and Church). $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, ST. MARY TEDBURN (and Church).

4 miles. [WHITSTONE (population, 624), 1 mile left.]

 $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, BARLEY HOUSE, on the right. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, EXETER—[pp. 174-191].BRANCH ROUTE—OKEHAMPTON to LAUNCESTON,
17 Miles.

BY THE GREAT WESTERN ROAD.

Our route takes us for a mile or so along the north-west border of bleak and desolate Dartmoor. At $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Okehampton a road branches off to TAVISTOCK, $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles, traversing a country of infinite variety and extraordinary interest (see ROUTE VII.), while, passing Sourton Down, our own less romantic highway continues to BRIDESTOW (population, 1049), 3 miles, where there is something to be seen in the half Norman half Early English CHURCH on the right, and in the delightful grounds of LEAWOOD HOUSE (S. C. Hamlyn, Esq.), on the left.

At $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Okehampton we cross a tributary of the Lyd, and at $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles pass through LEWTRENCHARD (population, 436), an utterly uninteresting collection of Devonshire cottages.

10 miles, NEW INN.

(S.W.)

11 miles, HAINE CASTLE (Mrs. Harris), on the right, and just beyond, to the north-east, the CHURCH and village of STOWFORD (population, 576), on the river Tinchay.

Crossing the Tinchay, at 15 miles from Okehampton, we reach LIFTON (population, 1667), a village to be commended to the angler, as the numerous streams in its vicinity abound in trout. The manor anciently belonged to the Arundel family. The CHURCH is mainly Early English.

1 mile beyond we pass LIFTON PARK (H. Blagrove, Esq.), and cross the line of the Tamar Canal. We soon afterwards cross the Tamar itself, and at 17 miles from Okehampton enter LAUNCESTON.

OKEHAMPTON to DEVONPORT.

By the TAVISTOCK ROAD.

[Sourton, 4 m. ; Lydford, 4½ m. ; Brent Tor, 3½ m. ; Tavistock, 3½ m. ; or, Sourton, 4 m. ; St. Mary Tavy, 8 m. ; Tavistock, 2½ m.]

By TAVISTOCK and PLYMOUTH RAILWAY.

[To Horrabridge, 4 m. ; Brickleigh, 5 m. ; New Bridge Junction, 3 m. ; Plymouth, for Devonport, 3 m.]

The road skirts the north-western portions of Dartmoor until it divides into two branches, one of which runs in a south-westerly direction to LAUNCESTON (see CORNWALL),—the other, and that which we are about to adopt, diverges to the south, leaving Yeo Tor on the left, and at Downton, 8 miles, turning aside (on the right) to LYDFORD, on the river Lyd, 8½ miles from Okehampton.

LYDFORD (population, 1968. *Inn*: The Dartmoor Arms), though now a miserable collection of ragged cottages, was one of the principal towns of Saxon Devonshire, and possessed a mint in the reign of Ethelred II. Edward II. bestowed the castle and

lordship on his minion, Piers Gaveston, and the town maintained some degree of respectability as late as the reigns of the Stuarts. Its CASTLE, now reduced to a hollow square tower mouldering upon an artificial mound, was founded soon after the Conquest, and converted by Edward I. into the Stannary Prison of Devonshire. Until about 100 years ago it was still made use of for this purpose, though much defaced and shattered in 1650. The edicts of the Stannary Court partook to a considerable extent of the distinguishing characteristics of Lynch Law, and "Lydford Law" became equally famous for a contemptuous disregard of justice. Browne, the Tavistock poet, exclaims,—

"I've ofttimes heard of Lydford law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after;
At first I wonder'd at it much,
But, since, I've found the matter such
That it deserves no laughter.

"They have a castle on a hill;
I took it for an old windmill,
The vanes blown off by weather:
To lie therein one night, 'tis guessed
'T were better to be ston'd or press'd,
Or hang'd, ere you come hither."

Sir Richard Grenville was castellan of Lydford during the reign of Charles I., and many tyrannical actions are ascribed to him. Judge Jeffreys held here one of his Black Assizes, and the legend runs that the court-room is still haunted by his spirit in the guise of a black pig.

Near the castle stands the gray, old, Early English CHURCH, principally noticeable for the simplicity of its interior, its weather-worn aspect, and the noble prospects it commands. On a tomb-stone in the churchyard may be observed the following well-known epitaph:—

"Here lies, in Horizontal position, the outside Case of *George Rout-leigh*, Watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession: Integrity was the Main-spring, and Prudence the Regulator of all the actions of his life: Humane, generous, and liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress; so nicely regulated were all his movements that he never went wrong except when set a-going by

People who did not know his Key: Even then, he was easily set right again: He had the art of disposing his Time so well that his Hours glided away in one continued round of Pleasure and Delight, till an unlucky Moment put a Period to his Existence: He departed this life November 14, 1802, aged 57, Wound up in hopes of being taken in Hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set a-going in the World to come."

From the church we may make our way to LYDFORD BRIDGE, a single arch of gray stone flung across a narrow chasm or gulf, 80 feet in depth, which opens suddenly, as it were, in the earth, and receives the scanty waters of the Lyd. Descending the projecting crags which hang over the river, the tourist will be enabled to fully comprehend the character of this remarkable scene. At a few paces below the bridge the ravine widens, and, "instead of the dark precipices which have hitherto overhung and obscured the struggling river, it now emerges into day, and rolls its murmuring current through a winding valley, confined within magnificent banks, darkened with woods, which swell into bold promontories, or fall back into sweeping recesses, till they are lost to the eye in distance. Thickly shaded by trees which shoot out from the rent, the scene at Lydford Bridge is not so terrific as it would have been, had a little more light been let in upon the abyss, just sufficient to produce a 'darkness visible.' As it is, however, the chasm cannot be regarded without shuddering, nor will the stoutest heart meditate unappalled upon the dreadful anecdotes connected with the spot"—(*Warner*).

It is said that a horseman arrived at Lydford from Tavistock at a late hour one night, much to the wonder of the inhabitants, who knew the Lydford Bridge had been broken, and could not understand how he had crossed the chasm. He remembered nothing more than that at a particular point his horse had made a sudden leap, as if frightened by some passing object. When the ravine which he had thus miraculously passed was shewn to him, it was with a shudder that he perceived the extremity of the peril he had escaped.

The wild romantic dales of Lydford were formerly the favourite resort of Roger Rowle, the King of the Gubbins. "I have read of an England beyond Wales," says worthy Fuller, "but the Gubbings' land is a Scythia within England, and they pure heathens therein. It lieth nigh Brent. For in the edge of Dartmoor it is reported, that some 200 years since, two bad women being

with child, fled thither to hide themselves ; to whom certain lewd fellows resorted, and this was their first original. They are a peculiar of their own making, exempt from bishop, archdeacon, and all authority, either ecclesiastical or civil. They live in cots (rather holes than houses) like swine, having all in common, multiplied without marriage into many hundreds. Their language is the dross of the dregs of the vulgar Devonian ; and the more learned a man is, the worse he can understand them. During our civil wars no soldiers were quartered upon them, for fear of being quartered amongst them. Their wealth consisteth in other men's goods ; they live by stealing the sheep on the moors ; and vain is it for any to search their houses, being a work beneath the pains of any sheriff, and above the power of any constable. Such is their fleetness, they will outrun many horses ; viciousness, they outlive most men ; living in an ignorance of luxury, the extinguisher of life. They hold together like bees ; offend one, and all will revenge his quarrel." Fuller adds,—“Hitherto have I met with none who could render a reason of their name. We call the shavings of fish (which are little worth) gubbings ; and sure it is that they are sensible that the word importeth shame and disgrace.”

LYDFORD CASCADE is some distance below the bridge, and is formed by the fall of a stream down a slaty precipice about 150 feet in depth. As the waters shimmer and sparkle through the densest imaginable foliage, and the town of Lydford rises on the hill above, with the gigantic tors of Dartmoor standing out distinct and grand against the horizon, the eye surveys a landscape of unusual beauty and remarkable character.

The course of the Lyd may be followed to its rise near Yes Tor, passing the small cascade known as KITTY'S FALL, where a young maiden, named Kitty, was drowned in the attempt to ford the river while swollen with heavy rains—and the basement stones of a curious Celtic hut, near Doe Tor. Or the tourist may descend the river to MARYSTOW (population, 570), strike across to Lifton, and thence into Launceston.

Returning from the Cascade into the high road, we continue our route to BRENT TOR (population, 161), $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, as romantic a village, we verily believe, as exists in England. It lies at the foot of the hill called Brent Tor, or the BERNT TOR, a

peak which rises abruptly out of the heart of meadows and corn-fields to the height of 1100 feet above the level of the sea. On its summit stands a small Early English Church, dedicated to "St. Michael de Rupe," lighted by one window, and furnished with a good old oaken roof. Its dimensions are said to be 37 feet by $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet, but it looks even smaller. It was built (so runs the legend) by a Plymouth merchant, who, when in great peril of shipwreck, vowed to build a church to St. Michael upon the first point of land his eyes beheld, if the good Saint would save him. Like an honourable merchant he sought to fulfil his vow ; but, at first, was much puzzled by the interference of the Devil, who put in a claim to the upper parts of the Burning Mountain, as being his own indisputable freehold. St. Michael, however, came to the rescue, and summarily kicked the Prince of Darkness from the top to the bottom of the hill, flinging after him a vast piece of rock, which still lies at the base, a proof of the authenticity of the narrative !

The bell of the church bears a curious inscription :—" Gallus vocor ego, solus per omne sono." (I am called a cock, because I alone ring out for everything.) At Michaelmas an annual fair was celebrated on this elevated spot by the Abbots of Tavistock, and very gay, and blithesome, and much favoured by the peasantry it continued to be, until Harry the Eighth put down both the abbots and the fair.

The graves in the churchyard are few : a fact to be attributed, perhaps, to the "vulgar error"—a long prevalent error, not the less—that the rocky soil is so imbued with moisture as to render it impossible to keep a grave empty of water. The whole neighbourhood is certainly well supplied with springs and streams, and in the village the wells are seldom above 10 or 20 feet in depth.

Brent Tor is, in all probability, an extinct volcano, and from its scathed and scarred appearance may derive its name, unless the origin is to be sought for in the bale-fires which, in the old unquiet days, shot up their warning flames upon its lofty and blackened crest.

Descending now into the beautiful valley of the Tavy, we soon arrive at

TAVISTOCK—*i.e.*, THE SETTLEMENT ON THE TAVY.

[Population, 7720. *Inns* : Bedford, and Queen's Head. 225 m. from London ; 32 m. from Exeter : 30 m. from Dawlish ; 27 m. from Teignmouth ; 8 m. from

Two Bridges ; 15 m. from Okehampton ; 13 m. from Devonport ; 11 m. from Launceston ; 27 m. from Chudleigh ; 21 m. from Moreton Hampstead ; 4 m. from Brent Tor ; 15 m. from Ivy Bridge ; 17 m. from Ashburton ; and 7 m. from Prince Town.

 RAILWAY to PLYMOUTH and LAUNCESTON.

BANKERS—Gill and Co., and Branch of Devon and Cornwall Banking Company.

MARKET-DAY—Friday.]

TAVISTOCK, the ancient *Tau Vechau*, or “Little Tau,” will probably be regarded by the tourist as one of the pleasantest towns in Devonshire. It is situated in a fertile hollow, which the hill-born Tavy brightens with its silver waters. It is belted round by a noble girth of lofty heights, whose slopes are rapidly yielding to the wonder-working plough. Its streets are clean, and the houses mostly of a respectable class. The neighbouring woods lend a glory and a beauty to the landscape.

TAVISTOCK ABBEY, which is said to have “eclipsed every religious house in Devonshire in the extent, convenience, and magnificence of its buildings,” and whose ruins are now of considerable extent and unusual interest, was founded in 961 by Orgar, Earl of Devonshire, the father of the “Elfrida” who bartered her husband’s life for a king’s love ; endowed and completed (981) by his gigantic son Ordulf ; and dedicated as a Benedictine house to Sts. Mary and Rumon. In 997 it was plundered and burnt to the ground by the Danes, who carried fire and sword up the Tamar and as far as Lydford, but was rebuilt with greater magnificence, and became a favourite object of the devout liberality of the wealthy and noble. Henry I. was among its most prodigal benefactors. It continued the pride and boast of all the country side, and a source of mingled good and evil, until Henry VIII. suppressed it. At that date its abbots enjoyed a yearly revenue of £902 : 5 : 7, sat in the House of Peers, held a weekly market and a three days’ annual fair, and were supreme over all the Hundred of Tavistock. It became a mitred abbey in 1458.

Its site and buildings, its manors and lordships, were bestowed in 1539 upon John Lord Russell, and thus was laid the foundation of the splendid fortunes of the ducal house of Bedford.

Many of the abbots are reputed to have been wise and liberal scholars, and it is certain that they maintained a school for instruction in the Saxon language and literature, and that they established at Tavistock one of the earliest printing-presses in

England. The first printed copy of the Stannary laws, entitled "Ye Confirmacon of ye Charter pertyninge to all ye Tynners," and Walton's (a canon of Osmy) "Boke of Comfort," a translation of Boethius' "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," were issued by the monastic printers.

The ruins which now exist of the once opulent abbey are situated on a narrow plain, slightly elevated above the river. Upon the site, and with the materials of the splendid old CHAPTER-HOUSE, a residence was built in 1736 by a certain barbarous ducal steward named Saunders ; and the site of his house is now occupied, in its turn, by the buildings of "The Bedford Hotel," erected in the Elizabethan style (from the designs of Fowlston) about 1830. In their rear stands a picturesque pinnacled PORCH. The GATE-HOUSE is in admirable preservation, and the upper room, distinguished by a mullioned window, is used as the Public Library. The main road runs through the archway. Oddest of all odd transformations is that of the old REFECTORY—where the good monks "sat and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd"—into a "conventicle," or "meeting-house!" And yet neither the spirits of monks nor abbots ever visit the scene of their former glories! The ABBEY CHURCH, which measured 378 feet in length, was destroyed in 1670. Within the pleasant grounds of the vicarage stand the ancient STILL-HOUSE, and BETSY GRIMBAL'S TOWER, where, it is said, the unfortunate Betsy Grimbald was murdered shortly after the suppression of the abbey. Some Early English arches, and portions of gray old walls, ivied and mossy, are also in existence, but chiefly incorporated with the surrounding buildings.

The borough town of Tavistock owes its rise, of course, to the ancient Abbey, which nourished and fostered it until it was strong enough to make a mock of its unfortunate protector. At one time its manufacture of Kersey was considerable, and "Tavistock Kersey," was in request throughout the kingdom ; but, at present, it appears to thrive upon its large iron-foundries, and its connection with the extensive mining districts of Dartmoor. A canal extends from hence to the Tamar. The opening of the Tavistock branch of the South Devon railway cannot fail to exercise a favourable influence on the fortunes of the town.

During the civil war, Tavistock was strongly Parliamentary, and was represented in the Long Parliament by sturdy iron-hearted Pym. Frequent collisions, therefore, took place between

the Roundhead burgesses, and the neighbouring Cavalier gentry. FITZFORD (south of the town, on the Plymouth new road) held out against "the rebels" for some time, but was finally captured by the Earl of Essex, in 1644. In the following year, Prince Charles rode over to Tavistock from the Royalist camp before Plymouth, but saw it under the unfavourable circumstance of unintermitting storms of rain. The impression produced was so strong, that, in after years, when any one near him remarked that it was a fine day, he would reply, "Odd's fish ! fine enough here, but it is sure to be raining at Tavistock !"

The WORTHIES of TAVISTOCK (and its vicinity) have always "held their own" in English literature, law, and arms. Sir *Francis Drake*, the most illustrious of the Elizabethan "sea-dogs," was the son of "an honest mariner of Tavistock," and born at *Crowndale*, about 1 mile south-west, *circa* 1545. According to some accounts, his god-father was Sir Francis Russell, afterwards first Earl of Bedford. Sir *John Glanville*, an eminent English judge, was born at *Kilworthy*, 1½ mile north. According to Fuller, his son, also named John, and two other Devonshire lawyers, Dew and Harris, were made sergeants-at-law about the same time, so that the saying ran—

"One { $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{gained} \\ \text{spent} \\ \text{gave} \end{array} \right\}$ as much as the other two."

The judge was unhappy in his domestic relations. His daughter was executed for murder, and his eldest son, Francis, he was compelled to disinherit. It is said that, years afterwards, when the second son, Sergeant Glanville, was holding high state in the halls of Kilworthy, the prodigal returned. He was warmly welcomed, and a grand banquet given in his honour, where, when his cover was removed, he found a brother's splendid gift—all the title-deeds of the Kilworthy lands ! *Mrs. Bray*, the novelist, the widow of Stothard the artist, and now of the late Vicar of Tavistock, must here be mentioned. In her works, she has ably painted much of its scenery, and described the rarest beauties of Devon and Cornwall with a graphic and picturesque pen ; while her pages are enriched with those legendary and historical associations which lend a fresh charm to the fairest landscape. *William Browne*, one of the sweetest of pastoral poets, and of whom old Wood says, that "as he had a little person, so he had

a great mind," was a native of Tavistock, where he was born in 1590. In his "Britannia's Pastorals"—"a vast store-house of rural imagery and description"—the beautiful episode of the "Loves of the Walla and the Tavy," proves how keenly he enjoyed, and how finely he appreciated the admirable scenery which encircles his birth-place. There is also much charming poetry in his eclogues, "The Shepherd's Pipe." Browne died at Ottery St. Mary (according to Wood) in the winter of 1645.

We must not weary our readers with quotations from an almost forgotten poet, and yet we cannot refrain from placing before them *one* short passage, wherein the imagery is evidently derived from his native Devonshire :—

" O ye, the heavenly creatures of the west,
 In whom the virtues and the graces rest,
 Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
 And grown so tedious in so rude a song.
 If you yourselves should come to add one grace
 Unto a pleasant grove, or such like place,
 Where here the curious cutting of a hedge,
 There, in a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
 Here the fine setting of well-shaded trees,
 The walks there mounting up by small degrees,
 The gravel and the green so equal lie,
 It, with the rest, draws on your lingering eye;
 Here the sweet smells that do perfume the air,
 Arising from the infinite repair
 Of odoriferous buds, and herbs of price,
 (As if it were another Paradise),
 So please the smelling sense, that you are fain
 Where last you walk'd to turn and walk again.
 There the small birds, with their harmonious notes,
 Sing to a spring that smileth as she floats:
 For in her face a many dimples shew,
 And often skips as it did dancing go:
 Here, further down, an over-arched alley
 That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
 You spy at end thereof a standing lake,
 Where some ingenious artist strives to make
 The water (brought in turning pipes of lead
 Through birds of earth most lively fashion'd),

To counterfeit and mock the sylvans all
 In singing well their own sweet madrigal.
 This, with no small delight retains your ear,
 And makes you think none blest but who live here.
 Then, in another place, the fruits that be
 In gallant clusters decking each good tree,
 Invite your hand to cross them from the stem,
 And liking one, taste every sort of them :
 Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowers,
 Thence to the walks again, thence to the flowers ;
 Then to the birds, and to the clear spring thence,
 Now pleasing one, and then another sense."

Of the gardens of many old Devonshire houses this quaint description still holds good, and for such "trim pleasaunces" we ourselves, we confess, have a hearty liking.

The PARISH CHURCH is dedicated to St. Eustachius, a stately Perpendicular pile, with a tower, nave, and triple chancel, thoroughly restored, at the Duke of Bedford's expense, in 1846. Its *memorials* are of high interest. Some bones of extraordinary size, discovered in a stone coffin among the *débris* of the abbey, are reputed to be those of the giant Earl Ordulf :—

"A giant I, Earl Ordulf men me call,
 'Gainst Paynim foes Devon's champion tall ;
 In single fight six thousand Turks I slew ;
 Pulled off a lion's head, and ate it too :
 With one shrewd blow, to let Saint Edward in,
 I smote the gates of Exeter in twain ;
 Till aged grown, by angels warn'd in dream,
 I built an abbey fair by Tavy's stream."—(*Kingsley*).

This famous earl, according to William of Malmesbury, could stride across a river ten feet wide, and when, on his arrival at Exeter in company with Edward the Confessor, he found the city gates locked and the porter absent, he leaped from his horse, took the bars in his hands, broke them into pieces with the utmost facility, and, wrenching the hinges with his foot, burst open the gates !

Sir John Glanville and his lady are commemorated by a fine monument and well-sculptured effigies, *temp.* Elizabeth. The

Bouchiers, Earls of Bath, and other right noble and important personages, are similarly honoured ; and the visitor will observe with pleasure the richly-coloured glass of the eastern window, by Willement, and the exquisite carving of the altar-table. Remark the memorial to Sir *John Fitz*, of Fitz-ford, and his lady.

The vicarage-house was erected by the Duke of Bedford in 1818, and the gardens arranged in their present admirable order by the late vicar, the Rev. E. A. Bray. The river Tavy is crossed here by three bridges, two of which are ancient. The canal between Tavistock and the Tamar, completed in 1817 at a cost of £68,000, is also spanned by a plain but substantial bridge.

Under Morwell Down the canal passes by a tunnel $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile in length, and at Morwell Ham Quay communicates with the Tamar by means of an inclined plane, 240 feet in length. A good view of Tavistock is obtainable from the south bridge.

MERRIVALE BRIDGE.

The first excursion the tourist desires to make is to Dartmoor, described p. 240, but as that interesting locality is too extensive for an afternoon's walk, we shall do better if we content ourselves with a stroll to Merrivale Bridge, and enjoy a foretaste of the stern beauties of the moor. A narrow steep road ascends all the way up from Tavistock, and will test the pedestrian powers of most men. The air, however, is pure and invigorating as we rise in the ascent, while the view of the valley we leave behind is beautiful in the extreme. After a walk of about $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles we get on the crest of the hill, and gain a sight of the moor itself in all its solemnity. The first object that strikes us is a rock to our right which bears a wonderful resemblance to the Egyptian Sphinx, especially when seen at sun-set. After passing this curiosity we descend to Merrivale Bridge (see also p. 247), where a roadside inn will provide the needful refreshment for our return to Tavistock, or advance by Two Bridges (5 miles further) to Prince's Town (*Inn*: Duchess ; see p. 241), about 12 miles from Tavistock.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. The first excursion made in this delightful neighbourhood should be to FITZ-FORD, situated $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile on the Plymouth road, and pleasantly commemorated in Mrs. Bray's romance of "*Fitz of Fitzford*." A barn, and a gateway of the date of Henry VII's reign, are all that time and man have spared of the ancient seat of the Fitz family. It was garrisoned for King Charles, in 1644, by its then

lord, the loyal Sir Richard Grenville, but was captured, after a resolute defence, by the Earl of Essex. Of course, a legend nestles among the gray old stones of this famous ruin :—The daughter and heiress of Sir John Fitz married Sir Richard Grenville, after she had outlived three husbands, each of rank and position, and each of whom she was reputed to have got rid of by foul means. A bold man must Sir Richard have been to woo and wed so suspicious a lady ! Some good-hearted dame, it appears, secretly carried off the murderess's infant daughter, who, long years afterwards, returned to Fitzford, and sought to embrace her mother, but the cruel lady, wroth at the proof of her old age afforded by her daughter's growth, flung her back between the vast folding-doors of her chamber, snapped her arm in twain, and thrust her from her house. What wonder that the lady's spirit is unquiet, and even now, in the guise of a hound, performs a nightly penance ? To hurry across the moors to Oakhampton Park, and there to gather a blade of grass, in the vain hope that ere long not a trace of verdure shall bless its ample sward ?

Sir John Fitzford, the father of this ghostly lady, was himself a double murderer—in a drunken bout he slew his neighbour, Sir John Slanning, and, hastening to London to plead for the king's grace, was overtaken by his servant, who had ridden after him to apprise him of some important tidings. Not recognizing the man in the night darkness, he fired at him and shot him dead, and quickly discovering his fatal error, slew himself in the agony of his remorse.

Another of this remarkable race dealt largely in the mysteries of the stars, and yet his superior knowledge did not prevent him from wandering astray, with his wife, amid the bleak, bare wastes of Dartmoor. After many vain efforts to regain the right road, they became so weary and thirsty that it was with infinite delight they came upon a small fresh spring, endowed apparently with miraculous powers, for no sooner had they drank of its waters than they discovered, as if by intuition, the direct path across the moor. In gratitude for so signal a deliverance, and in acknowledgment of the efficacy of its waters, John Fitz placed a memorial in stone over the well for the future benefit of travellers misled by pixies. And, as an undeniable evidence of the truth of this narrative, there, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile north of Prince Town, Dartmoor, gushes forth the marvellous stream, while certain rough stone slabs about it are inscribed,—I. F. (for John Fitz), and the date 1568.

Continuing further south, we reach WALREDDON HOUSE (W. Courtenay, Esq.), a quaint building of the date of Edward the Sixth's reign, embosomed in venerable woods. For the stories which invest it with the charms of the long ago, as well as for some noticeable bits of landscape *writing*, the tourist may consult Mrs. Bray's 'Courtenay of Walreddon.'

From this point we make for BUCKLAND MONACHORUM (population, 1548), a pleasant village, rejoicing in the great glory and prime excellence of a noble CHURCH. The said CHURCH is a goodly Perpendicular pile, with some fine carving a painted ceiling, fragments of old painted glass, and Bacon's monument to *Lord Heathfield*, d. July 6, 1790, the hero of the siege of Gibraltar.

About 1 mile south-west stands BUCKLAND ABBEY (Thomas Gill, Esq.), "a fair new house," built by Richard Grenville, and disposed of by him to illustrious Sir Francis Drake—Philip of Spain's monster "Draak"—who bequeathed it, with the rest of his landed property to his nephew Francis. An original portrait of the great sea-king, inscribed "Ætat. suæ 53, anno 1594;" his sword, drum, and bible, are among the memorials here preserved. The old ABBEY, a Cistercian house, was founded in 1278, by Amicia de Clare, Countess of Devon, and its position was

* See Motley's History of the Netherlands, etc.

minently such as would recommend it to the Cistercian monks,—broad grassy meadows, sloping under the shade of umbrageous groves to the banks of a pleasant river. In the eleventh year of Edward the Third's reign, the monks obtained permission to castellate the building. Its revenues, at the Dissolution, were valued at £241:7:9½. The principal remains consist of a square tower, some arches, and hoary walls; the abbey-orchard, reputed to be one of the earliest planted in Devonshire, still yields an abundant yearly crop.

2. The tourist's second ramble should be in a north-west direction, and embrace Kilworthy, and Mount Tavy, continuing to LYDFORD, and returning by BRENT TOR. MOUNT TAVY (Mrs. Carpenter) is a good modern mansion on the river bank, and in the shadow of Rowden Wood. KILWORTHY was the ancient seat of the Glanvilles, and in the present pile, a Georgian erection, is embodied the old hall. In the valley below ripples the beautiful Walla, whose ardent passion for the Tavy may be read of in Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals."

3. From the WALK—a beautiful promenade between the Tavy and the old walls of the Abbey, of which the men of Tavistock are justly proud—the tourist may turn off to the canal, and keep along its bank as far as Morwellham Quay. He will pass CROWNDAL, Drake's birth-place—deriving its name, according to Mrs. Bray, from the "Elfrida" legend—and, from thence, passing into an active mining district as far as the mouth of the Morwell tunnel, 1½ mile in length, will ascend the hill, and strike through a pleasant copse, to the MORWELL ROCKS. Beneath him flows the lovely Tamar, and the surrounding prospect includes the mining district of Gunnis Lake, the slopes of Hengeston Down, and the leaf-shrouded village of Calstock. In the centre of the river the waters seethe and bubble about the renowned WEIR HEAD, and on the left, above a screen of foliage, rises HAREWOOD HOUSE (Sir William Trelawny, Bart.), the scene of Mason's tragedy of "Elfrida." The old historic legend will doubtlessly be remembered by the tourist; how that King Edgar hearing of the loveliness of Elfrida, daughter of Earl Ordgar of Tavistock, despatched Earl Ethelwold to see if report spake true. How that the Earl, falling in love with the fair lady, espoused her, and on his return to court underrated her charms in grievous terms. How that the King, on pretence of pursuing the chase, determined to judge for himself respecting this famous beauty. How that Ethelwold in despair besought his wife to wear her rudest garb, and to hide her charms as much as might be, but the lady, wroth at the deception which had given her to an Earl's bed instead of a King's, adorned herself with her costliest gems, and shone upon the eyes of the astonished sovereign—a wonder of loveliness! And how that King and Earl went out to hunt the deer, and the King returned to woo a willing bride, while the Earl's cold corpse lay in the woods of Wilverley with an arrow in his heart!

From the rocks the tourist will follow a winding path to NEW BRIDGE, and turning eastward, return by the Callington road into Tavistock.

4. An excursion up the valley of the Tavy as far as FUR TOR (2066 feet above the sea), where it takes its rise, is one to be warmly commended. A romantic defile, through which the river roars and rushes, is known as the TAVY CLEAVE, and there is much picturesque scenery about ST. PETER TAVY (population, 561) and ST. MARY TAVY (population, 1367), where there is a famous lichen-woven rock, and a rude rustic bridge—the CLAM—to be admired. Beyond, are CUDLIPP TOWN and HILL BRIDGE, where the Tavy foams over a granitic bed. Crossing Fur Tor, the tourist descends into the valley of the West Dart, which he should follow as far as Two BRIDGES, on the Moreton Hampstead road, 8 miles from Tavistock. Lofty tors, bleak and rudely majestic, raise their bare crests above the clouds on every side.

5. The next excursion which our limits permit us to indicate at any length, introduces the pedestrian to the scenery of the valley of the Waikham—a rapid, rocky streamlet which joins the Tavy, in a nook of Arcadian beauty known as **DOUBLE WATER**: about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Tavistock. A mine in this neighbourhood is called the **VIRTUOUS LADY**, in honour, it is said, of Queen Elizabeth; but the tradition seems a doubtful one. The stream may then be followed up by a persevering pilgrim to **WARD BRIDGE**, where the foliage is dense and the rocky bank strikingly picturesque. Next we come to **SAMPFORD SPINEY** (population, 522), a church and a few cottages perched in an elevated position near the huge mass of granitic **Pew Tor**. At **MERRIVALE BRIDGE** we regain the main road, and, turning to the left, make the best of our way into Tavistock.

6. Finally, a pilgrimage should be made to **SHAUGH** (population, 544), and the beautiful vale of **BICKLEIGH**, 11 miles. The tourist may go *by rail* to *Bickleigh Station*, and return by road, taking **Buckland Abbey** in his way.

SHAUGH BRIDGE, an elegant structure of hewn granite, is situated near the junction of the Mew and Cad; the united streams form the **Plym**. Above the bridge rises an almost perpendicular hill, whose sides present “fine alternations of overhanging rocks, clustering trees, and luxurious clambering plants.” At its base clusters a shadowy mass of woodland overgrowth, in whose midst are conspicuous several venerable oaks, almost bowed to the earth by their superincumbent load of ivy, mosses, lichens, and trailing parasites.

“Nothing is heard but the sweet melody
Which the stream makes, contending with the rocks
That check its rapid flight”—(*Carrington*).

The Mew and the Cad rise, a mile or so apart, on the south-west borders of **Dartmoor**.}

BRANCH ROUTE—TAVISTOCK to LAUNCESTON, Miles.

At $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, or nearly, a pleasantly green lane, smiling with blossomy hedge-rows, diverges to **LAMERTON** (population, 1510), where, according to some authorities, *Nicholas Rowe*, the dramatist, was born in 1673. Certainly his ancestors had long been settled at Lamerton, and his father, a lawyer of liberal and cultivated mind, had a house there; but Johnson ascribes the honour of his birth to Little Beckford, in Bedfordshire.

On the left of the road, between Tavistock and Lamerton, are situated **OTTERY PARK** (H. Tyrrell, Esq.), and **VENN HOUSE** (Rev. W. Gill). In the background rises the well-wooded height of **Blanch Down**, and beneath it, in the leafy hollow, lies the **Elizabethan** house of **COLLACOMBE**, which remained for many generations in the Tremayne family. A window in one of the

rooms is made of 2000 small panes of glass. Fuller speaks of Nicholas and Andrew Tremayne, as twin-brothers, between whom there existed so wonderful a sympathy that even when miles apart if one experienced pain the other did ; if one desired to eat, so did the other ; and at length both were killed in the same hour and at the same place, in 1564.

At MILTON ABBOT (population, 1242), 5 miles from Tavistock, we turn aside to the left to visit ENDSLEIGH, the beautiful many-gabled semi-Tudor villa of the Duke of Bedford, erected about 1811 from the designs of Sir Jeffrey Wyattville. It stands upon a sunny slope, which extends to the hill-embosomed Tamar, and is surrounded by terraced gardens and vigorous plantations. The GROTTA, the DAIRY, the SWISS COTTAGE, the FLOATING BRIDGE, are points of interest which the tourist (after obtaining permission at the steward's office) may view with satisfaction. At some distance above the house a cascade plunges down a wall of rock, 120 feet in depth, and rolls onward to the Tamar which winds its silver waters round crag and steep, through wooded dell, and across grassy meads in a thousand fantastic bends and curves.

Three miles beyond Milton Abbot is BRADSTONE (population, 160), where an old Tudor house, the former seat of the Cloberrys, is worth examination.

The road now crosses the Tamar at Lowle Bridge, and proceeds—by way of Lawhitton—to Launceston.

BRANCH ROUTE—TAVISTOCK TO EXETER.

Via MORETON HAMPSTEAD, 36 Miles.

From the wild and romantic character of the scenery traversed by the Tavistock and Moreton Hampstead road, which cuts straight through the heart of Dartmoor, it may be pronounced as *the route par excellence* in Devonshire.

Let us suppose the tourist to have passed the Druidical and Celtic memorials of MERRIVALE BRIDGE (see page 236), upon the Walkham ; the twin-heights of GREAT MISTOR, with its Druidical rocks, and LITTLE MISTOR, a granitic mass on the left ;

and arrived at Two BRIDGES, on the West Dart, and its tributary, the Cowsick. He will from hence diverge, on the right, to PRINCE'S TOWN, or DARTMOOR PRISON, 2 miles, lying in the gloomy shade of Hessary Tor (1730 feet). It was erected in 1808, at a cost of £127,000, as a secure place of confinement for our prisoners-of-war—the victims of Napoleon's unbridled ambition.

“ 'Twas there the captives of Britannia's war,
Here, for their lovely southern climes afar,
In bondage pin'd ; the spell-deluded throng,
Dragg'd at Ambition's chariot-wheel so long,
To die because a despot could not clasp
A sceptre fitted to his boundless grasp.”

Mrs. Hemans.

The prison was converted at the close of the war into a naphtha and ammonia factory, but in 1850 was reclaimed by Government, and employed as a convict station.

Two strong walls enclose a circular area of about 30 acres, on which are built the prisons and offices. They are constructed of large blocks of stone, and radiate from a centre. Four of the buildings (each 300 feet long and 50 feet wide) are used as prisons. No. 1 contains apartments where convicts work as shoemakers and tailors ; and infirmary wards. No. 2 is occupied by out-door labourers and artizans, who are not allowed to hold any communication with each other, and inhabit distinct cells 7 feet long by 4 wide and 7 in height. In No. 3 the prisoners dwell in common wards. No. 4 resembles No. 2 in its arrangements. At 6 A.M., the prisoners' breakfast is 12 oz. bread and 1 pint cocoa ; at half-past 6 they go to prayers and at 7 to work. Dinner is served at 12 A.M., and work ceases at dark in winter, and at half-past 5 P.M. in summer. Prayers are read immediately after work, then supper is served, and at 8 P.M. all retire to bed. “ The dinner allowance of the able-bodied man on four days of the week, consists of 6 oz. of boiled beef, 8 oz. of plain suet pudding, and 1 lb. of vegetables or rice. On the other three days, 5 oz. of meat, 1 pint of soup, 1 lb. of vegetables or rice, and 6 oz. of bread. The supper allowance on ‘soup days’ is 9 oz. bread and 1 pint of cocoa ; on the other evenings, 9 oz. of bread and 1 pint of oatmeal gruel.” The number of inmates averages 1100 ; the officers of the establishment, 170 ; the total

yearly expenses may be placed at £38,000; and the value of the convicts' labour at about £14,000. Upwards of 120 acres in the neighbourhood are cultivated by the prisoners, and produce barley, oats, flax, carrots, and mangold-wurzel.

A little to the south of Prince's Town lie the enormous Dartmoor QUARRIES, which employ nearly 250 men, and are connected with Plymouth by the Plymouth and Dartmoor Railway. Scarcely a line in the kingdom, perhaps, winds through a wilder or more romantic district than does this!

Some distance to the south-east rises the lonely elevation of Fox Tor, with which an eery legend is associated by the Dartmoor peasants. John Childe, of Plymstock, in the reign of Edward III., was a wealthy squire, and like the squires of those days, and, sooth to say, of a later age, was more addicted to the pursuit of the chase than the study of the mysteries of letters. His love of hunting proved fatal to him. Having pursued the stag on one bleak winter day until the sun had prematurely gone down in the lurid west, he endeavoured to make his way across the wilds at night, but unhappily wandered into a morass. Slaying his favourite horse, he crept into its stomach to shelter himself from the icy cold.

Now it happened that Childe had often said, his fat lands should go to enrich the church where his bones might happen to lie; and the monks of Tavistock hearing of his disappearance shrewdly resolved to recover his body, if it were possible, to inter it within their own abbey-church, and so secure his estates. After a long search they found the huntsman and his steed in the rank marsh beneath Fox Tor, and found, moreover, the huntsman's will scrawled in blood—the blood of his horse—on a fragment of paper. It was as follows:—

“Ye fyrste that fyndes, and brings me to my grave,
Ye landes of Plymstoke they shal have.”

So the elated monks raised the body, and commenced their return to Tavistock in solemn procession, chanting a miserere for the soul of the departed. But lo, as they approached the outskirts of the waste, a messenger intercepted them, and warned them that the men of Plymstoke had determined to dispute their possession of Childe's body, and bury it in their village church. Away to the north sped the ready-minded monks, and when near their abbey, threw across the Tavy a rude bridge, crossed it

in safety, and bore the prize safely within the monastic walls. Then there was great rejoicing among the monks, and loud complaining among the men of Plymstoke, who christened the bridge so readily constructed **GUILE BRIDGE**, a name still given to it occasionally, though the politer sobriquet is **Abbey Bridge**. A cross was raised on the spot where John Childe died, which was accidentally destroyed by some labourers about thirty years ago. Its foundation may still be traced.

We shall not presume to indicate any particular route to the tourist who wishes to explore **DARTMOOR**. If it be dry weather, he may venture in any direction, so long as he takes with him a compass, a stout stick, a good map, and a small knapsack with refreshments. Late in the year, or after heavy rains, he must not think of attempting to wander out of the beaten track; otherwise he may cross Dartmoor—as we ourselves have done—without any further excitement than that which arises from a novel and somewhat difficult adventure. The **TORS** are admirable landmarks, and the only danger arises from the thoughtless manner in which inexperienced pedestrians *will* plunge into the softest and deepest parts of a morass.

A brief enumeration of what we may call the **CURIOSITIES** of **DARTMOOR** may, however, be acceptable:—

SHEEPSTOR, south-west—about 1 mile from Meavy on the Tavistock and Ivybridge road—a collection of cottages, a small hostelry, and an old stone church. The **TOR** is a rent and ragged mass of granite, famous as possessing the **PIXIES' HOUSE**, the said “house” being constructed of two rocks resting aslant against the side of the Tor. No mother, however, will suffer her children to approach the Pixies' House after sunset, and the hind who ventures to visit still drops a pin into its recesses as an offering to the pixies. Colonel Elford, a royalist cavalier, who was hotly pursued by Cromwell's Roundheads, had no such dread of the diminutive elves, or, at all events, feared their spells less than the tender mercies of the Ironsides, for he made this cave his hiding-place during several weary days and nights, and painted its sides in order to beguile his time.

The Devonshire pixies (pigmies?) are a race of tiny fags—the souls of infants who have died unchristened—very sportive and blithesome, but somewhat mischievous withal. Woe to the thoughtless peasant who addresses them: he shall surely die! But if he wears his coat with the wrong side outward, or crosses

their path at happy Christmas time, he is safe from their spells. They are much given to nocturnal rides upon the farmers' horses, and to stealing their cider, having a keen appreciation of good things. Gold, silver, jewels—these they treasure up in their mysterious caverns, though they never adorn their persons with them —

“ Little pixy, fair and slim,
Without a rag to cover him.”

They lie about in the hedgerows' shade like so many shapeless bundles, but start up into life and merriment when the stars come out upon the serene heights of heaven, and gaily dance a frolicsome measure upon the blossomy mead :—

“ Then, for the third part of a minute, hence—
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At their quaint spirits.”—(*Shakspeare.*)

The legends relative to the pixies, still told by the winter fire in many a Devonshire cottage, are fantastic in the extreme. A hideous little fellow bade a famous “ wise woman ” attend, on one occasion, a suffering mother and her new-born babe. The wise woman instructed the mother to apply a certain ointment which she gave her to the infant's eyes. The mother did so, but took an early opportunity to try its efficacy upon her own. And lo ! the beauties of the inner world were immediately revealed to her, and she could see the pixies, lithe and graceful, crowding about every part of her cottage. But she also saw the young gentleman who had summoned the wise woman to her assistance making free with the contents of her hen-roost, and in the first flush of her surprise she exclaimed, “ Ho, ho, my master ! so it is thou who stealest my eggs ! ” “ What now,” replied the Pixy, “ hast thou dared to make use of the ointment ? ” And he rudely smote her in the eyes with his clenched fist, so that the unhappy woman was blind for ever after !

The pixies have a passion for flowers,—for

“ The bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with egplantine : ”

and a good old dame who lived near Drewsteignton arranged for their especial benefit a delightful little *parterre* of the gayest blossoms. Very fortunate was that good dame in her after-life, and often on a summer night she was rewarded for her kindness by hearing the soft, sweet "roundels" and "serenades" of the grateful pixies. But after her death, a harsh matter-of-fact man came in for her estate, and he had no patience with the pixy-garden, but rooted it up in a most summary manner. Thereupon the elves laid their curse upon the place, and all about it sprang up the tallest possible thistles—as a hint, we suppose, to their enemy that these were his proper diet !

At Chudleigh, half way up a wooded hill, is a sort of cavern, which the common people call "the Pixies' Parlour." Its roof is formed by the roots of old trees, and around its mouth trail numerous climbing plants. Coleridge has represented the little fags as singing :—

" Aye from the fervent heat
 We to the cave retreat,
 O'er-canopied by huge roots, entwin'd
 With wildest texture, blackened o'er with age ;
 Round them their mantles green the ivies bind,
 Beneath whose foliage pale,
 Fann'd by th' unfrequent gale,
 We shield us from the tyrant's mid-day rage."

Often, in our childhood, we have been warned by the old dames of the village where we spent many a happy day, not to cross the churchyard after twilight, lest the pixies should be at their revels ; and if during the night their store of milk or cider appeared to have decreased, they would ascribe the theft to the pixies, and not to thirsty lads and lasses—the real offenders. If they drank the cider, however, they worked for it ; they spun the yarn, swept up the hearth, and put the house in order. No such industrious pixies now ! Railways have scared them from their haunts ; their music now-a-days is overpowered by the shrill whistle of the locomotive ; and the daughters of our Devonshire farmers are too well acquainted with Balfe and Verdi to listen to the sweetest song that pixy ever sang !

" They are flown,
 Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
 In Superstition's web when Time was young,

And fondly loved and cherished ; they are flown
 Before the wand of Science ! Hills and vales,
 Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
 The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
 The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
 In the old days romantic. . . .

The very streams
 Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
 Ethereal creatures ! They were seen to rise
 From the charmed waters, which still brighter grew
 As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
 Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
 Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose ;
 And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
 Floated upon the breeze. . . .

The seasons came
 In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade ;
 The shower or sunbeam fell or glanced as pleased
 These potent elves. They steered the giant cloud
 Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
 Came down in death or sport ; ay, when the storm
 Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wings,
 The tempest ; and, anon, they reined its rage
 In its fierce mid career. But ye have flown,
 Beautiful fictions of our fathers !—flown
 Before the wand of Science, and the hearths
 Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
 Are passionless and silent"—(*Carrington*).

Near Sheepstor rises the conical hill of granite called LETHITOR ; and about 1 mile north sleep the dark waters of CLASSENWELL POOL, long supposed to be unfathomable. But its real depth was ascertained in 1844, when it became necessary to supply the deficient sources of the PLYMOUTH LEET (constructed by Sir Francis Drake) from this apparently inexhaustible reservoir.

PLYM HEAD is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Sheepstor. Here the CAD has its source ; CAD being identical with PLYM ; the former being the Celtic, the latter the Saxon appellation. A *Kistvaen* or Celtic sarcophagus lies in the adjoining valley, on the bank of a small tributary of the Plym.

The *source* of the TAW should be explored by the tourist. It rises in a watershed of heath-covered hills, to the east of Cranmere Pool, and not far from the source of the West Ockment. On the south slope of the watershed rises the Dart, and runs southerly towards Two Bridges.

CRANMERE POOL lies in the heart of a dangerous morass, 2 miles west of Watn Tor, and is remarkable only from the mystery with which it has been invested by the Devonshire peasants, who have long protested no mortal could ever approach it. It is about 4 acres in extent, and apparently provided with a very scanty supply of water and a superabundance of black mud. On its western boundary rises the spring of the West Ockment. Bingie, a troublesome elf, was here imprisoned by a potent magician, and compelled to the task of draining the pool dry with a sieve. It chanced, however, that one day the Bingie discovered a bullock's hide on the neighbouring heath, and so was enabled to empty the pool, and, in revenge, to flood the town of Okehampton, where his powerful persecutor resided.

Near MERRIVALE BRIDGE a most remarkable collection of Celtic remains will be observed by the tourist. A long avenue of rude stones, 1140 feet long, is terminated at each end by a sacred DRUIDIC CIRCLE, while another circle occurs in the centre. These circles originally consisted of nineteen stones—nineteen being a holy number, and indicating the metonic or lunar cycle, at whose completion the moon would resume her original position in the heavens. About 100 yards to the east runs another AVENUE, 800 feet long and about 5 feet wide. Somewhat to the north stands a ROCK PILLAR, 12 feet in height, and another SACRED CIRCLE, 67 feet in diameter, and formed of ten stones. Observe, too, the ruins of a CROMLECH, and, at a short distance from the avenues, a POUND, 175 feet in diameter, which may have been intended as a court of judicature, or, more probably, as a defensive intrenchment. Along the base of this Tor extend the rude foundations of a large British village; and there are numerous HUT-CIRCLES, known now as "the Potato Market," where, during the plague at Tavistock in 1625, the townsmen were accustomed to deposit their money, which the country people fetched, leaving its value in provisions.

[Other points of interest are,—THE SOURCE OF THE YEALM; ERME POUND and the SOURCE OF THE ERME; YES TOR, or West Tor, 2050 feet high, LYNX TOR, the "Marshy" Tor; AMICOMBE HILL; NEWLAKE; CASTOR ROCK, 3 miles from Chag-

ford—numerous hut-circles, and a stone avenue ; THE LONGSTONE, 1 mile south-west of Castor—a rock-pillar ; FUR TOR ; WATERN TOR, of granite, with a curious fissure or ravine ; THE SOURCES OF THE TEIGN ; FOX TOR ; HOLNE RIDGE ; PEN BEACON ; THREE BARROW TOR ; RIPPON TOR ; SITTAFFORD TOR—and the Druidic Circles, 120 feet in diameter, called “the Grey Wethers ;” SCORHILL CIRCLE, a fine Druidic temple, 100 feet diameter, above the confluence of the Wallabrook and North Teign ; HOLY STREET, a picturesque village, south of the confluence of the North and South Teign, and near the PUCKIE STONE ; VITIFER MINE ; HOOKNOR TOR, above Grims-pound—hut circles ; CHALLACOMBE DOWN—a stone avenue ; GRIMSPOUND—Grima’s, or the Demon’s Pound—a circular camp, with hut circles, on HAMILTON DOWN, 1738 feet ; CUT HILL, commanding a view of the sources of the Taw, Teign, Tavy, Ockment and Dart ; BRITISH BRIDGES, on the Wallabrook, near Scorhill Circle, and on the North Teign, near Sittafford Tor ; HESSARY (Hesus, God of War) Tor, 1730 feet, Mrs Tor (Misor, the moon), BEL Tor (Belus, the sun), and HAM Tor (Ham, a Celtic divinity), evidently are Celtic names.

WISTMAN’S WOOD, 1 mile from Two Bridges, a coppice of stunted trees, covering a many-fissured rock, and undoubtedly of great antiquity. “Their whole appearance conveys to you the idea of hoary age in the vegetable world of creation ; and on visiting Wistman’s Wood it is impossible to do other than think of those ‘groves in stony places,’ so often mentioned in Scripture as being dedicated to Baal and Ashtaroth. This ancient seat of idolatry (for such it is considered by antiquaries) seems to have undergone also a great part of the curse that was pronounced on the idolatrous cities and groves of old ; for here, indeed, do ‘serpents hiss,’ and it shall never be inhabited, ‘neither doth the shepherd make his fold there,’ ‘but the wild beasts of the desert, and the owl dwell there,’ and the bittern still screams amidst its desolation”—(Mrs. Bray). WISTMAN’S WOOD is a corruption of the “Wood of the Wise Men,” or Druids.

DUMABRIDGE POUND ; BAIRDOUN, or Hill of Bards ; and the BRITISH BRIDGE on the Blackabroak, near Prince’s Town, should also be examined.

BLACK TOR. At its base are remains of a British village, some HUT CIRCLES, a POUND, 360 yards in circumference, and two stone avenues.

COCK’S TOR, 1472 feet, west of Merrivale Bridge.

VIXEN TOR, 1 mile south of the bridge, curiously resembles a female fox.

 The tourist should consult Mrs. Bray’s “Borders of the Tamar and Tavy,” the notes to Carrington’s “Dartmoor,” and the Rev. Mr. Rowe’s excellent “Perambulations of Dartmoor.”

DARTMOOR FOREST, 135,000 acres in superficial extent—22 miles north to south, and 19 miles east to west—occupying a table-land which, on an average, rises 1600 feet above the sea, was afforested by King John, granted by Henry III. to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and annexed by Edward III. to the Duchy of Cornwall. It is entirely composed of granite, and covered with a thin layer of peat, or barren loam. The immense morass in its centre gives birth to a vast number of streams, which, after heavy rains, swell into rapid and furious torrents. At various points mines have been opened, of tin, lead, copper, and manganese. The air is fresh and wholesome notwithstanding the constant rains which sweep up from the channel, and which every wind seems to have a share in producing :—

“The west wind always brings wet weather,
The east wind wet and cold together ;
The south wind surely brings us rain,
The north wind blows it back again.”

For the angler, the streams yield trout ; for the botanist, every crag abounds

to Exeter



with lichens and mosses, every river and morass with curious plants; while the naturalist should know that Dartmoor is a grand natural aviary, where the following birds have been frequently met with:—

The Little Bittern; the Snow Bunting—(*October to April*); the Bald Buzzard (or Osprey); the Common Buzzard; the Honey Buzzard (Goshawk); the Moor Buzzard; the Coot; the Hooded Crow; the Curlew; the Dunlin; the Hobby Falcon—(*March to October*); the Peregrine Falcon; the Mountain Finch (or Brambling)—(*Winter season*); the Bean Goose (*Anas Segetum* of Linnæus); the White-fronted Goose; the Wild Goose; Black Grouse; the Hen Harrier; the Marsh Harrier; the Moor Hen (*Fulica Chloropus*, Linnæus); the Night Heron; the Kite; the Landrail; the Lapwing; the Ring Ouzel—(*April to October*); the Water Ouzel (Water Crow, or Water Pewit); the Golden Plover; the Raven; the Sanderling; the Snipe; the Great Snipe; the Jack Snipe; the Mountain Sparrow (or Tree Sparrow); the Stone Chat—(*May to October*); the Missel Thrush (*Turdus Viscivorus*); the Song Thrush—(*Early in January*); the Gray Wagtail—(*February to October*); the Yellow Wagtail; the Water Rail; the Whinchat—(*May to October*).

Otters, badgers, weasels, polecats, rabbits, and hares, are also numerous.]

We resume our route at TWO BRIDGES, 8 miles from Tavistock.

 A road here branches off to Ashburton, following pretty nearly the course of the Western Dart, and crossing at Dartmeet Bridge, the Eastern Dart. It then passes (right) HOLNE PARK, and again crosses the river, reaching Ashburton at about 10 miles from Two Bridges. On this road, 2½ miles, is DUNNABRIDGE POUND.

We now pass CROCKERN TOR, the lowest of four hills which rise one after the other in a regular series. The others are respectively named LITTLE LONGAFORD, GREAT LONGAFORD, and WHITEN TOR. Crockern Tor was, of old, the Stannary House appointed by charter of Edward I.

Four miles—POST BRIDGE. Here the road crosses the Eastern Dart. Over the river, below Post Bridge, is thrown a Celtic bridge, consisting of three piers of rough blocks of granite, supporting a roadway of huge stones, each 15 feet by 6 feet. BEL TOR rises on the left, and on the right is LAKEHEAD POUND, enclosing two acres. There is a similar enclosure opposite HARTLAND TOR.

Two miles. NEW HOUSE, a small inn, near a large rabbit-warren. To the right turns off a rugged path leading to VITTIFEN MINE, and thence to GRIMSPOUND. Observe the remains (on the right) of an ancient stone cross.

One mile. Traces of Celtic track-ways, hut-circles, and a pound, on the left of the road.

Four miles. BECTOR CROSS, marking the intersection of the Chagford and Newton Abbots, and Exeter and Tavistock roads.

[CHAGFORD (population, 1557. *Inns*: Three Crowns, and Globe Hotel) lies nearly 3 miles north-east, upon high ground which rises somewhat suddenly out of wooded vales and romantic hollows. In summer, it is a Devonshire elysium; in winter, a Devonshire hades—a difference which is significantly expressed in the local sayings:—In summer, it is “Chagford, and what d’ye think of it?” In winter, “Chagford! Good Lord!”

Sidney Godolphin, a gallant cavalier, whom Clarendon calls “a young gentleman of incomparable parts,” was slain in a skirmish at Chagford during the Civil War.

The *Three Crowns Inn* was a dower-house attached to Whyddon Park, built by Judge Whyddon, *temp.* James I.

The favourite excursions out of Chagford are to WHYDDON PARK, where a fine old house reposes among ancient oaks, beech, pine, elm, and fir;—GIDLEIGH PARK (Rev. A. Whipham), a most romantic domain—the very sovereignty of the Fairy Queen—where the Teign rushes over rock and crag, and, swollen by the waters of the Wallabrook, rolls majestically through shadowy hollows;—and the druidical memorials which surround KIS TOR. A scanty relic of a Norman Castle lends a peculiar attraction to the village of GIDLEIGH.]

Three miles=MORETON HAMPSTEAD (population, 1858. *Inns*: White Hart, and White Horse: *Market*, Saturday), 183 miles from London—usually spoken of as MORTON—that is. Moor-town—is a small but clean, healthy, and orderly market-town, in a remarkably tranquil and sequestered position. Some years ago, its inhabitants observed a primeval simplicity in their manners and customs, and gave way to certain little superstitions which were evidence of their exceedingly secluded lives. Even now, there are few towns in England which retain more of the calm and contentment of antiquity.

In the churchyard are remains of an old stone cross, and a vigorous but venerable elm tree, whose branches were formerly so trimmed and disposed of as to support a platform for dancers. The musicians were perched up in the higher boughs, and the dancers ascended to their leaf-embowered salon by means of a rude wooden ladder.

Delicious lanes and blossomy hedge rows; hills all gay with golden furze; rippling brooks, and crystal *shutes*; quaint old gardens and trim pleasaunces; ferny hollows, and broad patches of sunny corn; meadows fertilized by plashy water-courses; arcadian valleys, brimfull of tranquil loveliness; these are aspects of nature which the tourist will contemplate with pleasure, and which abundantly diversify the neighbourhood of Moreton Hampstead. In every direction may be found a pleasant ramble.

and ample occupation for the sketcher's pencil. The recesses of Dartmoor may well be explored from this point, or the tourist may make his way to CHAGFORD, and GIDLEIGH PARK, to DREWSTEIGNTON, FINGLE BRIDGE, and the MOVING STONE, to the lonesome valley of LUSTLEIGH CLEAVE, the BOVEY BROOK and its trout-abounding deeps; the Logan Stones, called the NUT-CRACKERS; and the ivy-shrouded rock, called the RAVEN'S TOWER—to the early English pile of BRIDSFORD CHURCH—to LUSTLEIGH CHURCH, rich in Edwardian monuments—to the Celtic camps of WOOSTON and PRESTON (or Presson) BERRY—to the romantic seclusion of HOUNDTOR COOMB, and its fantastic rocks—and lastly, to the Perpendicular CHURCH of WIDDICOMBE-IN-THE-MOOR. A final ramble should be taken through North Bovey to MANATON,* in a wonderfully wild and picturesque country side.

Two miles. On the right of the road rises a swarthy-coloured rock, called the BLACK TOR.

Three miles. DUNSFORD BRIDGE. A road on the right diverges to CHUDLEIGH, passing CHRISTOW and CANONTEIGN—the latter an elegant mansion, situated in a delightful demesne. The road on the left leads through DUNSTON to DREWSTEIGNTON.

Seven miles. EXETER. [See p. 173.]

[For the convenience of the tourist from EXETER to TAVISTOCK, we reverse our route, thus :—

	From Exeter.	From Tavistock
EXETER	— —	32 m.
PERRIDGE, or Cotley Camp	4 m. = —	29 m.
DUNSFORD BRIDGE (Valley of the Teign) }	3 m. 7 m.	25 m.
MORETON HAMPSTEAD	5 m. = 12 m.	20 m.
BECTOR CROSS (commence- ment of Dartmoor) }	3 m. = 15 m.	17 m.
NEW HOUSE	4 m. = 19 m.	13 m.
POST BRIDGE	2 m. = 21 m.	11 m.
TWO BRIDGES	3 m. 24 m.	8 m.
PRINCE'S TOWN	[2 m. south of Two Bridges.]	
MERRIVALE BRIDGE	4 m. = 28 m.	4 m.
TAVISTOCK	4 m. = 32 m.	—]

* MAEN-Y-DUN, i. e., the strolghold of upright stones.

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—TAVISTOCK TO DEVONPORT.

The Tavistock and Plymouth Railway passes through a succession of rich and lovely landscapes, through the meadows of Buckland and the vale of Bickleigh; but if the tourist really desires to explore this beautiful district with any degree of completeness, he must fare on foot.

Below BUCKLAND MONACHORUM (Monks' Buckland), at 5 miles from Tavistock, a road diverges to MEAVY (population, 294), from whence the whole vale of the Meavy may be examined as far as SHEEP'S TOR. The river abounds in trout, carp, roach, and dace. The MEAVY OAK is 27 feet in girth, and is supposed to have been a vigorous tree in the reign of John. A granite cross, 9 feet high, near the bridge, and KNOLLE FARM-HOUSE, date 1610, with its adjacent waterfall, are points to be visited.

About 6 miles further we reach BICKLEIGH (population, 300. *Inn*: The Maristowe Arms), where an ancient CHURCH contains the tomb and effigies of Sir *Nicholas Slanning* and his wife. In the garth stands a noble cross.

Keeping across the fields, eastwards, we reach SHAUGH BRIDGE, whence we may wander into the valley of the Cad, and descend the river as far as DEWERSTONE, a many-coloured cliff, which was for years a favourite resort of the Devonshire poet, N. T. Carrington. On a slab inserted in the ground above is engraved his name and the date of his death. This leafy dell and the river-valley are haunted by a demon huntsman, whose shrill horn and baying hounds often disturb the stilly night. "Dewerstone" is traceable, perhaps, to *Tieu's stan*, the rock of Tieu, or Tuesco, the Saxon divinity to whom "Tuesday" was anciently dedicated.

We may now follow the Valley of Bickleigh to its opening at PLYM BRIDGE (where there stands a little roadside chantry of ancient date), and thence to BORINGDON, the former residence of the Parkers, Earls of Morley, but now a substantial farm-house, embodying the hall and some other portions of the old fourteenth century mansion. The landscape here is of a beauty that surpasses description. Or we may turn aside, on the right, into the Devonport road, and digress to MARISTOW (Sir Ralph Lopez), or

MARTINSTOW, a stately mansion which stands on the rise of an ample sward, near the estuary of the River Tavy. Attached to it is a domestic chapel, dedicated to St. Martin. Following the course of the river, we arrive at WARLEIGH (W. Radcliffe, Esq.), built in the reign of Stephen, and enlarged *temp.* Henry VII. and VIII., which Prince describes as a "seat both pleasant and profitable; for, standing near the Tamar side, and having a park and fair demesnes belonging to it, it wants no variety which sea or land can yield." On the Cornish bank of the Tamar lies the village of LANDULPH (population, 250), and across the Tavy, north, stands BEER FERRIS (population, 3401), or Beer Ferrers, whose gray old Decorated CHURCH was built, *temp.* Henry II., by William de Ferrariis, and contains a monument to its founder. This village was the scene of Stothard's death.

We regain the road at the village of TAMERTON FOLIOT (population, 1147), situated at the junction of three well-wooded glens, and looking out upon winding river and low green hills. The CHURCH contains numerous memorials of the De Gorges, Foliots, and Coplestones. Remark the COPLESTONE OAK, the ominous and fatal tree of the lords of Warleigh. The Tamar here sends up into the woods a small but pleasant creek.

The Albert Bridge now greets us, flinging its gigantic tubes across the noble river with a peculiar air of grandeur; the Tamar broadens into the Hamoaze, and the fresh sea-breeze brings to our ears the music of distant waters. We once more strike inland as far as WESTON PEVERIL, and, regaining the high road, continue our way through the suburb of Stoke Damerel into Plymouth, or Devonport, as choice or necessity dictates.

[For PLYMOUTH, see p. 121, and for DEVONPORT, p. 123.]

PLYMOUTH to EXETER.

BY SOUTH DEVON RAILWAY.

[Plympton St. Mary, 5 m. ; Cornwood Road, 5½ m. ; Ivy Bridge, 1½ m. ; Kingsbridge, 3½ m. ; Brent, 2 m. ; Totnes, 7 m. ; Newton Junction, 8¾ m. ; Teignmouth, 5 m. ; Dawlish, 3 m. ; Starcross, 3½ m. ; Exeter, 9¾ m. = 54 m.]

BARRY CORNWALL sings—

“Dost thou not love the golden antique time,
When knights and heroes, for a lady's love,
Would spear the dragon?”

Oh that “golden antique time” which the poet speaks of! When mailed knights and peerless dames lived, it is said, in a very atmosphere of love and chivalry; when the beautiful inspired the poet, and the truthful animated the hero; when through leafy valleys wound glittering cavalcades of barons, squires, and ladies; when horns rang lustily in the greenwood, and harps flung out a wondrous music in the hall!

But was that “antique time” such a time of rose-coloured romance as the tale tellers would have us believe? Or, was it not rather an age of might? When they could keep who had the power; when the strong hand prevailed over the strong brain; when the only law was that which the will of the powerful enforced?

There is always a picturesqueness about the Past. Our very sorrows, looked at as they lie in the twilight—“the dewy twilight of memory”—the shadow of the parted years—assume for us a

novel and even attractive aspect, and hence we are always sighing *Non sum qualis eram*, I am not what I was! It is even so in History. What *has been* is ever more full of interest than what *is*, and it is easier for the poet to invest with dreamy splendour the men and deeds of the Long Ago than the heroism of the Present, however sublime, and its achievements, however magnificent!

At PLYMPTON EARLE, 1 mile south of Plympton St. Mary, may be seen the ruins of a feudal stronghold, built by Richard de Redvers, Earl of Devon, and dismantled by King Stephen, when Baldwin de Redvers, second Earl of Devon, defended Exeter against him. It was rebuilt in the following reign, and strengthened as years rolled on according to the new principles of military science. Prince Maurice, in 1643, appointed here his head quarters, and in the following year it fell into the hands of the Parliamentary General, the Earl of Essex. The Roundheads took good care that it should never again be tenable as a military post. The moated area which the castle formerly occupied is now recognized by Plympton beaux and belles as an agreeable rendezvous; some ruins of the keep, however, retain their ground, and afford an object of interest to the zealous antiquarian.

Let it be remembered that at Plympton Earle, in 1722, was born Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, *facile princeps* of English portrait painters. His father was master of the Plympton GRAMMAR SCHOOL, where Reynolds himself was instructed in the "rudiments." The said school was founded by Sergeant Maynard, in 1658, from funds provided for charitable purposes by Elize Hele, Esq. of Fardell. The building—in the late Tudor style—was erected in 1665. The arcade is supported by massive piers of granite.

PLYMPTON EARLE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Maurice, is an uninteresting edifice, and was originally a chapelry to the church of Plympton St. Mary.

Plympton returned a representative to Parliament as early as the 23d of Edward I., but was deprived of the privilege by the Reform Bill of 1832. In reference to its ancient opulence and consideration the local rhyme asserts—

"When Plymouth was a vuzzy down,
Plympton was a borough-town."

The South Devon railway has a small STATION at PLYMPTON ST. MARY (population, 3026. *Inns*: George, and Railway Hotel), $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Plymouth. The CHURCH is a fine old pile of the Decorated order, with Perpendicular additions, well worth notice. Remark, too, the memorials of the families of Strode and Parker. A relic or two is still in existence of the Augustinian Priory which Bishop Warlewast of Exeter founded (A.D. 1121), upon the ruins of a Saxon Collegiate House.

To the north lies NEWNHAM PARK (G. Strode, Esq.), and on the banks of the Plym, ELFORDLEIGH (W. Fox, Esq.); HEMERDON HOUSE (Admiral Woolacombe), and BUCKWOOD HOUSE (Col. Mudge), are also in this vicinity.

We now proceed, leaving Caddlewood (Mrs. Symonds) on our right—and traversing the Blachford (105 feet high) and Slade (103 feet high) viaducts—to the CORNWOOD ROAD STATION, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. CORNWOOD (population, 1087) itself is about 1 mile from the station—pleasantly situated on the Yealm at a short distance from the south-west boundary of Dartmoor. SHELL TOP, one of the granite tors of that remarkable waste, and 1550 feet in height, lifts its vast pile above the river-glen, 1 mile to the north. Numerous Celtic remains are within an easy walk.

In Cornwood itself there is little to be seen. Its CHURCH appears to be a fourteenth century building, with later additions, and contains a few memorials. GOODAMOOD HOUSE (H. Treby, Esq.), and THORLEY HALL, where Elizabeth Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, the heroine of the famous bigamy case, was born, are situated on the outskirts of the village. DELAMORE, to the south, was the residence of *Winthrop Mackworth Praed*, the poet, whose early death was so great a loss to English literature. Miss Mitford has characterized his poems as “the most graceful and finished verses of society” that could be found in our language, and as exhibiting “that love of the genuine and the true, that scorn for the false and the pretending, which is the foundation of all that is really good in eloquence as well as in poetry, in conduct and in character, as well as in art.” Some of his sketches have a Devonshire flavour about them, as for instance, his portraits of “The Vicar,” and “Old Quince.” The latter opens thus :—

· Near a small village in the West,
 Where many very worthy people
 Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
 To guard from evil church and steeple,
 There stood—alas, it stands no more!—
 A tenement of brick and plaster,
 Of which for forty years and four,
 My good friend Quince was lord and master.

“For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
 Had couched beneath his master’s table,
 For twice ten years his old white steed
 Had fatten’d in his master’s stable.
 Old Quince averred upon his troth,
 They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
 And none knew why he fed them both
 With his own hands six days in seven.”

At 10 miles from Plymouth we reach the IVY BRIDGE STATION (*Inns*: Mallett’s, and Rogers’ Arms), in the immediate vicinity of the beautiful valley of the Erme. The ivy-shrouded bridge from which the village takes its name is the junction-point of four parishes—Cornwood, west; Ugborough, east; Ermington, south; and Harford, north.

The Erme is here crossed by the graceful viaduct of the South Devon Railway, 110 feet above the river, and flows southward through a fertile country to join its waters to those of the Channel in Bigbury Bay. It rises near Fox Tor, and after foaming over a rough and rocky channel, winds into the deep shadows of a wooded valley at Harford. Its course should be explored by the tourist, from the variety and richness of the scenery which it comprehends. Commencing at Fox Tor, the following are the points of interest to which his attention should specially be directed:—

ERME HEAD.

Three miles, ERME POUND—a Celtic antiquity. (YEALM HEAD, 2 miles west.)

Three miles, THREE BARROW TOR, 1519 feet, surmounted by a weather-worn cairn. This remarkable hill rises on the east

One mile, SHARPITOR, south of Three Barrow Tor, and about 1 mile east.

Two miles, HARFORD (population, 139); a KISTVAEN, or (s.w.)

Celtic coffin, on the hill above ; ancient church ; picturesque village.

Two miles, RAILWAY VIADUCT, 115 feet above the river level.

Half a mile, IVY BRIDGE—rude one-arched structure ; wooded banks and lichen-covered rocks ; a small but romantic waterfall ; paper mills ; quiet village.

One mile, CATON—romantic hamlet.

ERMINGTON (population, 765. *Inn* : The Fawn) CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, has a leaning spire, and a brass to *J. Strachleigh*, d. 1583.

One mile, SEGUER'S BRIDGE—Plymouth and Kingsbridge road.

Half a mile, FLEET HOUSE (*J. Bulteel, Esq.*),—beautiful ground and modernized Elizabethan mansion.

Three miles, MOTHECOMBE, Bigbury Bay ; on the opposite bank, RIGMORE.

 Total length of route, about 18 miles ; but the tourist must understand that the distances, for obvious reasons, can only be approximatively correct.

WALKS may be taken from Ivy Bridge to BLACHFORD (*Sir F. Rogers*), 3 miles north-west ; FARDELL, an old farm-house, once the residence of the Raleighs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west ; ERMINGTON, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south ; and MODBURY, 4 miles south-east.

The next station is the KINGSBRIDGE ROAD, full 10 miles north of KINGSBRIDGE. This is the most convenient point from whence to visit UGBOROUGH (population, 800), $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, its castle, church, and FOWELLSCOMBE (*S. Savary, Esq.*), a Tudor house built in 1537 ; and MODBURY (population, 1858. *Inn* : White Hart), 3 miles, a curious little town, mouldy and venerable, whose four streets descend as many hills, and meet in the basin, or hollow, which they enclose. Its Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. George, is dignified by a tall spire, rising directly from the ground to an elevation of 135 feet. It was rebuilt (the spire) in 1621. In the interior are two effigies of Devonshire knights, and some heavy piers of granite.

MODBURY COURT formerly stood on the summit of the hill which rises westward of the town. It was the seat, for centuries, of the famous family of the Champernownes, of whom a daughter married Otho Gilbert, a Devonshire gentleman, and became the

mother of Sir John, Sir Humphrey, and Sir Adrian Gilbert. She next married Walter Raleigh of Fardell, and bore to him the great Sir Walter, thus giving birth to four of the most illustrious of Elizabethan worthies. Her brother, a Champernowne, obtained permission from Queen Elizabeth to raise a troop of 100 volunteers (amongst whom the young Raleigh enrolled himself, for the assistance of the French Protestants, and they fought with great repute under the banner of the Prince de Condé.

A somewhat apocryphal story thus accounts for the fall of this once magnificent family. A band of musicians of extraordinary skill was maintained at Modbury, but was destined to bring ruin upon their liberal patron:—"For that Mr. Champernowne, taking it on the Thames in the time of Queen Elizabeth, her majesty was so delighted with the music, that she requested the loan of it for a month; to which Mr. Champernowne, aware of the improbability of its ever returning, would not consent, saying, 'he hoped her majesty would allow him to keep his fancy.' The Queen was so highly exasperated at this refusal, that she found some pretence to sue him at law, and in the course of the proceedings to sell no less than nineteen manors."

Modbury Court was garrisoned for the Parliament in 1642.

The little town of KINGSBRIDGE is about 7 miles south of Kingsbridge Road Station, in close proximity to the village of Doddbrooke. It is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill at the head of Salcombe haven, 5 miles from the open sea. It contains a church of the 15th century, a free grammar school, and a town-hall, in which there is an interesting local museum. The climate of the place is very salubrious.

Before reaching the SOUTH BRENT STATION, 2 miles from Kingsbridge Road, we cross a viaduct, 72 feet high, and the foamy Avon, which swells after heavy rains into a dangerous torrent. BRENT BEACON lies to the right, SOUTH BRENT (population, 1203) to the south of the line. The Devonshire sand (a micaceous iron-ore) is found in this neighbourhood. ST. PETROCK'S CHURCH has a Norman tower, a fine parclose, a richly decorated screen, an ancient font, and several memorials. Fishing-spears with bronze heads—apparently early Saxon—have been found in the river here, at a certain deep called "the Pool of Blood." The town formerly belonged to the monks of BUCKFASTLEIGH ABBEY, who had the privilege of erecting therein a gallows, and summarily getting rid of unpleasant offenders.

The railway now turns, somewhat abruptly, to the east, passing MARLEY HOUSE (Lady Carew) on the right, and leaving RATTERY, a small village, on the left. The Marley Tunnel is three quarters of a mile in length ; the Rattery viaduct, 50 feet high, consists of six arches, each 50 feet in span. We next pause at

TOTNES—*i.e.*, THE PROJECTING HEADLAND.*

[Population, 4000. *Inns*: Seymour, Seven Stars.

~~128~~ A boat daily between Totnes and Dartmouth.

23 m. from Exeter ; 10 m. from Dartmouth ; 196 m. from London ; 6 m. from Ashburton ; 2 m. from Berry-Pomeroy ; 5 m. from Buckfastleigh ; 5 m. from Dean Prior ; 5 m. from Dittisham ; 6½ m. from Holne ; 17 m. from Moreton Hampstead ; 1½ m. from New Bridge ; 22 m. from Tavistock ; and 5 m. from Whaddon Court.

Bankers, The Devon Banking Company. *Market-day*, Saturday.]

Certain antiquarian theorists there are who will not accept the obvious derivation of "Totnes" from the Saxon *tot* and *nes*, a projecting headland, in reference to its position on the summit and slope of a bold hill breaking abruptly from plain and meadow, and flinging itself forward into the waters of the Dart ; but persist in placing here the disembarkation of the mythic Trojan, Brute or Brutus, and explain "Totnes" as a combination of *tohta*, a leader, and *æsc*, his ship. But in Domesday Book it is called *Tolemais* in evident allusion to its Saxon name, and we must, therefore, reject the antiquarian fancy, although the stone on which the bold Brutus first placed his foot is still shewn by the townsmen ; and we are informed that he distinctly asserted :—

"Here I stand, and here I rest,

And this town shall be called Totnes."

Totnes is generally supposed to have been the *Ad Durium Amnem* of the Romans, and stood upon a Roman *via* connecting Exeter and the Tamar. At the time that the Domesday Roll was drawn up, it contained 110 burgesses, and belonged to a certain Judhael de Totneis, who built a castle here, and founded a Benedictine monastery. It was then surrounded by walls, of which some fragments remain. The manor passed through the hands of the families of De Braose, Zouch, Valletort, and Edgcumbe, and by the latter was sold to the corporation, which, at present, consists of

* *Tot*, Saxon, to project ; and *nes*, or *nez*, a headland.

a mayor, four aldermen, and twelve councillors. From the time of Edward I. it returned two members to Parliament, until, for corrupt practices, it was disfranchised in 1867. Sir George Carew, an Elizabethan worthy, was created Earl of Totnes in 1626 ; but as he had no heirs, the title expired with him. A terrible storm—so destructive in its effects, that it was popularly ascribed to the agency of the Devil—occurred here on Sunday, October 21, 1638 ; but from the storms of the Civil War which broke out so soon afterwards, the town appears to have suffered little. When William of Orange came to effect “ the deliverance ” of England, Totnes distinguished itself by the ardour with which it embraced his cause ; voluntarily offering him a subsidy of 4s. in the pound land-tax, and even the remaining 16s. if his need should require it.

A considerable woollen manufactory, and a still more considerable fishery, are now the principal support of the inhabitants of Totnes ; but in the neighbourhood is a large store of chocolate and madrepora marbles, and the country is in a state of the highest cultivation.

The tourist will here direct his attention to the CHURCH, the Castle, the Bridge, and such remains as are discernible of the old Roman road, and the town-ramparts.

The CASTLE was built by Judhael de Totnais. The keep is circular in form, constructed of red sandstone, and absolutely massed with ivy and creepers. The pleasant garden-grounds around it have been thrown open to the public by their owner, the Duke of Somerset.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, and Perpendicular in style, is built of red sandstone. Its erection, or restoration, is ascribed to Bishop Lacey, 1432. The pulpit is richly carved, and the screen (of stone) is very handsome. On the north-east side formerly stood the Benedictine Priory of St. Mary's. The PAROCHIAL LIBRARY contains a notable collection of the works of the Fathers, and of the ponderous folios of the seventeenth century divines.

The BRIDGE, a stately structure of stone, of three arches, was built in 1828 at a cost of £12,000, and connects Totness with Bridgetown. A small island in the river, very agreeably planted, communicates with the bridge by means of a flight of stone steps. Below the bridge extends for some distance a delightful promenade.

Benjamin Kennicott, born 1718, the learned Hebrew scholar ; *Edward Lye*, 1704, a distinguished Saxon archæologist ; and

William Brockedon, the artist and Alpine traveller (witness his "Passes of the Alps"), were natives of Totnes.

The most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Totnes will be described in the two following branch routes. But to the tourist who has not time to spare we shall recommend a visit only to the ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle (see page 269.)

BRANCH ROUTE—TOTNES TO CHUDLEIGH, 15 Miles.

By way of ASHBURTON.

(Or, through Dean Prior, Buckfastleigh, and Ashburton, 19 miles.)

At DARTINGTON (population, 660) the tourist's attention will be attracted by an old house and an old church—both eminently English, and both of unusual interest. The house embodies a portion of the old feudal mansion of the Hollands, Dukes of Exeter, and was built, as a sculptured escoccheon shews, by the first of that ducal family in the reign of Richard II. The GREAT HALL is 70 feet long by 40 feet broad, and was formerly 50 feet high; it is now unroofed. The fireplace might well afford sufficient warmth for so noble a chamber: its width is 16 feet. The kitchen and some of the outbuildings also remain. On the west side spreads a terraced garden, ordered in the Elizabethan style. The outer quadrangle, 245 feet by 157 feet, is in tolerable preservation; but of the inner court the relics are scanty.

Near the house, which fell into the hands of the Champernownes in the reign of Elizabeth, stands the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary. Observe its Tudor pulpit, its richly carved oaken screen, the windows glowing with deep-hued glass, and the monument to Sir *Arthur Champernowne*, d. 1578, his wife, and seven children.

About 1 mile beyond is STAVERTON BRIDGE, commanding a fine view of the Vale of the Dart.

Turning to the left at Dartington, we cross through a fair rich country side to DEAN PRIOR (population, 507), on the South Brent and Ashburton road—a village which, to the true lover of English poetry, must be as a famous and eternally-hallowed shrine. Here was born, in 1591, *Robert Herrick*, prince of English lyrists, who wrote here the greater part of his *Hesperides*, after his appointment to the vicarage by Charles I. (1629). He was not at

first enchanted with his parishioners, but wrote and spoke of them as "rude, almost as rudest savages," and a "rocky generation."

"More discontents I never had
 Since I was born than here ;
 Where I have been, I still am sad
 In this dull Devonshire.
 Yet, justly too, I must confesse,
 I ne'er invented such
 Ennobled numbers for the presse,
 Than where I loathed so much."

After a while, however, he learnt to appreciate his parishioners better, and to take an infinite delight in their ancient customs, as his verses shew. With his neighbour, Sir Edward Giles, M.P. for Totnes, he passed some merry hours, and both he and his parishioners were sorry when the puritans turned him out of his living, and placed one John Lyon therein. He was restored by Charles II., and spent his closing years at Dean Prior,—with Mistress Prew his housekeeper, Trasy his pet dog, and Phill his tame sparrow, a goose, a cat, a pet lamb, and some few chickens.

Herrick was buried on the 15th of October 1674. His grave is marked by a handsome monument, recently erected by his lineal descendant, William Herrick, Esq., of Leicestershire. His residence, DEAN COURT, has long been made use of as a farmhouse.

To the right lies DEAN BURN, a romantic glen, brightened by a stream which leaps over the crags in several shimmering waterfalls.

One mile further, we reach BUCKFASTLEIGH (population, 2613: *Inn*: King's Arms), occupying a small plateau in the centre of a ring of low abrupt, but generally verdurous hills. Its inhabitants are employed in the manufacture of serges and blankets. You ascend to its elevated church, which is perched up on high as if to make religion difficult, by a flight of 130 or 140 steps. Of course, the legend runs that it was placed here out of the reach of the devil, who had a troublesome habit of undoing every night the work accomplished by the builders during the day. The building is Early English in style, but with later additions and alterations. In the churchyard stand several

tombs of black marble, and the ruins of a small chantry which cover the daisied graves of the late Admiral White and his wife.

One mile beyond the village, on a grassy slope which stretches to the very marge of the Dart, are the barn, ivy-shrouded tower, and hoar walls of BUCKFASTLEIGH ABBEY, a Cistercian house, founded in 1137 by Ethelwald de Pomeroy, on the site of an ancient Saxon Benedictine house, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. At the time of its suppression, in 1538, its revenues amounted to £466 : 11s : 2½d per annum. It passed afterwards into various hands, and speedily sank into decay. Out of its ruins were built a large factory, now in constant work, and several of the village houses. The present ABBEY is a stately Tudor mansion, with embattled parapets, which was erected about forty years ago. Its position is very lovely, and the trees which enrich its grounds are venerable with age and majestic in their vigour.

BROOK HOUSE (Mrs. Coates) lies about 1½ mile left. At BIGADON Lady Linter has a small collection of good pictures, including three fine specimens of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The LOVER'S COOMB is a richly wooded hill which overlooks the village. HEMBURY CASTLE, on the western bank of the Dart, near Holne Park, is an oblong Danish entrenchment, covering about six and a half acres.

Three miles from Buckfastleigh, the tourist reaches

ASHBURTON—*i.e.*, the ASH-FARM.

[Population, 2335. *Inns* : The London, and Golden Lion.

192 m. from London ; 9 m. from Chudleigh ; 6 m. from Totnes ; 6½ m. from Newton Abbot ; 18 m. from Exeter ; 17 m. from Dartmouth ; 12 m. from Torquay ; and 11 m. (*via* North Bovey) from Moreton Hampstead.

NEAREST RAILWAY STATIONS at Totnes, 6 m., and Newton Abbot, 6½ m. Conveyances may be obtained.

Bankers, see Newton Abbot and Totnes. *Market-day*, Saturday.]

The vale or hollow in which plain old Ashburton—ancient stannery and market-town, and venerable borough—is situated, opens northward upon the desolate waste of Dartmoor and the rapids of the famous Dart. Consequently, the rambles to be enjoyed in its vicinity are numerous, broadly distinct in character, and redundant in picturesque beauty. BUCKLAND and its beech-

groves, 4 miles ; lonely WIDDICOMBE-IN-THE-MOOR, 7 miles ; NORTH BOVEY, and MORETON HAMPSTEAD, 11 miles ; may be visited for the wild and savage grandeur of their landscapes ; while, to the east and south, in a fairer and more cultivated countryside, are placed NEWTON ABBOT, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; DENBURY, 4 miles ; BROADHAMPTON, 5 miles ; and STAVERTON, on the Dart, 4 miles.

In the town itself, all that is to be seen may be seen in an hour ; the shop which was formerly, as the MERMAID INN, the head-quarters of Fairfax (1646) ; the ORATORY, with its carved work in oak, in Mr. Parham's house in West Street ; the quaint old timber-built GUILDHALL ; and the modernized Perpendicular CHURCH, with its tower 90 feet high, and its monument commemorative of *Dunning*, first *Lord Ashburton*.

The town has given birth to two illustrious men ; to *John Dunning*, eminent as a lawyer and parliamentary orator, created Baron Ashburton in 1782 ; and *William Gifford*, born in 1756, poet and reviewer, translator, and man of letters. His father, a painter and glazier, died while his son was still a child, and young Gifford had consequently to struggle against many years of crushing poverty. To Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon at Ashburton, he was at length indebted for his emancipation. From 1808 to 1824, he was the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He died December 31, 1826. We do but remember one allusion of the poet's to his native place, and that occurs in "The Mæviad," when he addresses his playmate and schoolmate, Ireland, who had become Dean of Westminster, and reminds him how they, in their childhood,

" Had sought the brook and coppice, hand in hand,
And shaped rude bows, and uncouth whistles blew,
And paper-kites (a last great effort) flew ;
And when the day was done, retired to rest,
Sleep on our eyes, and sunshine in our breast."

A ramble to HOLNE (population, 386), $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; its CHURCH, which contains some carved work, and paintings of saints ; the FLOYFIELD (playfield), where the "ram feast" is celebrated every May-day—a lamb being caught, slaughtered, and roasted, and old English games following the banquet ; and HOLNE CHACE (Sir B. Wrey, Bart.), with its holly trees—*holine*, *holne*, *holly*—may be warmly commended. The tourist should keep northward from

Holne to Dartmeet Bridge, and strike across the moor to BUCKLAND, from thence returning by the usual road.

ASHBURTON TO CHUDLEIGH.—These 9 miles present few features of interest to the topographer, though for the wayfarer who has eyes to see and ears to hear, a heart to feel, and a fancy to conceive, the wayside will not be barren ; and thoughts may be garnered up, and pleasant images, which in his later life shall be an endless bliss.

“Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed,
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.”—(*Wordsworth.*)

About 2 miles beyond the “Travellers’ Rest,” a road on the right diverges to NEWTON ABBOT. Our own road, however, lies through the village of BICKINGTON, and passing INGSDEN on the left, crosses the river Hayne at BAGTOR (Lord Cranstoun), 5 miles from Ashburton. About 2 miles to the north-west of Bagtor are the HEYTOR ROCKS, a spur of Dartmoor, and a favourite spot for summer excursions. In this neighbourhood was born, in 1581, *John Ford* the dramatist, a member of the family of the Fords of Islington, and a Devonshire worthy. After bequeathing to posterity his “*Lover’s Melancholy*,” “*Broken Heart*,” “*Love’s Sacrifice*,” and other tragedies, he died at the age of 53, at his native place. Does the reader remember Charles Lamb’s eulogium ? “*Ford*,” he says, “was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity, not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence, in the heart of man ; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds.” That he was a grave, and somewhat sorrowful man, is indicated by a contemporary satirist in the following lines :—

"Deep in a dump John Ford alone was gat,
With folded arms and melancholy hat."

We now cross the Moreton Hampstead road, and afterwards the little river Wrey, fish-full, as all Devonshire rivers are. BOVEY TRACY (population, 2086. *Inn*: The Union), the scene of Cromwell's night surprise and total defeat of Lord Wentworth in 1646, with its CHURCH, an old building carefully restored, rendered interesting by the quaint epigraphs commemorative of Archbishop Laud, and other Anglican martyrs, written by the vicar, Forbes, *temp.* Charles II., are situated on the Moreton Hampstead Road, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-west. The POTTERY and COAL-FIELDS in the neighbourhood; the BOLTOR ROCK; and the romantic village of HENNOCK, 2 miles east, are objects that may well beguile the tourist from his proscribed route. But, for our own part, after crossing the Teign, nothing shall delay us on our way to CHUDLEIGH but UGBROOKE PARK, the beautiful seat of Lord Clifford, which lies on the outskirts of the little town, and in the shadow, as it were, of the great limestone wall of CHUDLEIGH ROCK.

The Park is about 6 miles in circumference, and encloses an elevated Danish camp, known as CASTLE DIKE. From the richly-wooded ridge called MOUNT PLEASANT, a very fine and extensive prospect may be obtained. The glades are stocked with several hundred head of deer, and abound in oak and elm, beech, ash, and chesnut.

The house, occupying an elevated site, is quadrangular; has two stately fronts; and battlemented walls. The west front overlooks an ample lawn which slopes boldly to the marge of a spacious lake. The chapel and library form a distinct building, connected with the main body of the house by a lofty gallery. The chapel was dedicated to St. Cyprian in 1671. Amongst the fine works of art collected at Ugbrooke, are, *The Woman taken in Adultery*, by *Rubens*; *Tribute-Money*, *Van Dyck*; *Mary Magdalene*, *Guido Reni*; the *Madonna*, *Rubens*; and specimens of Kneller, Lely, Jansens, Titian, and Gentilesschi.

Halfway down Chudleigh Rock is a cavern 12 feet high and 10 feet wide, celebrated as the "Pixie's Parlour." The roots of old trees form its ceiling, and its walls are covered with ciphers. Through a leaf-shaded ravine in this limestone wall, a crystal brook, after leaping in sparkling and foaming cascade over crag and rock, eddies and whirls, and dimples into glassy pools, and

sends up into the heavens a delightful music which should fill the poet's soul with unutterable gladness.

In 1807, 166 houses were destroyed by fire at CHUDLEIGH (population, 2401. *Inn*: The Clifford Arms), and the town, having in consequence been partially rebuilt, presents a new but by no means a thriving appearance. Excellent cider is made here; blue limestone is quarried in the neighbourhood; there are some remains of the BISHOPS OF EXETER'S PALACE, though its site is mainly occupied by a prolific orchard; the Teign affords abundant sport for the angler; and the CHURCH is utterly uninteresting. So much, O reader, for the little town of Chudleigh!

From hence to Exeter the road lies principally across a bold elevation of the greensand, called the HALDEN HILLS, which, at its highest, attains to an altitude of 818 feet above the sea-level.

Chudleigh is 6 miles from Newton Abbot; 7 miles from Star Cross; 6 miles from Teignmouth; 9 miles from Exeter; and about 9 miles from Moreton Hampstead; but the latter route is not a peculiarly interesting one. The best way, though the longest, will be up the valley of the Teign, by way of Hennock, Canon-teign House, Christow, and Bridford, into the Exeter Road. Then turn to the west for Moreton Hampstead.

BRANCH ROUTE—TOTNES TO DARTMOUTH, 19 Miles.

In this route should be included—

FOLLATON HOUSE (G. S. Cary, Esq.) Joel de Totneis endowed his priory at Totness with this manor, *temp.* William I., that the monks might pray "for the good estate and safety of the king while living, and for his soul when dead." The present mansion, situated in a wooded hollow lying off the Plymouth road, was improved some thirty years ago, under the superintendence of J. S. Repton, the architect.

We then strike southward to HARBERTON (population, 1221), whose goodly Decorated CHURCH cannot fail to gratify the archæologist. Its pulpit of stone is gilded, sculptured, niched, and coloured, in an unusual manner, and with astonishing wealth of ornament. Our course being next directed towards the river, we shall come in due time to CORNWORTHY (population, 567),

where there are some interesting remains of an Augustinian nunnery; and keeping onward to DITTISHAM (population, 755), an orchard-surrounded village, soon reach the estuary of the rapid Dart.

[Returning on the opposite bank, we pass in succession, the brave leafy slopes of GREENWAY (Mrs. Harvey); WHADDEN COURT (H. Studdy, Esq.); SANDBRIDGE (Lord Cranstoun), with its memories of Sir Adrian Gilbert and Captain John Davis, two Elizabethan heroes; MAISONETTE (H. C. Hunt, Esq.); and STOKE GABRIEL (population, 718), and its ancient church.]

TOTNES TO NEWTON *via* BERRY POMEROY.

Leaving Totnes by the left side of the Dart a walk or drive of three miles will take us to the CASTLE of BERRY POMEROY. The Pomeroy turnpike, which runs at right angles to the river, must be followed till we pass through the hamlet of that name ($1\frac{3}{4}$ mile), and proceeding about 400 yards further, take the road down to our left. Still keeping to the left, we strike into the wood by a narrow lane where, shortly, we shall gain sight of the Castle. Admission is free, but a gratuity of sixpence is expected. The ruins of the once stately stronghold, erected in the days of the Conqueror by Ralph de Pomeroy, seem to hang upon the brink of a lofty cliff which starts up with picturesque boldness out of the shadowy depths of a delightful valley. The descendants of the founder retained the lands, and mingled their names in song and legend, until they were forfeited by the treason of Sir Thomas Pomeroy, in the first year of the reign of Edward VI., and bestowed upon the haughty Lord Protector Somerset. His representatives built here a magnificent structure at a cost of £20,000, but never completed the west side. "The apartments were very splendid, especially the dining-room, which was adorned, besides paint, with statues and figures cut in alabaster with elaborate art and labour; but the chimney-piece, of polished marble, curiously engraved, was of great cost and value. The number of apartments of the whole may be collected hence, if report be true, that it was a good day's work for a servant but to open and shut the casements belonging to them"—(*Prince*). Sir Edward Seymour, the haughty and magnificent leader of "the country party" against James II., maintained here a splendid state, but the mansion appears to have fallen into decay soon after his decease. Tradition ascribes its destruction to a terrible

thunder-storm, when it was set on fire by the scathing lightning. The principal gateway, the Tudor front built by the Lord Protector, St. Margaret's tower, some ivy-mantled walls, and the wreck of a Jacobean court, still attest to its ancient grandeur, and are, as it were, the melancholy "Hic jacet" which proclaims the vanity of human pride. The ruins now belong to the Duke of Somerset, as representative of the ancient family of Seymour, and are maintained in tolerable repair, but the Ducal family on their visits to these estates reside at Old Berry Pomeroy House, near the church.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is an ancient building, erected by one of the Pomeroyes. Noticeable in it are its fine screen, its rood-loft, and various memorials of the Seymours—especially Lord *Edward Seymour*, died 1593, and Sir *Edward Seymour*.

Resuming our route, we pass MARLDON, 2 miles right, and STAVERTON, 1 mile left, and, running through a fair broad valley, soon come to the uplands, which we penetrate by means of the Daignton tunnel. Our way then lies through a series of cuttings in the limestone, until, near ABBOTS KERSWELL (left) a branch diverges to TORQUAY. Leaving WOOLBOROUGH on our left, we run into the NEWTON STATION, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Totness, which affords an outlet for the traffic both of NEWTON BUSHEL and the town, in which it may now be considered as incorporated, of

NEWTON ABBOT (population, 1500. *Inn*: Globe. *Market-day*, Saturday). Newton is a handsome town, situated on the river Lemon, in the heart of a fertile and richly cultivated district, which sends up to its weekly markets such a store of good things as cannot fail to attract the stranger's eye. The CHURCH stands on a knoll, on the Moreton Hampstead road, and at some distance from the town:—a plain Perpendicular building, with a good south door; some carved work on screen and pews; a richly ornamented Norman font; much excellent stained glass emblazoning, the scutcheons of Nevil, Montague, Monthermer, and Courtenay; and a marble tomb, with canopied effigies, to Sir *Richard Regnele* of Ford, died 1633, and the *Lady Lucy*, his wife.

On Tuesday the 6th of November 1688, the vanguard of the army of William of Orange entered Newton Abbot. A stone,

still preserved in Wolborough Street, marks the spot where his declaration was solemnly read to the people. His own quarters for two days were established at Ford House, a seat of the ancient and illustrious family of Courtenay. "He was magnificently lodged and feasted there ; but it is remarkable that the owner of the house, though a strong whig, did not choose to be the first to put life and fortune in peril, and cautiously abstained from doing anything which, if James II. should prevail, could be treated as a crime"—(*Macaulay*). William's army was encamped on MILTON DOWN, 1½ mile east, where there exists a Roman camp, defended by stout triple vallum and fosse, and further protected at some distance by a later Danish entrenchment of circular form. DENBURY DOWN, 3 miles south-west, above the village of Denbury, is also crowned by an elliptical camp.

FORD HOUSE (close to the Station) belongs to the Earl of Devon, but is leased to Henry Cartwright, Esq. It was erected, *temp.* James I., by Sir Richard Reynell, "a flourishing branch of the house of Ogwell," whose daughter and heiress, Jane, brought it as her dowry to Sir William Waller. *Their* daughter and heiress, Margaret, married Sir William Courtenay, a direct ancestor of the present proprietor, the Earl of Devon. It stands, surrounded by lofty hills, in the centre of a considerable lawn, which has at its eastern extremity a broad sheet of water. "Its elevation exhibits great simplicity, with a tendency to decoration, shewing an immense improvement in the style of building, compared with the heavy and incongruous houses of the present era ; its principal front having a centre with two wings, the central projection being ornamented with a cupola or bell-tower ; whilst numerous large windows, having their compartments divided by stone mullions, give to it a character which time has not altered." The Hall, 30 feet by 20 feet, is entered by a low stone porch, which forms the central projection of the house. Its windows are emblazoned in stained glass with the arms of Reynell, Waller, and Courtenay ; and its ceiling ornamented with numerous allegorical subjects. A richly-carved oaken staircase, with massive balustrades, leads to the Great Drawing-room, and to King Charles' Bedchamber, where the antique furniture remains unaltered. The room in which William of Orange slept is also preserved in its original condition.

Two miles south of Newton stands HACCOMBE HOUSE (Sir W Palk Carew, Bart.), built about 50 years ago on the site of a very

ancient mansion, which had in turn belonged to the Hacombes, Archdeeknes, Courtenays, and Carews. The adjacent CHAPEL is dedicated to St. Blaize. The two horse shoes on its door perpetuate the memory of the achievement of that Carew who swam his horse some distance out to sea and back again to land for the wager of a "fat manor."

The railway now sweeps boldly round the estuary of the Teign, passing on the left the villages of KING'S TEIGTON, the birth-place in (1628) of *Theophilus Gale*, an eminent Nonconformist, and BISHOP'S TEIGTON. From the Newton Station a branch diverges to MORETONHAMSTEAD, passing STOVER LODGE (Duke of Somerset), and crossing Bovey Heath.

Through deep cuttings, whose walls rise to an altitude of 200 feet, and five tunnels which are excavated in the new red sandstone, the train bears us onward to DAWLISH, 3 miles. The station is close to the shore, and commands a fine "sea-view."

We still follow the line of the beach until Langstone Cliff is arrived at. Passing through it, we strike across the level of THE WARREN to STAR CROSS, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, where we approach the bank of the estuary of the Exe. EXMOUTH is, of course, conspicuous on its terraced hill, on the opposite bank. We now proceed up the valley of the Exe, passing POWDERHAM CASTLE, EXMINSTER, the DEVON COUNTY LUNATIC ASYLUM, the turreted tower of the Perpendicular CHURCH of ALPHINGTON, ST. THOMAS' STATION, and crossing the Exe on a viaduct of timber, reach the St. David's Exeter Station.

Here we conclude our "wayfarings" in beautiful Devon; having neglected, we hope, no feature of interest—no historical or literary association—and having detailed our routes with as much fulness as will be generally approved of.

RIVER TAMAR.

LOWER PORTION

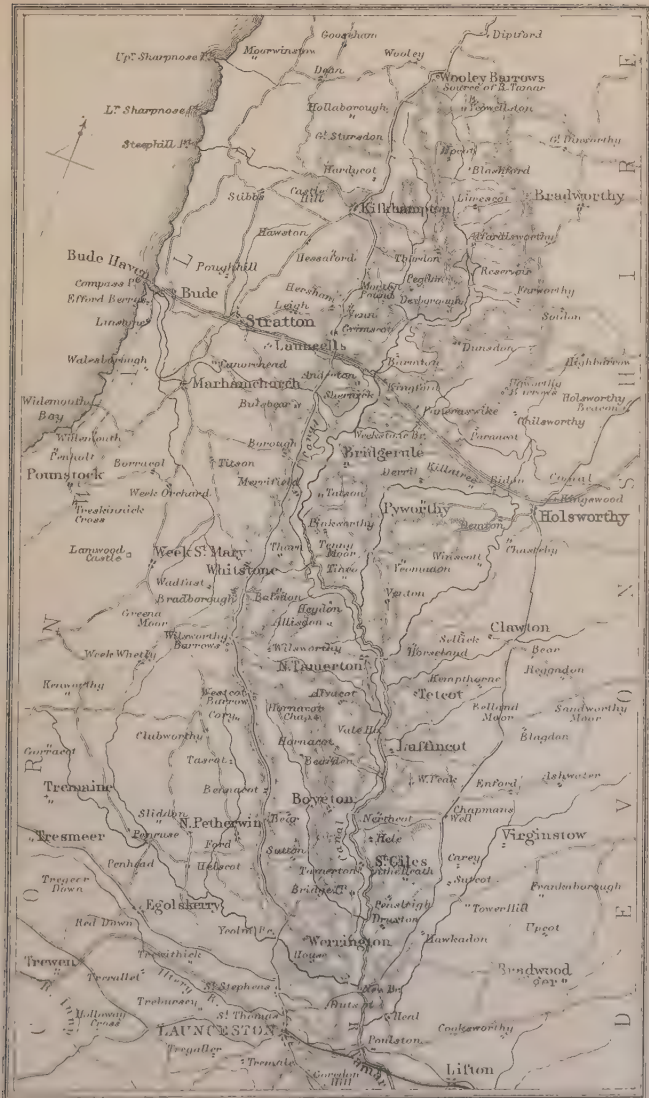


English Miles

J. Bartholomew Edin.

RIVER TAMAR.

UPPER PORTION.



English Miles

1847

APPENDIX.

BY BOAT—UP THE RIVER TAMAR.

[FROM PLYMOUTH TO THE WEIR HEAD.]

[For the convenience of the tourist who undertakes this delightful excursion, we have arranged the following Table.

ON THE LEFT BANK. (RIGHT HAND).	Miles from Plymouth.	ON THE RIGHT BANK. (LEFT HAND.)
[The voyager will survey in succession the various Government buildings of busy Devonport—the Victualling Yard, the Dockyard, New Passage, and the clanging factories of Keyham. The numerous men-of-war and frigates, in ordinary, steamers, hulks, cutters, barges, boats, lend a wonderful animation to the scene.]		MILLBROOK, and ST. JOHN'S LAKE—small but picturesque inlets. TORPOINT. THANKES, Lord Graves. ANTONY HOUSE, W. Pole Carew, Esq., M.P. The Lynher runs up to the thriving town of St. Germans.
		
ROYAL ALBERT BRIDGE (Cornwall Railway),		
100 feet above the river, and 2240 feet in length.		
The banks of the river are now of some elevation.	6½	SALTASH, a busy town, with a curious combination of old and new in its aspect (see p. 142), 251 m. by rail from London.
A beautiful and well-wooded creek runs inland, about 3 m., to TAMERTON FOLIOT. On the right hand lies BODSHEAD, and on the left rises WARLEIGH TOR.		
Junction of the river TAVY. 1 m. up the Tavy is WARLEIGH, Rev. W. Radcliffe.	8	LANDULPH. The church stands on the bank of an inlet which runs up to BOTES FLEMING, passing the woods of MODITONHAM, J. Carpenter, Esq. In the former is a monumental brass, with long inscription,
	9	to Theodore Paleologus, last descendant of the Greek emperors, who was buried here, 1636.
EGYPT.	9½	
HALL'S HOLE, a village celebrated for its cherries. The river beyond this point makes a bold curve, sweeping round an abrupt projection of the land.	10½	CARGREEN.

BY BOAT--UP THE RIVER TAMAR—*Continued.*

ON THE LEFT BANK. (RIGHT HAND.)	From Plymouth	ON THE RIGHT BANK. (LEFT HAND.)
½ m. inland, BEER ALSTON. NEW QUAY. MORWELLHAM QUAY. Here we may land, and ascend the hill to the inclined plane of the TAMAR AND TAVY CANAL (see p. 236). The MORWELL ROCKS. The scenery here is of the most noble character.	12½	PENTILLIE CASTLE. A. Coryton, Esq., designed by Wilkins, the architect of the National Gallery, is picturesquely situated in the bosom of venerable woods, and in the shadow of a lofty hill, named MOUNT ARARAT. ST. MELLION, with its interesting church (see p. 377), lies about 3 m. inland.
	14	DANESCOMBE, a quiet wooded hollow, associated by old tradition with memories of the Danish Vikingir. We have now reached the romantic demesne of
	16	COTHELE (Earl Mount Edgecumbe), a fine old mansion of granite, surrounded by clustering elm, chestnut, oak, and larch, and dating from the time of Henry VII. Observe the CHAPEL ROCK. The path to the house is an agreeable one (see p. 377).
	17½	Another curve of the river, and we reach CALSTOCK. The banks are luxuriant in leafy shadows.
	20	HAREWOOD HOUSE, Sir W. Trelawney, where Mason places the scene of his tragedy of "Elfrida." A foot-path leads through the grounds to the ferry at Morwellham.
	21	CALSTOCK CHURCH.

The WEIR HEAD,

about 23 m. from Plymouth. Beyond is Newbridge, where the river is crossed by the Tavistock and Callington road.

RAILWAY ITINERARIES.

L BRISTOL TO EXETER AND PLYMOUTH BY BRISTOL AND EXETER
AND SOUTH DEVON RAILWAYS.

ON RIGHT FROM BRISTOL.	From Plymouth.	STATIONS, ETC.	From Bristol.	ON LEFT FROM BRISTOL.
	128½	Bristol. From London (by the Great Western Railway) 118½ miles, by road 114. A session town in the adjoining counties of Somerset and Gloucester; 8 miles in circumference, and covering about 1600 acres. Supposed to have been inhabited before the Roman invasion; was defended after the Conquest by a strong fortress, which was demolished by Cromwell. St. James's Church, the nave of which still stands, was erected in the 12th century. Returns two M.P.'s, and contains about 160,000 inhabitants. As a port it is now of great wealth and consequence.	0	BEDMINSTER belongs to the Bristol New County Courts. The church is partly ancient. Veins of strontian occur in the immediate vicinity. DUNDRY. Has a beacon 700 feet above the sea level, commanding one of the most extensive and beautiful prospects in the west of England. Stanton Drew, with its druidical circle, is in the distance.
LONG ASHTON. In the church is a carved screen, and some monuments of the Chokes family. ASHTON COURT , an old house with a front by Inigo Jones. Has a large portrait gallery. LEIGH COURT , W. Miles, Esq., 2 miles distant. COOMBE HOUSE.		Tunnel 300 feet long.		BARROW GURNEY.
FLAX-BOURTON. The church has a fine doorway. CHARLETON HOUSE. BRANCH TO CLEVEDON , 4 m. distant, and 134 m. from London.	120½	Nailsea. Yatton. (CLEVEDON JUNCTION.)	8	WRINGTON , noted for its church tower, and as the birth-place of John Locke, the philosopher, and burial-place of Hannah More.

BRISTOL TO EXETER, &c.—*Continued.*

ON RIGHT FROM BRISTOL.	From Plymouth.	STATIONS, ETC.	From Bristol.	ON LEFT FROM BRISTOL.
Pop. 2000. <i>Hotels</i> : Bristol, Royal, and Rock. It is a pleasant watering-place on the shore of the Bristol Channel. The church contains monuments of the Wake family—the founders of CLEVEDON COURT, an Elizabethan mansion (Sir A. H. Elton, Bart.)—of Henry Hallam, the historian, his wife, daughter, and two sons.		For about twenty miles the line keeps parallel with the shore of the Bristol Channel, affording many pleasant prospects.  cr. river Yeo.		
WORLE. On Worle Hill (306 feet) are remains of an ancient camp.	113	Banwell. In Banwell Church are some brasses, a stone pulpit, and an octagonal font. It is in the later English. Banwell Court was built in 1584 by Bishop Godwyn on the site of a monastery of the time of Alfred.	15½	THE MENDIP HILLS, and Banwell Cave, so interesting on account of the bones found in it, are close at hand. CHEDDAR, celebrated for its cheese, is at the foot of the Mendip Hills, about 5 m. from Banwell.
 BRANCH TO WESTON SUPER MARE, 1½ m. distant. A modern watering-place on Uphill Bay, which has lately risen into some repute. Pop. 4100. <i>Hotels</i> : Bath, Esplanade, Marine, and Railway. Ruins of Uphill Church are interesting.	110	Weston Super Mare Junction.	18½	LOCKING. HUTTON. Has ochre and other pits. Fossils have been found in them. The church has a stone pulpit. In Hutton House is a timber hall.
BREANE, a station on the coast for samphire.		 cr. river Axe.		BLEADON. Has remains of a Pictish camp, where coins have been found.
BERROW.				LYMPHAM.
BURNHAM, a small watering-place on Bridge-water Bay. The scenery is much admired.	101½	Highbridge Junction.  cr. river Brue.	27	EAST-BRENT. SOUTH-BRENT.  GLASTONBURY, 8 m. distant. The ruins of the Abbey, whose last abbot was hanged by order of Henry VIII.; the town cross, and the Church of St. John, with its fine tower, are deserving of note.
HUNTSPELL				

BRISTOL TO EXETER, &c.—Continued.

ON RIGHT FROM BRISTOL.	From Plymouth.	STATIONS, ETC.	From Bristol.	ON LEFT FROM BRISTOL.
PAWLETT.				PURITON.
				BAWDRIPI.
	95½	Bridgewater, 151½ m. from London.	33	The unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was proclaimed king on Castle Hill, and afterwards completely defeated on Sedgmoor, near Weston, about three miles distant. 1000 of his followers were killed and 1500 taken prisoners.
NORTH PETHERTON. Halswell House, 2 m. distant.		Bridgewater, situated on the River Parret, was incorporated as a borough by King John, who built a castle—has a good coasting trade; returns two members to Parliament; and gave the titles of duke, marquis, and earl to the Egertons. The church is a handsome and spacious structure, and has a spire 174 feet high. Pop. in 1871, 12000.		DUNWEAR.
NEWTON.	91½	cr. river Parret.	37½	
ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, near the Line.		Ascend the valley of the River Tone to Taunton.		
WEST MONKTON.				
CHEDDON FITZPAINE.	86			NORTH CURRY, across the Tone.
	83½	Taunton. (Hotel—The London.) Taunton, a town of great antiquity, had a fort built in 680 by Ina, King of Wessex. In 1497 it was taken by Perkin Warbeck. It frequently changed hands in the parliamentary wars; and was the scene of many iniquitous executions in the reign of James II. under the direction of Col. Kirke and Judge Jeffreys. St. Mary Magdalene's Church is in Decorated Gothic; with five aisles and a	44½	CREECH ST. MICHAEL. RUSHTON.
STAPLEGROVE.				BISHOP'S HULL.
NORTON FITZWARREN.				BRADFORD.
HILLFARANCE.				HEATHERTON PARK, W Adair, Esq.
NYMEHEAD.				

BRISTOL TO EXETER, &c.—*Continued.*

ON RIGHT FROM BRISTOL.	From Plymouth.	STATIONS, ETC.	From Bristol.	ON LEFT FROM BRISTOL.
		tower 153 feet high. Some remains of the castle exist. Chaucer's son was governor of it. It returns two members to Parliament, and contains a population of about 15,000.		
 HOLCOMBE ROGUS , Tudor Mansion, and Perpendicular Church.	76 $\frac{3}{4}$	Wellington , 170 m. from London. Wellington is a neat town situated close to the Watling Street. The trade is chiefly in serges and potteries. The church, a handsome Gothic structure, contains the monument of Sir John Popham, whose house was destroyed in the Civil War. This place gives title to the Duke of Wellington, to whom a column was erected on Blackdown Hill. Population, 1851, 3926.	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	BURLESCOMBE . Church has an ancient screen. UFFCULME , 4 m.  Fine church, recently restored.
 HALBERTON , 2 m. Fine old church.	72 $\frac{3}{4}$	Enter DEVONSHIRE. Enter the Whiteball Tunnel, 5 furlongs long.	55 $\frac{3}{4}$	
	67 $\frac{3}{4}$	Tiverton Junction , 179 m. from London. The line passes through the valley of the Culme, famous for its eels.	60 $\frac{3}{4}$	BRADFIDD HALL ,  B. Walrond, Esq. , 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. KING'S MILL .
 BRANCH TO TIVERTON , 5 m. distant. Tiverton is an ancient municipal town, agreeably situated on the slope of a hill. The church is an interesting edifice, containing several monuments. The view from the churchyard is strikingly picturesque. The castle gate, towers, and part of the walls remain. It returns two members to Parlia-	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	Cullompton , 181 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from London. Cullompton, a market town of great antiquity, was left by Alfred to his son Ethelward. The church is large, and in Later English, consisting of three aisles. There	63	10 m. to HONITON  PLYMTREE , 4 m.  The Perpendic. Church has a screen, and a niche in west face of the tower.

BRISTOL TO EXETER, &c.—*Continued.*

ON RIGHT FROM BRISTOL.	From Plymouth.	STATIONS, ETC.	From Bristol.	ON LEFT FROM BRISTOL.
ment. Popula. 1851, 11,144. (See p. 195.)		are a vine-leaf screen, some carved oak, and a wall painting in it. The tower is 100 feet high. Woollen manufacture and paper-making are the principal branches of trade.		
BRADNINCH, about 2 m. from Culloompton, for- merly sent two mem- bers to Parliament. The church has an old screen and rood loft. The rectory is pictur- esque. Gives title of Baron to Dukes of Cornwall.		Continues in the valley of the Culme, to the junction of that river with the Exe.		KILLERTON, Sir T. D. Acland, Bart.
SILVERTON.	61½	Hele, 185½ m. from London.	67	CLIST, ST. LAWRENCE. Several villages are named from their posi- tion on the pleasant river Clist.
SILVERTON PARK, Countess of Egrem- ont.				POLTIMORE, Lord  Poltimore, 1 m. dist.
PYNES HOUSE, Sir S. Northcote, Bt., M.P.	53	Exeter.	75½	
		Exeter is the county town, and in itself has the privileges of a sepa- rate county. It is in the Wonford Division and Hundred, 194 m. from London. Pop. 1851, 40,688. (See p. 173.)		HEAVITREE, residence of the late Richard Ford.
		 or river Exe, and continue along its right bank.		ST. LOYES, P. Jones, Esq. 
ALPHINGTON has an ancient cross. In the Perpen. church is a Norman font.				Embankment of the Exeter Ship Canal. 
 SHILLINGFORD ABBOT, 2 m. distant.				TOPSHAM is situated at the confluence of the river Clist with the Exe. It has a commodious quay and a good coast- ing trade. In the church is a monument by Chantrey to Admiral Duckworth.
KENBURY HOUSE.				
EXMINSTER.	48		80½	
POWDERHAM CASTLE, Earl of Devon. Observe the Belvidere, and church.	46		82½	
KENTON.	44½	Starcross.	84½	EXMOUTH, on the oppo- site side of the Exe.

BRISTOL TO EXETER, &c.—*Continued.*

ON RIGHT FROM BRISTOL.	From Plymouth.	STATIONS, ETC.	From Bristol.	ON LEFT FROM BRISTOL.
BY MAMHEAD, Sir L. Newman, Bart., 2 m. distant.		Starcross is a pleasant station. Leaving Starcross, we have the sea on our left so far as Teignmouth, and pass through several tunnels.		
	40½	Dawlish. Dawlish is a small village, but is much frequented for the excellent sea-bathing which it affords. The tunnels here pass through the new red sandstone.	87½	MOUNT PLEASANT.
HALDON HILL rises 1818 feet above the level of the sea. It commands extensive views of the surrounding scenery.	37½	Teignmouth, 16½ m. from Exeter. Teignmouth is a very ancient town, and a fashionable summer resort. It has a fine beach, with cliffs rising, in some places, to nearly 200 feet. (See p. 107.) The line throughout from Exeter to Teignmouth affords the tourist an endless variety of excursions. The peeps of the sea and the surrounding country are beyond description fine. After reaching Teignmouth, the line continues nearly along the north bank of the river Teign (here from one-half to three-quarters of a mile wide) which it crosses before reaching.	90½	
KING'S TEIGNTON. LYNDRIDGE.				ESTUARY OF THE TEIGN, the bridge at the mouth of which is 1671 feet in length, and consists of 34 arches, made partly of wood and partly of iron. A swing bridge opens in the centre to permit the passage of vessels.
BY STOVER LODGE, Duke of Somerset, 2½ m. distant.	32½	Newton. The church is seen on the right.	95½	

BRISTOL TO EXETER, &c.—*Continued.*

ON RIGHT FROM BRISTOL.	From Plymouth.	STATIONS, ETC.	From Bristol.	ON LEFT FROM BRISTOL.
WOOLBOROUGH.				KINGS KERSWELL.
IPPLEPEN.				BRANCH to TOR- RE QUAY, 7 m. distant. Torquay is now a place of considerable note as a sea-bathing resort.
BROAD HEMPSTON.				COCKINGTON.
STAVERTON.				BERRY POMEROY CASTLE, Duke of So- merset.
DARTINGTON HOUSE, H. Camperdowne, Esq.		Daignton Tunnel.		LITTLE HEMPSTON.
		 cr. river Dart.		
RATTERY.	24	Totnes, A town of great anti- quity. A castle, the remains of which still exist, was erected by William the Conqueror. (See p. 260.)	104½	DARTMOUTH, 8 m. 104 distant. Dartmouth is a seaport town on the mouth of the river Dart. The harbour is capable of holding 500 vessels. The parish church is old, and contains a cu- rious screen. Popula- tion, 1851, 4508. (See p. 117.)
 DEAN PRIOR, 1½ m. distant; residence of Herrick the poet.		The line approaches part of Dartmoor Fo- rest.		
		Tunnel.		FOLLATON HOUSE, G. Stanley Carry, Esq.
				LISBURNE
	17	Brent Church has a Norman tower.	111½	SOUTH BRENT.
BUTTERTON HILL, one of the highest points of Dartmoor, 1203 feet.		 cr. river Avon.		MORELEIGH.
 The WESTERN BEA- CON.	15	Kingsbridge Road. The line skirts the south-east extremity of Dartmoor.	113½	KINGSBRIDGE, 9 m. 113 distant.
HARFORD.				
STOWFORD HOUSE.				
	113½	Ivy Bridge.  cr. river Erme by a lofty viaduct. The view of the river under- neath is very striking.	116½	IVY BRIDGE, pleasantly situated in a beautiful dell, derives its name from a bridge, with one arch covered with ivy, which crosses the river Erme far below the railway station.
BLATCHFORD, Sir F. Rogers, Bart.				
GOODAMOOD, P O Treby, Esq.				

BRISTOL TO EXETER, &c.—*Continued.*

ON RIGHT FROM BRISTOL	From Plymouth.	STATIONS, ETC.	From Bristol.	ON LEFT FROM BRISTOL
NEWNHAM PARK, G. Strobe, Esq. ELFORDLEIGH.		 cr. river Yealm.		CHADDLEWOOD.
	5	Plympton. The church of Plympton St. Mary has a fine Perpendicular tower.	123½	PLYMPTON - EARLE 43 1 m. distant. A small market town, the birthplace of the celebrated painter Sir Joshua Reynolds. His portrait, painted by himself, is in the Guildhall. Previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, by which it was disfranchised, it returned two members to Parliament. Pop. 1851, 933.
MARISTOW, Sir R. Lopes, Bart.				
EGG BUCKLAND.				
WHITLEIGH.				
MANADON HOUSE.				SALTRAM PARK, Earl of Morley.
A portion of the line of railway between Exeter and Plymouth was for a time worked on the atmospheric principle; but the locomotive had, eventually, to be adopted.	0	 cr. the Lara Estuary, enters a deep cutting, and penetrates through a tunnel into Plymouth. Plymouth is situated on the river Plym, about 216 m. from London by road, and 247 by railway. Its first charter was granted by Henry VI. in 1488. The estuary of the Tamar here is capable of holding 100 ships of the line. The estuary of the Plym, which is reserved for trading vessels, can accommodate 1000 sail.	128½	

II. EXETER TO BARNSTAPLE BY NORTH DEVON RAILWAY.

ON RIGHT FROM EXETER.	From Barnstaple.	STATIONS, ETC.	From Exeter.	ON LEFT FROM EXETER.
PYNES HOUSE (Sir S. Northcote). UPTON PYNE. BRAMFORD-SPEKE, famous for the controversy between the Rev. C. Gorham and Bp. of Exeter.	39½	Exeter. The line pursues a nearly uniform north-west course to Barnstaple. At Crediton, however, there is a considerable bend to the west.	0	COWLEY HOUSE.
	35	Newton St. Cyres.	4½	NEWTON ST. CYRES is in the Crediton Hundred, on the River Creedy. Iron, lead, and manganese occur in the district.
DOWNES, S. W. Buller, Esq., M.P.	34½	 cr. River Yeo, a little way before its junction with the Creedy.		NEWTON HOUSE, J. Quicke, Esq.
CREDITON is situated in a low spot in the vale of the Creedy. Coarse linen, sacking and serges, are manufactured. By the Saxons it was styled <i>Cridiantun</i>. It was the seat of an episcopal see until the middle of the eleventh century. St. Boniface of Mentz was a native. (See p. 197.)	32½	Crediton. The line from Crediton proceeds nearly due west for about three miles, parallel with the Yeo, and then turns off in a northerly course to Bewsleigh, after which its course is north-west.	7	DUNSCOMBE. FORDTON HOUSE.
 CREEDY PARK, 1 m. distant, Sir H. R. F. Davie, Bart. M.P. COOMBE.				WOOTON. COLEBROOKE.
	26	Copplestone.	13½	
 MORCHARD BISHOP, 2 m. distant.	24½	Morchard Road.	15½	An ancient cross in the village.
LAPFORD. CHENSON.		The line proceeds down the valley of the Taw, which it frequently crosses.		COLERIDGE, 4 m.,  Church has a good screen.
	21½	Lapford.	18½	Dewridge, 3 m. E. 

EXETER TO BARNSTAPLE—Continued.

ON RIGHT FROM EXETER.	From Barn'ple.	STATIONS, ETC.	From Exeter.	ON LEFT FROM EXETER.
LEE HOUSE.	18	Eggesford. AT BRUSHFORD the Eggesford hounds are kennelled. HOWARD HOUSE (E. of Portsmouth), is be- tween Eggesford and Wemworthy.	21½	NYMET ROWLAND.
BY CHULMLEIGH, 1½ m. distant, is a polling place on the River Dart. In 1645 Colonel Okey defeated a number of Republican soldiers here. The church is Perpendicular, with a carved screen.	14½	South Molton Road.	25	
BY SOUTH MOLTON, 8 m. distant. Lace, felt, and serges made. The church is large, with a carved stone pulpit.	7	Umburleigh.	32½	TAWSTOCK COURT, Sir B. Wrey, Bart., was rebuilt in 1787, on the site of one occupied in 1646 by Fairfax.
CASTLE HILL, is the seat of the Earl For- tescue.	2½	Observe the pleasant scenery of the valley of the Taw.	37	
BISHOPS TAWTON, was at one time the seat of the Bishops of Devon- shire, and an independ- ent see of itself. In the church are some monuments of the Chichesters.	0	Barnstaple. The River Taw, which for about a third of our journey has been our companion, now ap- pearing on the right, and anon on the left, here spreads into a wide estuary, and flows into the sea, at Barn- staple Bay. The line follows its course with tolerable closeness.	39½	BARNSTAPLE had a castle in the time of Athelstan. The trade consists of paper, woollen stuff, net, pot- tery, etc. It has a good foreign and coasting trade, and returns two members to Parlia- ment. Pop. in 1851, 11,371.
ILFRACOMBE is 11 m., and LYNTON, 19 m. distant.	3	Fremington Pill.	42½	Appledore, and Nor- tham, on the opposite bank of the estuary.
	6½	INSTOW, at the junction of the Taw and the Torrige. A fine view of the sea is here ob- tained.	46	
	9	BIDEFORD, anciently By-the-ford; a town of old repute; and of some commercial con- sequence. The bridge is 677 feet long.	48½	CLOVELLY, a most ro- mantic seaside village, 11 m.

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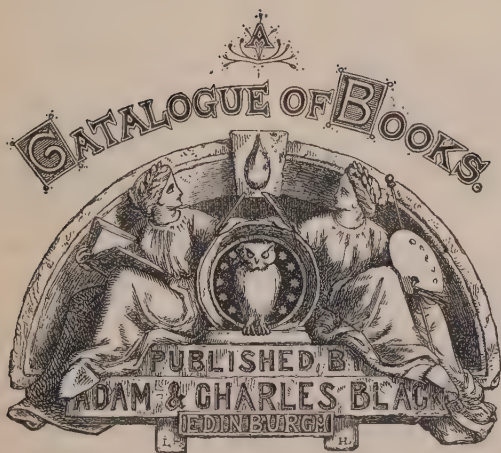
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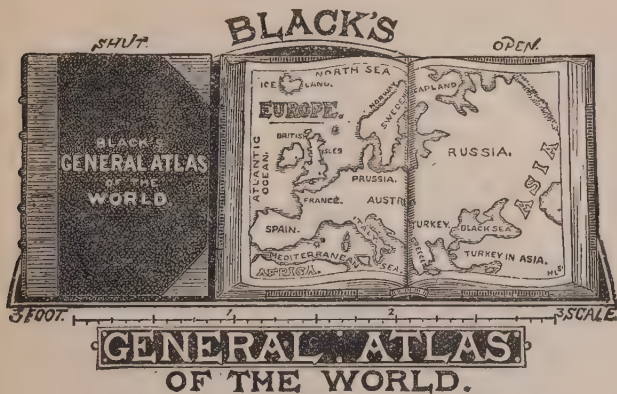
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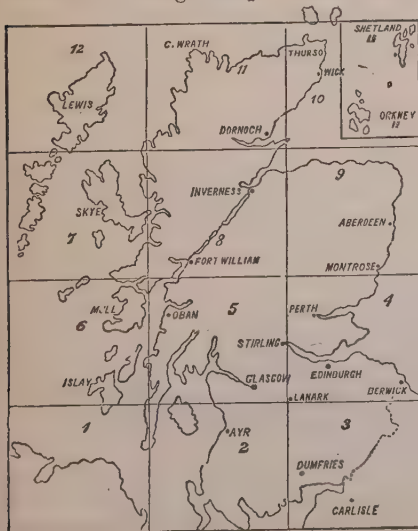
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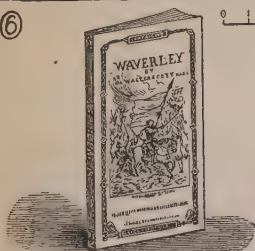
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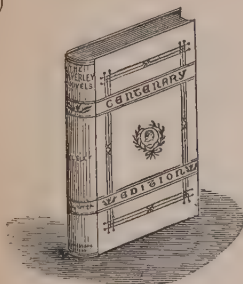
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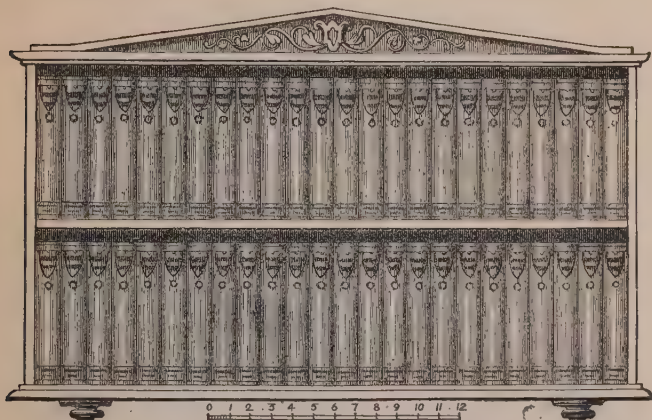


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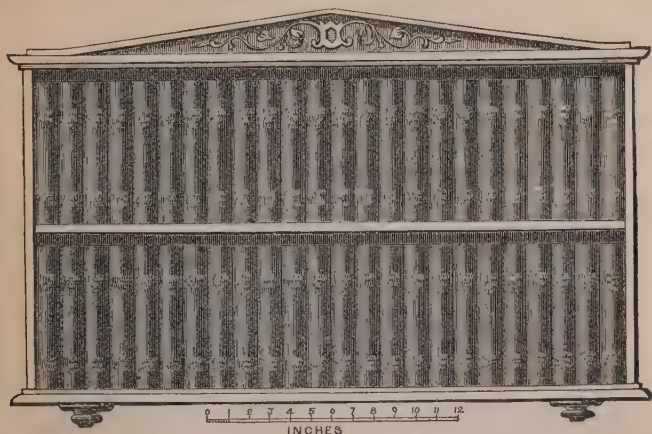
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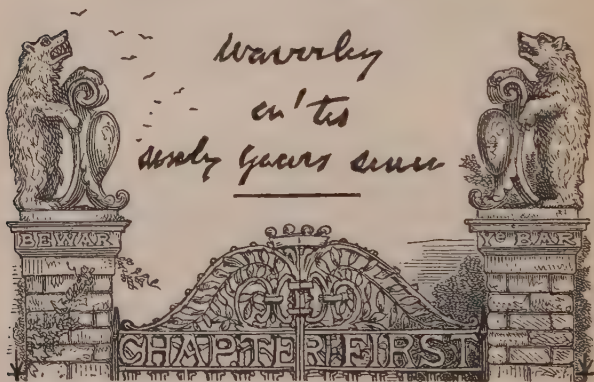
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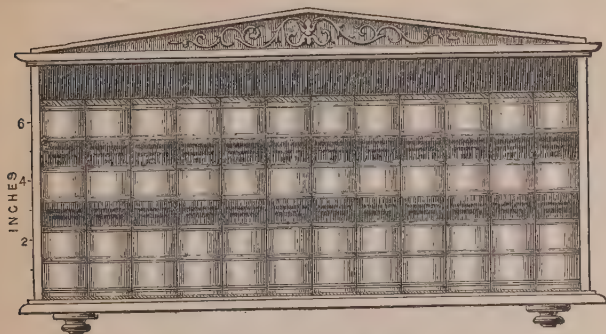
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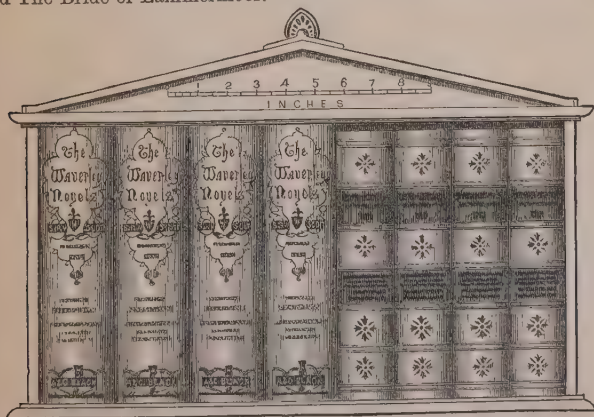
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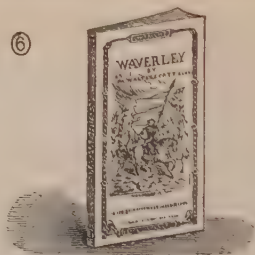
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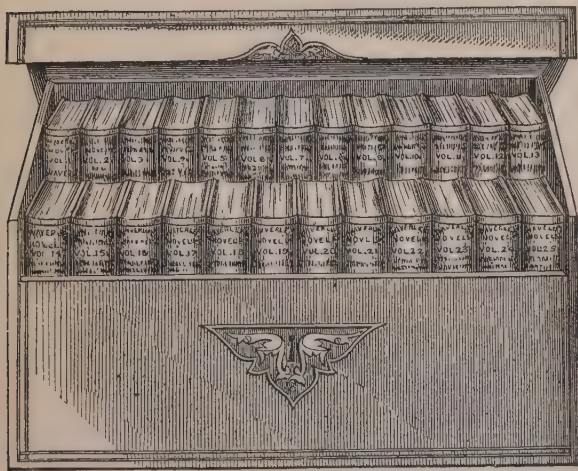
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CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

THE title of this work has not been chosen without the grave and solid deliberation, which matters of importance demand from the prudent. Even its first, or general denomination, was the result of no common research or selection, although, according to the example of my predecessors, I had only to seize upon the most sounding and euphonic surname that English history or topography affords, and elect it at once as the title of my work, and the name of my hero. But, alas! what could my readers have expected from the chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mordaunt, Mortimer, or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belmour, Belville, Belfield, and Belgrave, but pages of inanity, similar to those which have been so christened for half a century past! I must modestly admit I am too diffident of my own merit to place it in unnecessary opposition to preconceived associations; I have, therefore, like a maiden knight with his white shield, assumed for my hero, *WAVERLEY*, an uncontaminated name, bearing with its sound little of good or evil, excepting what the reader shall hereafter be pleased to affix to it. But my second or supplemental title was a matter of much more difficult election, since that, short as it is, may be held as pledging the author to some special mode of laying his scene, drawing his characters, and managing his adventures. Had I, for example, announced in my frontispiece, "*Waverley, a Tale of other Days*," must not every novel reader have anticipated a castle scarce less than that of Udolpho, of which the eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost, or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper, whose trembling steps, about the middle of the second volume, were doomed to guide the hero, or heroine, to the ruinous precincts? Would not the owl have shrieked and the cricket cried in my very title-page? and could it have been possible for me, with a moderate attention to decorum, to introduce any scene more lively than might be produced by the jocularity of a clownish but faithful valet, or the garrulous

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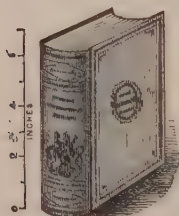
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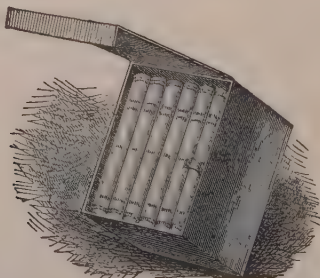
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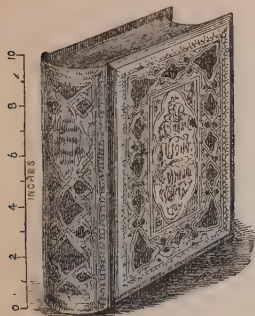
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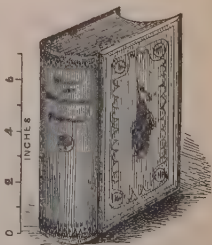
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